

The  
Forty-  
Second  
Foot

HEKMAN

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$\frac{45}{5}$  Benjamin F. Kelley.

Recd - Oct. 1<sup>st</sup> 1948.





# THE FORTY-SECOND FOOT

A HISTORY OF  
THE FORTY-SECOND REGIMENT OF INFANTRY  
UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS

*Organized for service in the  
Philippine Insurrection.*

1899 - 1900 - 1901

Arranged and compiled at the request  
of the survivors of the regiment, organized as the  
42nd Regt. of Inf. U. S. V. Association

*by*

COLONEL FREDERICK J. HERMAN  
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Historian of the Association  
and once  
Quartermaster of the Regiment.

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LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN H. BEACON  
(Infantry, U. S. Army)



## FOREWORD

In the year 1899, the United States organized a Division of twenty-five regiments of Infantry, one regiment of Cavalry, one Squadron of Cavalry (Philippine), a Signal Company, and other necessary units of the Staff Departments, to suppress the insurrection of the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands, after the close of the War with Spain, and to establish peace and order in those island possessions, acquired from Spain by purchase for Twenty Million Dollars.

The result of the campaign to suppress this insurrection was Peace and Prosperity for the Philippine people without special financial advantage to the United States.

The American school teacher came and educational institutions sprang up and the American doctors cleaned up Manila, purified its drinking water and stamped out epidemics of plague, cholera, small-pox and other deadly diseases.

The conduct of this war was one of consideration, mercy and enlightenment for the Filipinos, and marked the beginning of an era of civilization and advancement to most of the native tribes.

The Forty-Second Infantry was one of the regiments in that Division whose service was marked with tolerance and helpfulness to the natives, the establishment of an orderly and just government, with a final establishment of a government of their own, without the application of unnecessary force or oppression.

The garrison and field duties of the 42nd Infantry were often arduous, hazardous, and performed under difficulties, but never particularly spectacular. It entailed many hardships, and privations, in broiling sun and tropical rain, in mud and weary marches and discomforts to our soldiers, who however, performed their duties in a humane manner, were never oppressive and always considerate and helpful to the non-combatant native population.

Such force and drastic measures as were necessary from time to time, ceased at once as the need therefor ended.

The regiment carried no press agents or sensation mongers at home or abroad, and left the Islands, its duties honorably performed

and its conscience clear, its members re-absorbed by the American people, as better citizens.

In the compilation of the records and events herein recorded, your Historian is indebted to the Government for the use of the Official Register of Officers of Volunteers in the service of the United States organized under the Act of March 2, 1899; to the Regimental Muster-out Roster of the 42nd Infantry U. S. V. compiled through the courtesy of Brigadier-General A. B. Warfield, U. S. Army, formerly a Second Lieutenant of Company C, taken from the Muster-out Rolls of the regiment in the Adjutant-General's office, Washington, D. C.; to the valuable and detailed information contained in the letters and diary of Colonel Worthington Kautzman, Captain of Company G; to Major Louis M. Lang, Captain and Adjutant of the regiment who contributed valuable data from Manila newspapers of 1900 and 1901, and pictures made at Fort Niagara; to Artificer Frank E. Dunning for photographs; to Captain William Thaddeus Sexton, U. S. Army, for extracts from his book "Soldiers in the Sun."

Your Historian's personal recollections and files of letters, and the stories of minor events contributed by other comrades, give local color to incidents herein recorded.

It is a matter of regret that more comrades did not contribute to the list of interesting events of this regiment's brief career, for there were many such that will soon pass into total oblivion.

It is hoped that this history, compiled, arranged and written at the request of survivors of the regiment, may become a book of reference and an heir-loom in the families and descendants of those who served in this organization in 1899, 1900 and 1901.

—FRED J. HERMAN,

Colonel, U. S. Army, Retired.  
(Quartermaster, 42nd Inf. U. S. V.)

Kansas City, Mo., April 1, 1942.

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## CHAPTER 1.

*Smoldering Fires of Rebellion in Manila. Battle of Manila Bay. The Peace Commission. Purchase of the Islands. Creation of the Insurgent Army. Aguinaldo, Insurgent President. Organization of U. S. Volunteers. Laws and War Department Orders.*

Our Army, occupying Manila in 1899, was encountering increasing difficulties with the former insurgents against Spanish rule; our small force, seven thousand miles from home, attempting to impose our principles of government and our language on more than ten millions of people, of a different race and background, naturally created friction. Normally law-abiding the Filipinos resented the attitude of the American soldiers and the assumption of our sovereignty. Individual quarrels were followed by armed clashes with the State volunteer troops, immature in training and sadly lacking in discipline, with results not at all creditable to our good name and prestige. Presently rebellion against the United States burst into full flame. The break came on the night of February 4, 1899, when the insurgents, headed by the Morong Battalion, made a general assault on Manila, which failed, and the armed units of the Filipino forces, under General Emilio Aguinaldo left Manila. A government had been established by the Filipinos, their armies were afield, and a war of Insurrection was on our hands.

It is material to the purposes of this compilation to go into the details of the friction that had arisen between the representatives of the Philippine people and those of the United States to a limited extent. Colonel Worthington Kautzman, in his personal recollections published in the monthly bulletin of the 42nd Infantry Association, sums up the situation then existing in Manila in such concise and interesting manner, that his statement is here quoted:

"When on May 1st, 1898, Admiral Dewey sailed into Manila Bay, and sank the Spanish fleet, not one person in a hundred, of the population of the United States, knew that there was a Philippine Archipelago, or even a city called Manila. Yet within a very few days, 'The Battle of Manila Bay,' was the chief topic of conversation. That memorable event changed the whole trend of world events. Other nations realized that the United States had arrived and had in one day assumed the status of a world power.

Dewey had won a great victory; but he also found himself almost helpless. The Spanish fleet was at the bottom of the bay, but Spanish forces held the city of Manila. Dewey knew he could not take the city with his marines and sailors; neither had he orders or instructions where to go, because the United States was at war with Spain. He did not have coal enough in the bunkers of his ships to safely carry them to Honolulu, the nearest port he would be permitted to stay, so he could do nothing but sit tight and wait. It was not until June 30, 1899, that United States troops arrived, and then only a handful came.

Aguinaldo, a Chinese Mestizo, and a man of considerable ability had been very active in the outbreak of the insurrection in 1896, against Spain, but for a consideration of 800,000 pesos he agreed to go to Hong Kong and remain in permanent exile. In 1898, he was induced to return to Manila to assist the United States in organizing an insurrection in the war against Spain.

In order to assist Aguinaldo to organize and equip the Filipino insurgents, Dewey furnished him with arms and supplies with which to carry out his part of the agreement.

While the insurgent organization, with Aguinaldo, was aiding the United States against Spain, it was soon discovered that his object was to seize Manila and take over the government of the Islands.

Early in August, sufficient troops had arrived from the United States. It was deemed advisable to attempt the capture of the city without the aid of Aguinaldo and his Filipino insurgents. Aguinaldo was not to be left out and on August 1st, had issued a declaration of independence of the Philippine Republic.

Admiral Dewey was not idle while waiting for American troops. He carried on through the British Consul negotiations with the Spaniards who intimated that they would be willing to surrender, provided an attempted bloodless assault was made on the city, sufficiently strong to warrant the General in command to raise the white flag.

On July 31, the United States troops took over the Filipino trenches and kept up intermittent firing between the American and Spanish lines. Everything was being arranged when suddenly Spain agreed to an Armistice, which was signed in Washington, August 12th. This was August 13th in Manila, where the so-called

belligerents, upon the agreed signal, started what was to be a bloodless battle, and the Spanish troops aided the Americans to occupy Manila, and to keep the Filipino insurgents under Aguinaldo from getting possession of the city and to loot it as had been charged was their intention.

The Armistice having been duly signed, a Commission was appointed to discuss and make terms of peace accordingly. The representatives of two powers met in Paris, and drew a Treaty of Peace, which was signed, December 10, 1898, and transmitted by President McKinley to the Senate for ratification. Stormy protests were made against the ratification of the Treaty, by the "Anti-imperialists," because of the provision to take possession of the Philippine Islands upon the payment of \$20,000,000. The opposition to ratification put up a strong fight, and the day set for the vote was 3 o'clock P. M., February 6, 1899. The ratificationists on adjournment, the Saturday before, lacked two votes of a two-thirds majority to pass the resolution.

The relations between the American forces and Aguinaldo and his followers were strained to the breaking point, and on the night of February 4th the insurgents, headed by the Morong Battalion commanded by Hylamon Rymundo, made a general assault on Manila. During the next two days they were beaten off and Manila was safe. However, our loss in killed and wounded during the engagement was 268. The Filipino loss was some 500 killed and wounded. In Washington the Senate ratifications were passed on the sixth by the required two-thirds majority, with but one vote to spare.

Aguinaldo now moved north and set up a provisional government at Mololus from where he directed his military operations.

The Treaty of Peace having been ratified, the war with Spain was at an end; but the United States in occupying the Philippine Islands in the settlement, inherited a full fledged insurrection. A problem arose which had to be met with force.

The provision of the Act under which the State Volunteers for the war with Spain were raised, was for two years or during the war. This war was over and their time for discharge was at hand. The United States did not have a Regular Army large enough to cope with the situation. Upon a promise by President McKinley and the War Department, the State Volunteers agreed to remain for six months longer, providing they were given travel pay under Sections 1289

and 1290, U. S. Statutes, from the Philippines to home stations in the United States.

\* \* \* \*

The usual lack of provision for adequate armed forces for the Army and Navy, characteristic of the United States, became again apparent and on March 2, 1899, the Congress of the United States passed an act authorizing an increase of the Regular Army to sixty-five thousand enlisted men and a force of not more than thirty-five thousand Volunteers to be recruited from the country at large or from localities where their services are needed, without restriction as to citizenship or educational qualifications, to be organized into not more than twenty-seven regiments of Infantry at war strength in the Regular Army, and three regiments "to be composed of men of special qualifications in horsemanship and marksmanship" as Cavalry. It was also provided that each regiment have one surgeon with the rank of Major, two assistant surgeons, one with rank of Captain and one with rank of First Lieutenant, and three hospital stewards. It was further provided that such force continue in service only during the necessity therefor, and not later than July 1, 1901. All enlistments for that force were for two years and four months, unless sooner discharged.

The regiments of this Philippine Division were made up largely of veteran officers and soldiers of the Regular Army and of the Volunteers of the War with Spain with a sprinkling of veteran officers who had served in the War between the States.

A majority of the Field Officers were from the Regular Army. Some company officers were former non-commissioned officers of the regular establishment and many of the staff and company officers had held commissions in the Volunteers in the war with Spain and in the National Guard.

The volunteer regiments of the Division proved to be the best and most efficient troops ever organized in our military service to meet an emergency. They came from every state in the Union and Porto Rico with Manila as a destination, and were put together in less time and equipped and transported to greater distances than any considerable force in the history of our armies up to that time.

The 42nd Regiment of Infantry of that force was one of the outstanding organizations, for speed of organization, discipline, and efficiency in military and civil administration in the pacification of Luzon.

## CHAPTER 2.

The First Official Roster of Officers for the 42nd Infantry as published in the official Register of Officers of Volunteers organized under the Act of March 2, 1899, is here reproduced:

SERVICE IN THE ARMY			
<i>Name, Rank and Date of Commission</i>	<i>In Volunteers With Highest Brevet Rank</i>	<i>In Permanent Establishment With Highest Brevet Rank</i>	<i>Appointed From</i>
Colonel Thompson, J. Milton Aug. 17, '99	Pvt. Co. E, 7 N. H. Inf., Nov. 7, '61 Discharged Jan. 14, '63 2 Lt. 33 U. S. Col. Inf., Jan. 15, '63 1 Lt., Jan. 27, '63 Capt., Nov. 7, '63 Hon. must. out, Jan. 31, '66 Col. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 20, '99	2 Lt. 38 Inf., July 28, '66 Accepted, Nov. 12, '66 Bvt. 1 Lt., March 2, '67 1 Lt., Nov. 4, '67 Trs. to 24 Inf., Nov. 11, '69 Capt., Dec. 23, '78 Major, Apr. 26, '98 Lt. Col. 14 Inf., Oct. 19, '99	N. H.
Lieut. Colonel Beacom, John H. Aug. 17, '99	Capt. A. A. G., May 12, '98 Accepted, May 31, '98 Lt. Col. A. A. G., Aug. 27, '98 Accepted, Sept. 5, '98 Hon. His., Apr. 22, '99 Lt. Col., 45 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 25, '99 Trans. to 42 U. S. Inf., Sept. 1, '99	Cadet M. A., July 1, '78 2 Lt. 18 Inf., June 13, '82 Trans. to 3 Inf., April 19, '83 1 Lt., Jan. 20, '88 Capt. 6 Inf., April 26, '98	M. A. Ohio
Major Brown, William C. Aug. 17, '99	Maj. 45 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 19, '99 Trs. to 42 U. S. Inf., Sept. 14, '99	Cadet M. A., July 1, '73 Add. 2 Lt., 2 Capt., June 15, '77 2 Lt. 1 Cav., July 3, '77 1 Lt., Dec. 19, '84 Bvt. 1 Lt., Feb. 27, '90 Capt., Nov. 6, '96	M. A. Minn.
Major Carey, Edward C. Aug. 17, '99	Capt. A. A. G., Nov. 7, '98 Accepted, Nov. 11, '98 Hon. Dis., Apr. 7, '99 Capt. 34 U. S. Inf., July 5, '99 Accepted, July 30, '99 Vacated, Sept. 24, '99 Maj. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Sept. 24, '99	Cadet M. A., June 16, '88 2 Lt. 16 Inf., June 12, '93 1 Lt., April 26, '98	M. A. N. M.

Name, Rank and Date of Commission	SERVICE IN THE ARMY		Appointed From
	In Volunteers With Highest Brevet Rank	In Permanent Establishment With Highest Brevet Rank	
Major Prime, John R.	Pvt. Co. K 27 Iowa Inf., Feb. 20, '64 Pvt. Co. K, 12 Iowa Inf., July 9, '64 to Jan. 20, '66 Major 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Sept. 14, '99		Iowa
Surgeon with rank of Major McCaw, Walter D.	Major Brig. Surg. June 4, '98 Accepted, June 15, '98 Hon. Dis., Nov. 30, '98	Asst. Surg., Aug. 20, '84 Accepted, Aug. 28, '84 Capt. Asst. Surg., Aug. 20, '89	Va.
Surgeon with rank of Major Bell, William D.	Maj. Surg. 71 N. Y. Inf., May 2, '98 Hon. must. out, Nov. 15, '98 Capt. Asst. Surg. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 22, '99		
Surgeon with rank of Major Griffith, Lewie A.	1st Lt. Asst. Surg. 2 S. C. Inf., June 27, '98 Hon. must. out, Apr. 19, '99 1 Lt. 40 U. S. Inf. (declined), Aug. 17, '99 1 Lt. Asst. Surg., 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Nov. 7, '99		
Commissary Powers, Philip	1 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Sept. 2, '99	Pvt. Corp. and Sgt. Batt. D 5th Art., Dec. 2, '79 Pvt. Corp. Sgt. and 1 Sgt. Batt. S. 2 Art., Dec. 17, '84 to Jan. 22, '96 Ord. Sgt., Jan. 23, '96	Army
Captain Bjornstad, Alfred W.	1 Lt. 13 Minn. Inf., April 29, '98 Capt., May 16, '98 Hon. Must. out, Oct. 3, '99 Capt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Oct. 4, '99		Minn.
Captain Catlin, George deG	Capt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 23, '99	2 Lt. 10 Inf., July 9, '98 Accepted, July 28, '98 1 Lt. 2 Inf., July 15, '99	N. Y.
Captain Burns, Charles S.	Pvt. Co. C 79 N. Y. Inf., May 27, '61 to Dec. 11, '61 1 Sgt. Co. E 76 Pa. Inf., Oct. 18, '64 to July 18, '65 Maj. 12 N. Y. Inf., May 2, '98 Hon. Must. out, April 20, '99 Capt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 28, '99		N. M.



Captain Henderson, Duncan Aug. 17, '99	Capt. 31 Mich. Inf., April 26, '98 Hon. must. out, March 17, '99 Capt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 28, '99	Mich.
Captain Kautzman, Worthington Aug. 17, '99	Maj. 2 Ohio Inf., April 25, '98 Hon. must. out, Feb. 10, '99 Capt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Sept. 15, '99	Ohio
Captain DuBois, Edmund Aug. 17, '99	Capt. 4 N. J. Inf., June 30, '98 Major, March 2, '99 Hon. must. out, April 6, '99 Capt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 26, '99	N. J.
Captain Lang, Louis M. Aug. 17, '99	Capt. 202 N. Y. Inf., July 9, '98 Hon. must. out, April 15, '99 Capt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Sept. 14, '99	N. Y.
Captain Riley, Peter T. Aug. 17, '99	Capt. 8 Cal. Inf., June 24, '98 Hon. must. out, Jan. 31, '99 Capt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Sept. 14, '99	Cal.
Captain Keck, Frank Aug. 17, '99	Capt. 71 N. Y. Inf., May 2, '98 Major, May 31, '98 Hon. must. out, Nov. 15, '98 Capt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 30, '99	N. M.
Captain Hill, James E. Aug. 17, '99	Maj. 9 Ill. Inf., Nov. 19, '98 Hon. must. out, May 20, '99 Capt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Sept. 2, '99	Ill.
Captain Shallenberger, James M. Aug. 17, '99	1 Lt. 1 Ohio Cav., April 25, '98 Hon. must. out, Oct. 23, '98 1 Lt. 47 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 (declined) Capt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 31, '99	Ohio

<i>Name, Rank and Date of Commission</i>	<i>SERVICE IN THE ARMY</i>		<i>Appointed From</i>
	<i>In Volunteers With Highest Brevet Rank</i>	<i>In Permanent Establishment With Highest Brevet Rank</i>	
Captain Cunningham, Joseph V. Aug. 17, '99	Capt. 16 Pa. Inf., July 5, '98 Hon. must. out, Dec. 28, '98 Capt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 29, '99		Pa.
Captain Herman, Fred J. Aug. 17, '99 Quartermaster Oct. 14, '99	Capt. 1 Ohio Cav., May 5, '98 Hon. must. out, Oct. 25, '98 Capt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Sept. 12, '99		Ohio
Captain Stopford, Fred W. Oct. 24, '99	Capt. 8 Mass. Inf., April 28, '98 Hon. must. out, April 28, '99 1 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 28, '99 Capt., Oct. 24, '99 Accepted, Nov. 8, '99		Mass.
First Lieutenant McFeely, Henry F. Aug. 17, '99	1 Lt. 160 Ind. Inf., April 26, '98 Hon. must. out, April 25, '99 1 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Sept. 1, '99		Ind.
First Lieutenant Beale, Charles T. Aug. 17, '99	2 Lt. 2 W. Va. Inf., May 26, '98 Hon. must. out, April 10, '99 1 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Sept. 8, '99		W. Va.
First Lieutenant McAndrews, Joseph R. Aug. 17, '99	2 Lt. 2 U. S. Eng., June 28, '98 Accepted, July 11, '98 1 Lt., July 13, '98 Accepted, July 22, '98 Hon. must. out, May 16, '99 1 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Sept. 1, '99		Ill.
First Lieutenant White, George H. Aug. 17, '99	1 Lt. 35 Mich. Inf., June 6, '98 Hon. must. out, Mar. 31, '99 1 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 26, '99		Mich.

First Lieutenant McCool, Henry C. Aug. 17, '99	2 Lt. 3 U. S. Inf., July 13, '98 Accepted, July 20, '98 1 Lt., Nov. 28, '98 Accepted, Dec. 16, '98 Hon. must. out, May 2, '99 1 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 26, '99	Ga.
First Lieutenant Little, James H. Aug. 17, '99	2 Lt. 69 N. Y. Inf., May 2, '98 1 Lt., Nov. 30, '98 Hon. must. out, Jan. 31, '99 1 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 31, '99	N. Y.
First Lieutenant Poillon, Arthur Aug. 17, '99	2 Lt. 201 N. Y. Inf., July 7, '98 1 Lt., Nov. 13, '98 Hon. must. out, April 3, '99 1 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 23, '99	N. Y.
First Lieutenant Spiller, Robert K. Aug. 17, '99	2Lt. 2 Va. Inf., May 13, '98 1 Lt., Oct. 22, '98 Hon. must. out, Dec. 17, '98 1 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Sept. 1, '99	Va.
First Lieutenant Molinard, William R. Aug. 17, '99	1 Lt. 1 U. S. Eng., June 21, '98 Accepted, June 29, '98 Hon. must. out, Jan. 25, '99 1 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 26, '99	N. Y.
First Lieutenant Reiser, Theodore C. Aug. 17, '99	Capt. 1 N. J. Inf., May 2, '98 Hon. must. out, Nov. 4, '98 1 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 27, '99	N. J.
First Lieutenant Roessing, Charles H. Aug. 17, '99	Capt. 18 Pa. Inf., April 27, '98 Hon. must. out, Oct. 22, '98 1 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 30, '99	Pa.

<i>Name, Rank and Date of Commission</i>	<i>SERVICE IN THE ARMY</i>		<i>Appointed From</i>
	<i>In Volunteers With Highest Brevet Rank</i>	<i>In Permanent Establishment With Highest Brevet Rank</i>	
First Lieutenant Johnson, Walter H. Aug. 17, '99	Sgt. Co. F, 13 Minn. Inf., April 29, '98 2 Lt. 13 Minn. Inf., July 25, '99 1 Lt., Aug. 10, '99 Hon. must. out, Oct. 3, '99 1 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Oct. 4, '99		Minn.
First Lieutenant Hargis, Robert B. Aug. 17, '99	Sgt. Co. 1, Fla. Inf., May 1, '98 2 Lt. 1 Fla. Inf., Nov. 23, '98 Hon. must. out, Dec. 3, '98 1 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Sept. 18, '99		Fla.
First Lieutenant Lomax, Francis H. Aug. 17, '99	Pvt. & Corpl. Co. D, May 2, '98 71 N. Y. Inf. to Nov. 15, '98 1 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Sept. 14, '99		N. M.
First Lieutenant Webster, Horace Oct. 24, '99	2 Lt. 3 N. Y. Inf., May 1, '98 Resigned, Nov. 10, '98 2 Lt. 203 N. Y. Inf., Nov. 11, '98 Hon. must. out, Mar. 25, '99 2 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 30, '99 1 Lt., Oct. 24, '99 Accepted, Nov. 9, '99		N. Y.
Second Lieutenant Williams, R. Howard Aug. 17, '99	Sgt. & Q.M. Sgt. Co. B, 4 N. J. Inf., July 2, '98 2 Lt. 4 N. J. Inf., Nov. 9, '98 Hon. must. Out, April 6, '99 2 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Sept. 13, '99		At Large

Second Lieutenant Hackett, Edward F., Jr. Aug. 17, '99	Pvt. Co. A, 1 N. Y. Inf., May 2, '98 2 Lt. 12 N. Y. Inf., Feb. 21, '99 Hon. must. out, April 20, '99 2 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 23, '99	N. Y.
Second Lieutenant Keck, Morris M. Aug. 17, '99	Sgt. Co. D, 9 Pa. Inf., April 27, '98 2 Lt. 9 Pa. Inf., Sept. 15, '98 Hon. must. out, Oct. 29, '98 2 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 29, '99	Pa.
Second Lieutenant Warfield, Augustus B. Aug. 17, '99	Pvt. & Corp. Co. K, 202 N. Y. Inf., July 30, '98 to April 15, '99 2 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 30, '99	N. Y.
Judd, Bruce N. Aug. 17, '99	2 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 26, '99	Pvt. Co. C, 6 Inf., Sept. 6, '95 to Sept. 6, '98 Ohio
Second Lieutenant Abbott, James E. Aug. 17, '99	Pvt. & Sgt. U. S. Sig. Corps, July 7, '98 to Nov. 29, '98 2 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 31, '99	Md.
Second Lieutenant Novak, Martin Aug. 17, '99	2 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Sept. 9, '99	Pvt., Corp. & Sgt., Battery C, 5th Art., Jan. 15, '95 to Sept. 9, '99 Army
Second Lieutenant Jackson, Franklin P. Aug. 17, '99	Corp. Co. E, 2 N. Y. Inf., May 2, '98, to Oct. 31, '98 2 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Aug. 26, '99	N. Y.
Second Lieutenant Kitts, William P. Aug. 17, '99	Pvt. & Corp. Co. D, 22 N. Y. Inf., May 2, '98 to Nov. 23, '98 2 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Sept. 12, '99	At Large
Second Lieutenant Caldwell, Robt. A. Aug. 17, '99	2 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 17, '99 Accepted, Sept. 4, '99	Pvt. Troop C, 4 Cav., May 1, '99 to Sept. 3, '99 Army

<i>Name, Rank and Date of Commission</i>	<i>SERVICE IN THE ARMY</i>		
	<i>In Volunteers With Highest Brevet Rank</i>	<i>In Permanent Establishment With Highest Brevet Rank</i>	<i>Appointed From</i>
Second Lieutenant Hamner, Walker W. Nov. 20, '99	Pvt. Co. D, 2 U. S. Inf., April 23, '98 to July 18, '98		Army
	2 Lt. 2 U. S. Inf., July 8, '98 Accepted, July 19, '98		
	1 Lt., Sept. 30, '98 Accepted, Oct. 16, '98		
	Hon. must. out, June 22, '99		
	Pvt. Co. K & Sgt. Maj. 42 U. S. Inf., Aug. 26, '99 to Nov. 20, '99		
	2 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., Nov. 20, '95 Accepted, Nov. 21, '99		
	1 Lt. 10 U. S. Inf., June 17, '98 Accepted, June 23, '98		
	Hon. must. out, Mar. 8, '99		
Second Lieutenant Carl, Thomas May 9, 1900	Pvt. Q.M. Sgt. & 1 Sgt. Co. A; 42 U. S. Inf., Oct. 16, '99 to -----, 1900		
	2 Lt. 42 U. S. Inf., May 9, 1900 Accepted		

### CHAPTER 3.

*Assembly of Regiment at Fort Niagara, N. Y. Temporary Organizations. Recruiting. Equipment. Preparation for Field Service. Organization of Field and Staff.*

In accordance with this Act of Congress, the War Department issued its orders for the organization and mobilization of these military units in General Order No. 36, 1899, and Fort Niagara, New York, was designated as the mobilization point for the 42nd Infantry.

Fort Niagara is situated on the east side of the Niagara River, where it enters Lake Ontario. The military reservation then contained 288 acres, divided into two parts; the ancient fort, with its historic buildings of the time of French and British possession, dating back to some time before 1678, first called Fort Niagara in 1725, became an important military and trading post. It became a military post of the United States in August, 1796.

The old Fort was restored by co-operative efforts between the War Department of the United States and the Old Fort Niagara Association, Inc. The Old Fort is a shrine symbolizing the history of common interests of three great nations in the evolution from early American struggle and strife to lasting peace. The other part of Fort Niagara is now a modern Infantry post of the U. S. Army.

Lieutenant-Colonel John H. Beacom (Captain 6th Infantry, U. S. Army) reported for duty at Fort Niagara in August, 1899, assumed Command, and the organization of the regiment began.

Colonel J. Milton Thompson (Major 24th Infantry, U. S. Army) had been designated to command the regiment and was then on duty in the Philippine Islands.

Recruits had been arriving for some time and had been organized into six provisional companies. On September 3, 1899, the provisional companies were formed into twelve permanent companies, and offices assigned as follows:

To Company A—Capt. George D. Catlin, 2nd Lieut. B. N. Judd.

To Company B—Capt. James E. Hill.

To Companies C and D—Capt. Frank Keck.

To Companies E and F—Capt. Duncan Henderson.

To Company G—1st Lieut. William R. Molinard.

To Company H—2nd Lieut. Martin Novak.

To Company I—1st Lieut. Robert K. Spiller.

To Company K—Capt. James M. Shallenberger.

To Companies L and M—Capt. Charles S. Burns.

Sergeants and Corporals were to be recommended for appointment but no First Sergeants were to be appointed by officers temporarily in command of companies.

Early in September, 1899, the officers commissioned for the regiment were coming in rapidly, many of them bringing groups of soldiers enlisted by them from their home localities and other recruiting points, and other enlisted personnel arrived and were assigned to companies on arrival.

Several officers, recruiting men from the vicinity of their homes, having a personal knowledge of them, desired to have them for their respective companies. One officer who had taken more than ordinary care as to the character and soldierly qualities of his recruits, ventured to express his desires in the matter to Colonel Beacom but was flatly advised that the regiment would not be made up of companies of localities and that all companies and soldiers would be of the Forty-second Infantry.

Most of the officers who had been detailed to regimental recruiting were most enthusiastic in their efforts to obtain their quotas in the shortest possible time so that the training of the men could begin at the earliest possible date. These officers used their own methods and spent their own money to promote results. The most popular method seemed to be advertising by posters and through the local columns of their home newspapers. Here is reproduced a specimen of such posters:

## **MEN WANTED**

**for the**

### **42nd REGIMENT U. S. INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS**

Applications will be received daily at the U. S. Recruiting Station, No. 309 W. Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio, for the above named regiment.

Recruits received on or before September 23rd will be at once sent to the Regiment

at

Fort Niagara, N. Y.

For further information apply to

**FRED J. HERMAN**

**Captain 42nd U. S. Infantry Volunteers**



## FIELD OFFICERS—42ND INFANTRY U.S.V.



MAJOR WILLIAM C. BROWN  
(Cavalry, U. S. A.)



MAJOR WALTER D. McCAW  
(Medical Corps, U. S. A.)



MAJOR EDWARD C. CAREY  
(Infantry, U. S. A.)



MAJOR JOHN R. PRIME  
(Veteran, Civil War)

STAFF OFFICERS—42ND INFANTRY U.S.V.



CAPTAIN LOUIS M. LANG  
Adjutant



FIRST LIEUT. PHILIP POWERS  
Commissary



CAPTAIN WILLIAM D. BELL  
Assistant Surgeon



FIRST LIEUT. GEORGE S. WALLACK  
Assistant Surgeon



CAPTAIN FRED J. HERMAN  
Quartermaster



FIRST LIEUT. JOSEPH R. McANDREWS  
Battalion Adjutant



FIRST LIEUT. ROBERT K. SPILLER  
Battalion Adjutant



FIRST LIEUT. WILLIAM R. MOLINARD  
Battalion Adjutant

Recruits were arriving in detachments daily. A steady stream of men moved between the Quartermaster Warehouse and the Camp, carrying huge armloads of blankets and clothing; more clothing than many of them ever had before at one time. Another stream was visiting Lieut. Powers' lair, coming back to camp loaded up with accoutrements, rifles and bayonets, clothing bags, haversacks, canteens and the items of equipment the soldier loves to refer to as "junk."

In the Quartermaster's carpenter shop the sounds of saw and hammer testified to the building of company mess chests and company chests for general baggage.

These chests were well built and painted and marked with company designations, and in addition bore a vivid colored band painted all around, to enable companies to instantly spot their own baggage from piles in warehouses, railroad platforms or ship's hold. Each organization had a color differing from all others, or a combination of colors. That scheme saved much loss of time later on and greatly facilitated the handling of the great mounds of freight.

As the soldiers learned to walk upright and march, short practice marches began, growing longer day by day and requiring the carrying of more and more of their field equipment. These marches hardened the men, located the weaklings and produced tremendous appetites. On these little marches instruction in shelter tent pitching was given. Sometimes halts were made in the shade of the apple trees of the surrounding country, and men went over the fences for apples. The farmers objected to that business of climbing over the fences, which were frequently damaged, and sent word to the Post that the men were welcome to the fruit, but to come in through the gates for it and not damage the fences. After that there was no more fence work for the boys and but few bothered about going in through the gates. "What's the good of apples in an orchard, anyhow, if one can't hook 'em?"

The surrounding country was very interesting. There was the Old Fort (restored as of the peak of its glory and usefulness, and now flying, side by side, the flags of France, England and the United States); the splendid Niagara River; the views toward Canada, and out over Lake Ontario; the quaint little town of Niagara-on-the-Lake; visits when off duty, across into Canada, or to the sleepy little city of

Youngstown; Niagara Falls with its thundering cascades, its sinister rapids and the Whirlpool; or a day or night in Buffalo.

There were many visitors to the Post and Camp; relatives of officers and soldiers from New York State, from Pennsylvania, New Jersey and the New England states, and many fine packages of good things to eat—many from the home kitchen—found their way into camp to augment the army rations and to cheer the soldiers on their way west to the Pacific.

Colonel Beacom was a hard worker himself and knowing the urgent need for training of officers and men alike, when taps sounded at night everyone realized that he could honestly call it a full day.

By the end of September, 1899, elementary training of those who had arrived was well under way in the provisional companies and more clothing, arms and equipment was arriving daily.

The field and permanent staff officers were designated and went into action. Major William C. Brown, a Captain of the 6th U. S. Cavalry, was designated as Commander of the 1st Battalion. Major John R. Prime, a veteran of the Civil War, to the 2nd Battalion, and Major Edward C. Cary, U. S. Infantry (Regular) to the 3rd Battalion.

Captain Louis M. Lang, who had served as a Captain in the 202nd Infantry, New York Volunteers in the War with Spain, became Adjutant.

Battalion Adjutants named were: 1st Lieutenants Joseph R. McAndrews, William R. Molinard, and Robert K. Spiller to the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Battalions respectively. Major Walter D. McCaw, Medical Corps U. S. Army, had been designated by the War Department as Regimental Surgeon, and Captain William D. Bell and 1st Lieut. Lewie A. Griffith as Assistant Surgeon.

Captain Fred J. Herman, an experienced officer from the Artillery of the Ohio National Guard, who served in the War with Spain as a Captain in the 1st Ohio Cavalry, was appointed Regimental Quartermaster. Efficiently assisted by the excellent post-non-commissioned staff, Captain Herman took over the stores that had arrived for the regiment, and the men were quickly and completely clothed and equipped.

1st Lieut. Philip Powers, a seasoned and capable officer, with considerable service in the regular army behind him, became Commissary and functioned as Ordnance Officer, and a better selection

could not have been made. Issue of arms and accoutrements kept pace with the new soldier's clothing.



THE FIRST CAMP, FORT NIAGARA, N. Y.

Early October found squad, platoon and company drills going on apace. There was no attempt for quite awhile, at ceremonial formations other than guard mount and the reveille and retreat formations, but presently there were parades and a review.



## CHAPTER 4.

*The Gold Fish. Drill and Ceremonies. Target Practice and Practice Marches. The Band. Officers' Awkward Squad. Entraining for San Francisco. Railway Journey Across the United States.*

The rations issued were ample and of excellent quality and cooks were reasonably proficient and improving daily. There was but one fly in the ointment on the score of rations. That was the Gold Fish—and thereby hangs a tale, which may as well be told in full right here, because here the young warriors learned to hate canned salmon forevermore.

"Gold Fish" was the disrespectful name of a really good component of the ration but earned its bad name by its over-frequent appearance on the company bills-of-fare. That was the canned salmon, of which the Commissary Department of the Army loaded up to scandalous amounts during the period of, and immediately following the Spanish-American War. So far as the Army was concerned in 1898 and 1899, it ranked next to the canned roast beef of 1898, in the matter of objectionable food, except that the comparatively small amount of canned beef issued to the Philippine Division never hurt them any. In every instance of unpalatable service, your historian's personal observation was that it was a case of not having been properly cooked or served.

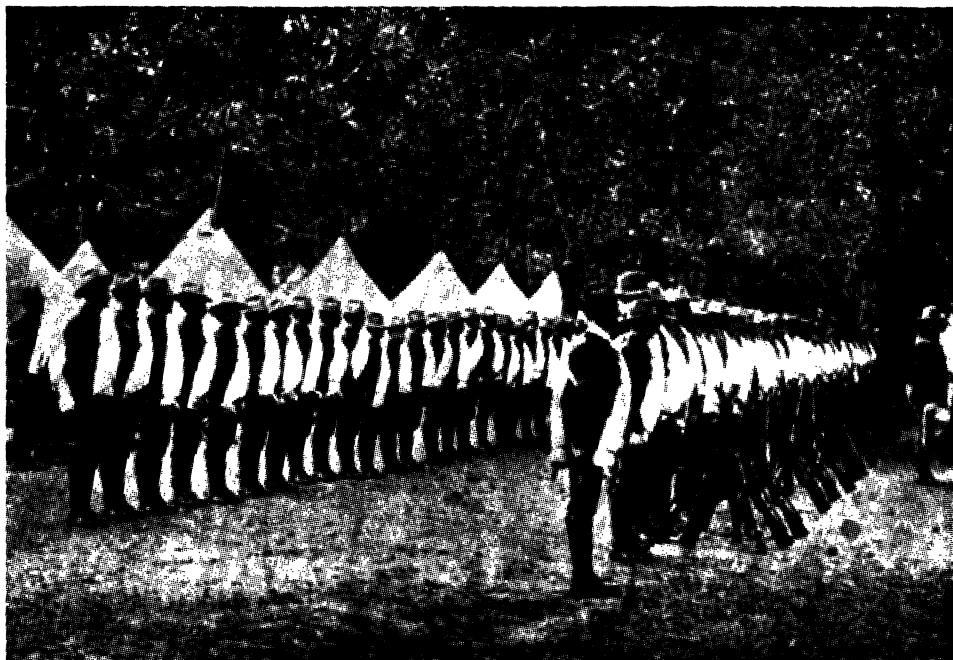
Going back to the canned salmon: The War Department ordered that one-third of the meat ration for the Army was to be issued in canned salmon, and that loaded our shelves and mess chests with the stuff, and the men found it served to them in various ways until they hated it and it was a personal hazard for anyone to mention the subject.

Your historian was, for a brief period, in command of Company F. That company had an Irishman as a cook, who reportedly had been a cook in the Regular Army before the war with Spain, and that man knew how to prepare a salmon hash that was not merely good and appetizing, but was eaten with relish and satisfaction by the men. However, the salmon was not popular, and accumulated to a terrifying extent, until it became a problem of storage and transportation.

But the problem was most satisfactorily solved upon arrival upon the shores of Luzon. Within twenty-four hours after leaving the ships

in the bay, the ever-ready salmon can was opened along the line north from LaLoma Church, and its contents eaten in the presence of curious natives who seemed much interested. The never failing generosity of the American soldier again came to the surface, when he, in numerous instances, gave the unconsumed salmon to hungry-looking native children who gratefully devoured what was left in the opened cans. Many, however, ran to their nipa-shack homes with their prizes.

The next day native women haunted the cook fires of our men and made their desires for more salmon known—also its trade value. A rate of exchange was agreed on. A seven-cent can of “gold fish” became equal to one dozen eggs, or a bunch of bananas — or a CHICKEN! Ye Gods! The eyes of company quartermaster sergeants and cooks began to bulge. Hurried consultations with company commanders took place. “Sure, such would be good trades. Go to it!” The problem was solved and the companies fared fine ever after—as long as the supply of “gold fish” held out—and the lowly salmon was thereafter a welcome component of the ration, for its trade value.



INSPECTION IN HEAVY MARCHING ORDER. COMPANY M



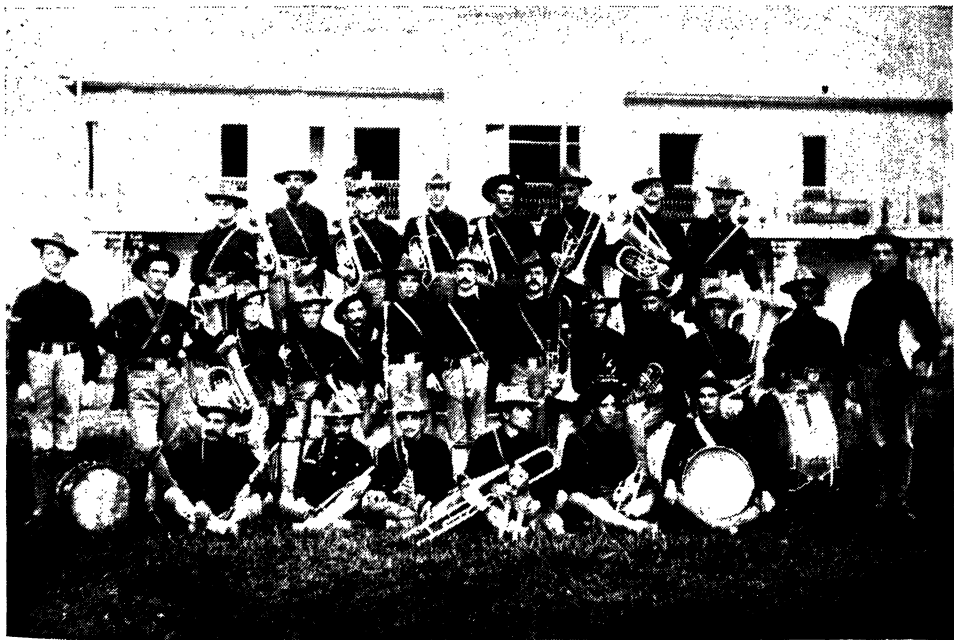
In mid-October Fort Niagara had assumed a very busy aspect. Drills had moved on to the instruction of platoons, and company commanders were experimenting with company drills and exercises.

There was much instruction in camp sanitation, as most of the officers remembered the sad experiences of the Spanish-American War at Camp George H. Thomas in Chicamauga Park and other camps. Guard duty had taken on the appearance of soldierly work. Inspections in heavy marching order, and practice marches in full field equipment were of frequent occurrence.

The first detachments were going on the target range where a limited amount of firing had been prescribed—10 rounds per man. Officers were hogging the ammunition in personal contests between each other and the field officers were snooping about to see what was going on.

### THE BAND

There was curiosity and some anxiety about a band. Bandsmen could not be plucked from every tree and there was considerable speculation as to where we would find them.



THE BAND AT EL DEPOSITO, 1901

Your historian doesn't know how it happened, but someone discovered a chap who had all the earmarks of a competent band leader. A fine musician himself, he had a background of previous service in military bands.

That was Chief Musician Saverio Simone, a graduate of the Santa Cecilia Conservatory of Music of Naples, an Italian, whose pleasant personality enabled him to bring out the best in the fifteen Italians who, with others, made up the roster of the band. He was ably assisted by the Principal Musician Vincenzo Gentilnomo, also a graduate of Santa Cecilia. All our Italian bandsmen came from the Provinces of Naples, Salerno, Avelino and Potenza, Italy. Only a few were not American citizens when enrolled. They were fine bandsmen and knew the universal language of music to a remarkable extent. Some had been recruited by Chief Musician Simone in New York City and came to Fort Niagara early in October. Simone then found eight more Italian musicians in the enlisted force at the Post (42nd Infantry recruits) and these were transferred to the band, bringing the total to 24, the full number authorized by law. The Regimental Quartermaster had a hard time getting his requisition for band instruments through to delivery but succeeded before leaving Fort Niagara.

What they didn't know about being a U. S. Army Band for quite awhile after they filled up their soldier clothes, was plenty and then some! But they were chock full of good harmonious music and played it better than well, and they never insulted our ears with the weird and horrid noises of jazz and crooning stuff now wasting our time over the radio circuits.

Their marching music was always good and well timed, and, while they winced some at "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," as a conglomeration of barbarous sounds, they played it right just the same. Their concerts were a constant source of pleasure to all within hearing, and they gave us the best of operatic selections and some fine compositions "made right in their own kitchen," under the guidance and direction of that able and accomplished Band Leader, Mr. Simoni.

They were put into nice blue U. S. uniforms, and all went merry as a marriage bell until there came a fateful day at El Deposito when they were issued Colt's revolvers and detailed as a guard for

District Headquarters, as no other soldiers were available for a couple of days. (That was a delayed issue, as the revolver was the side arm of the bandsman in the theater of war.)

No sit-down strike occurred, but after much talk and heavy, condensed, and emphatic instruction, they did protest plenty in Italian and in individual ways. One of them went to see the Adjutant against Mr. Simoni's advice, and they let Colonel Thompson know that they didn't understand they were U. S. soldiers—only musicians hired to work for the government in the band.

But the Colonel only smiled and dismissed them to the ministrations of Mr. Simoni who enlightened them as to their relations to the United States.

Comrade Joseph (Guisseppi) Albano, now living at 2525 Thirty-fourth Avenue, Oakland, California, has this to say of his comrades of the band:

"At the beginning, our life in the American army was difficult, as most of us were not accustomed to being so far from home. However, as we became better acquainted we were just like a happy family. Of course we had a few scraps."

"The band did not actually do guard duty at El Deposito. It was a joke, and this is the way it all came about. It was rumored around the camp for a few days that the 'Insurrectos' were going to attack the band and also Headquarters. One afternoon I rushed to our quarters and told the boys that we were going to do guard duty and that I was made Captain—therefore, I was in charge and would post them at their stations. One of the boys, being a very timid soul, refused, saying he was a musician and did not even know how to hold a gun, let alone shoot one. The more he thought about it the more frightened he became. He absolutely refused to do guard duty on the outside; however, he said he would stay in his room and look out of the window and watch from there. I told him he could not do that, as I was going to put him on top of the high wall across the road near the old Spanish house. Being a large man, from there he could see if the enemy was coming and, of course, start shooting if they came. We would help him from the inside and a few others would be down the street aways. Finally the argument got so hot that Drum Major Robertson said he would talk to the Colonel and ask for the regular troops to be put on guard duty around the band.

"We all retired that night and early next morning we heard a loud noise in this fellow's room. We thought surely the "Insurrectos" had attacked, but to our surprise found he had had a nightmare and had woke himself up. We found him on the floor with his cot over himself. That is the joke of the BAND ON GUARD DUTY."

At the Presidio of San Francisco this Band was in constant demand for social affairs as it had acquired an excellent reputation for concerts and social functions.

There were four or five Italians who could not stand the discipline of Mr. Simone and these were replaced from the ranks of the companies early in the band's career.

While at El Deposito and in Manila the band was often called on for concerts on the Lunetta, the afternoon playground of Manila society, where they ranked among the best of the military bands.

\* \* \* \*

At Fort Niagara officers were receiving theoretical instruction and their work was checked daily with the companies. In those days our officers carried swords; field and staff officers carried sabres and Colonel Beacom wanted them to know something about handling them properly. So drills were ordered for them, and one afternoon all the staff and line officers and the Officer of the Day and the Officer of the Guard, marched out to the parade ground of the Old Fort, far from the critical eyes of the enlisted men, and had some dismounted foot drill and the Manual of the Sword. That foot drill was something awful and must have been very discouraging to Colonel Beacom who did not neglect to speak his mind on the subject.

The Manual of the Sword was just as bad, save and except that of the officers who had been in the Cavalry service. A grain of comfort, however, must have come to the "Old Man" when he considered that in all probability service in the Philippines would be mostly under conditions making swords and sabres an incumbrance, and that they would be kept in boxes in quarters—and they were!

Your Historian was one of those taking part in that drill. As a former cavalry and field artillery officer his Manual of the Sabre was commendable, as was that of Captain Shallenberger, also an ex-cavalryman, and their foot drill was far superior to that of their doughboy comrades, but not quite as good as desired. This was to be condoned, as cavalymen consider walking a crime anyhow. Your

Historian, however, *could* march properly on foot, but not on that occasion, for he had just bought a pair of very good boots from Captain Kautzman, who had acquired them as a Major in the Spanish-American War and hadn't used them much. They fitted their new owner fine—very fine indeed, when tried on in quarters. But the warmth of the day and the 500-yard hike to the parade ground in the old fort, and the high boot heels, developed the fact that they fitted too darned fine, and to this day his feet hurt him whenever he thinks of that afternoon of torture. He never wore those boots again and eventually brought them back to the States in his trunk and sold them to an unsuspecting Lieutenant of Cavalry with more slender feet.

Toward the end of October the regiment had packed its chests and kits and prepared to entrain for San Francisco, the Regimental Quartermaster going on a couple of days ahead to arrange for the camp, wagon transportation for baggage, and the other details necessary when a regiment changes station. There was some final instruction in tent pitching and the ceremony of striking tents at the sound of the bugle. Khaki clothing had been issued for tropical service and the soldiers had been taught to care for themselves and their outfits, and the regiment appeared to be ready for field service.

The railroad companies made up six sections of the military train to San Francisco. Each section consisted of three baggage cars, one of which was equipped as a kitchen, with range, four coaches, and a Pullman car.

On the morning of October 30, 1899, the "General" sounded and the tents came down. Notwithstanding previous instruction in this movement, it was a very ragged and amateurish thing, arousing the ire of the Regimental Commander. Some officers were sent for and others required to explain in writing the unsoldierly manner of striking tents.

Finally all the tents were rolled and tied, and escort wagons loaded and baggage on the way to the cars. It took most of the day—until about five o'clock in the evening—to get the baggage aboard and the men entrained.

The Regimental Quartermaster had departed two days before with the heavier baggage and supplies, which were then rolling west beyond the Mississippi River.

The journey to San Francisco was uneventful excepting an

accident to the section on which Col. Beacom and Headquarters were riding. Although tired by the long journey, the spirits and discipline and conduct of the men were excellent and in marked contrast to the hoodlumism of a considerable number of the State volunteer organizations returning home at the close of the Spanish-American War in 1898, at a time when apprehensive railroad officials and a disgusted public still shuddered at thought of the vandalism, damage and disorder of those volunteers of 1898.

Here and there enroute, when time permitted, the men were exercised and given opportunity "to stretch their legs."

The sections were routed over several roads and one section was derailed and badly smashed and some few men were injured, but none seriously. The road was blocked and all trains required to run some three hundred miles out of their way to get around the wreck. Several of the men slightly injured were compensated and settled with the railway company for sums running from twenty-five to forty-five dollars each, Colonel Beacom going to railway headquarters on the wrecking train to look after the interests of the injured men.

Upon arrival at San Francisco after its long trip the regiment was received by the people of San Francisco with the acclaim and enthusiasm that greeted each Manila-bound organization, and after marching through the city, arrived at the Presidio of San Francisco on November 6, 1899, and went into camp in Tennessee Hollow. Colonel Beacom was so pleased with the conduct of the whole regiment that he issued the following circular:

Headquarters, 42nd Infantry, U. S. Vols.  
The Presidio, Cal.  
November 12th, 1899.

## CIRCULAR

The Regimental Commander wishes to express his appreciation of the effort made by the officers and enlisted men of the regiment to acquire a knowledge of their duties as soldiers. There is still much to be done but the progress made thus far is satisfactory.

The behavior of the regiment since its organization and particularly during the long trip of 3500 miles from Fort Niagara, N. Y., to the Presidio of San Francisco is most praiseworthy. To have crossed the Continent without the loss of a man and without the slightest

violation of good order and military discipline is a record to be proud of.

The regiment is making a good impression here. The Inspector General reports it as more nearly completely equipped than any other of the many regiments he has inspected on their arrival at his Camp.

The Regimental Commander trusts to the officers and non-commissioned officers and privates who have a pride in the reputation of the regiment to make every effort to sustain the good record it has already made.

We will soon take transports for the Philippines. It should be every man's ambition to arrive there well qualified in every way for active Campaign service.

JOHN H. BEACOM  
Lieut. Col., 42nd Infantry, U. S. Vols.  
Commanding

This poem, composed by Miss Rosabella Roberts, Nelson, N. Y., some time during October, 1900, was dedicated to the 42nd Regiment Infantry, U. S. Volunteers. Contributed by Comrade George Ruthenberg, 8 Herbert St., Rochester, N. Y.

### THE 42ND VOLUNTEERS

*Dedicated to the 42nd Regiment Infantry, U.S.V.*

Where Niagara's throbbing current joins  
Ontario's waves of blue,  
Stands historic Fort Niagara, with its  
Barracks old and new.

Many years this grim old Fortress  
O'er Niagara has stood guard,  
Witnessed many scenes of Warfare,  
Sheltered Warrior, Sage, and Bard.

Here the French once held possession,  
Then the British took command,  
But the Stars and Stripes float o'er it  
Since the freedom of the land.

Many bands of brave young soldiers,  
Have been trained and quartered here,  
And the fame of old Niagara,  
Has been echoed far and near.

Among her many sons of fame,  
Who still our memory fill,  
Are the fighting, 13th Regulars,  
Who fought at San Juan Hill.

And another of the Bravest bands that  
 Ever formed her hosts.  
 Are the 42nd, Volunteers,  
 Who assembled at this Post.

On a fair October's morning,  
 In the fall of '99,  
 The 42nd Volunteers,  
 Were ordered into line.

They left their "Alma Mater"  
 For a far off Eastern land,  
 Oh! never from Niagara,  
 Went a braver, bolder, band.

With flags unfurled, and joyous cheers,  
 We saw them all depart,  
 But turned our faces homeward,  
 With sad and tearful hearts.

With watchful eyes, and anxious minds,  
 We scanned the papers o'er,  
 For news of their arrival,  
 On that distant foreign shore.

Another year has passed away,  
 Since we bid them all adieu,  
 And their record in the Philippines  
 Show them steadfast, brave and true.

But, alas, those ranks are broken,  
 Some now sleep to wake no more,  
 They have closed their eyes forever,  
 Far from their native shore.

Still to the God of Peace and War,  
 We pray thy will be done,  
 But ask that he will guard them,  
 And bring them safely home.

From the heart of old Niagara,  
 With their hopes, their prayers, and fears,  
 Are wherever fate or duty calls,  
 The 42nd Volunteers.





## CHAPTER 5.

*Arrival at San Francisco. The Presidio. Tennessee Hollow. San Francisco in 1899. General Instruction Continues. More Marches. Scouting Instruction. Military Hygiene. Mounted Officers Buy Horses. Sick-report Humbug. Amateur Cooks Are Dangerous. A Dinner Party at the "Poodle Dog." A Shoe Swap. Dinner to Lieutenant-Colonel Beacom.*

Army life began again early in the morning after the travelers from Fort Niagara arrived at the Presidio of San Francisco. Here were a number of regiments of the new Division destined for service in the Philippine Islands and rivalries for excellence in training and military performance began at once.

Tennessee Hollow was a wooded ravine just northeasterly of and adjoining the old post—the Presidio of San Francisco, when California was under Spanish rule. In front of the old Post Headquarters building, in 1899, there still reposed in ornamental splendor, several old brass cannon, beautifully chased and engraved with the names of the guns, all kept bright and shining. Then the post was small, but all arms were represented by the regular troops—Cavalry, Field Artillery and Infantry, and down below at the Golden Gate, Fort Point stood with its garrison of Coast Artillerymen, a few modern guns and more old muzzle loading cannon, obsolete and useless for anything but saluting purposes. For this romantic and formidable looking array of artillery there were no projectiles or sufficient powder.

Service was much more interesting at the Presidio than at old Fort Niagara. Here the young soldiers found opportunity to see the several arms of the service functioning, and to note other matters connected with their daily lives. The canteens or post exchanges (the retail stores in army posts organized to keep the soldiers from being gouged by high prices outside the posts) came into view—and then there was San Francisco, one of the few different and interesting American cities, just outside the gates, with its modern stores, theaters, and various other places of amusement and entertainment, its queer Chinatown, wonderful restaurants, the like of which existed then nowhere in the United States — (particularly the outstanding "Poodle Dog" and the "Pup")—gorgeous food palaces, highly expen-

sive, but where everything desirable to eat and drink could be obtained. These magnificent places also furnished opportunity for gambling, for sensational dinner parties and gilt-edged vice. However, our soldiers took these places for granted and admired them mostly from the outside. Soldier pay did not reach to the interiors of these palaces. Very good meals, with a bottle of really good red wine from the vineyards of California, could be and were obtained from fifty cents to one dollar, and the red wine then sold for fifty cents a gallon. Our men enjoyed the California vintages, as they were cheap, and in the aggregate consumed a lot of them, officers and men, but there was very little evidence of drunkenness among our men, and those who did show signs of it would have done so in the most inaccessible wilds of Abyssinia or Pennsylvania.

Military instruction at the Presidio was in full swing. Recruit drills (it almost took another Act of Congress to get some of our men out of the recruit squads) platoon and company movements, soon gave way to extended order drills and scouting; practice marches, gradually including full equipment, were the rule in the marches from camp to the heights and beaches up over the hills to where the target ranges were, and where more rifle practice was had. Mounted officers were buying their horses and taking riding lessons daily. Greater stress was laid on personal hygiene and camp sanitation, through lectures and practical demonstration. All were warned against the dangers and evils of the use of alcoholic beverages in the tropics and against the alcoholic concoctions of the natives of the Islands, particularly bino, concerning which the most wild and weird tales gained currency. The matters of using drinking water, after boiling or filtering, was gone into most thoroughly. Our soldiers learned more about germs, microbes and other impurities that contaminated food and drink than they had ever heard of in all their lives.

The art of individual cooking was taught, with limitations. First aid work became a regular drill. Everyone was about as busy as two cats on a tin roof with their daily instruction and work, and when evening came there was no particular stampede towards San Francisco, as most men wanted to rest, write letters, read or wash and mend their clothes. But the urge for a bit of deviltry and wickedness got enough of the "boys" to town now and then to make up a reasonably modest "good time." Very few of the officers and soldiers of these volunteer regiments had ever before lived such strenuous and regulated lives.

There was time, however, fully taken advantage of by all, to enjoy the sights and sounds and smells and excitements of San Francisco and its surroundings, and there were plenty of girls to go around, of all nationalities, including the cuddly Japanese — of the kind that soldiers looked for since soldiers were first thought of. Notwithstanding that fact, the percentage of venereal diseases in the regiment was far under that of the civilian population of any of our American cities.

San Francisco Bay and the shipping was an unending matter of interest and wonder to our men, so very few of whom had ever reached the coasts of the United States prior to joining the Army.

Most men were too busy to be sick, and the general health of the regiment was very good.

Among the several regiments of volunteers and the regulars of the Post were, as was to be expected, some black sheep and practical and impractical jokers who were constantly putting bad ideas into the minds of our apprentice warriors.

One of these was, that an industrious effort to get on the sick report as often as possible got one out of a lot of work with more rest, and dodged the long hike through the sand to drill ground or target range. As this began to infiltrate into the ranks of our fellows, the company sick reports would lengthen out until it attracted expert attention. Malingerers began to be spotted and punished in various ways. One of the things that occurred in one of our companies drew so much ridicule on the whole volunteer outfit when the newspapers took it up, that it brought a reaction of individual shame from our men and the matter died out. One morning the line of men forming for sick call in Company M was so long that Captain Burn's attention was attracted. He sent for the 1st Sergeant and directed him to tell the men that there'd be no sick call that day.

The 1st Sergeant being a wise chap and entering into the spirit of the occasion, and realizing how happy the average soldier was to get out of most anything, went back to the line of "sick" men with a beaming smile, and in a most cheerful manner brought them to attention. "Men," he said, "The Captain says you are all excused from sick call this morning! Dismissed." The fellows almost cheered but went smiling back to their tents and it was not until drill call sounded a little later that the first few realized that they had been humbugged.

But once upon a time in the annals of Tennessee Hollow there

was some sickness that was not imaginary and for awhile looked pretty bad.

Shortly after breakfast one morning several men of "K" Company fell in the company street, and presently almost all of the company were sick. Major McCaw, Capt. Bell, Lieut. Griffith and the Hospital Stewards came and upon investigation it was found that the men were all suffering from ptomaine poisoning. Four of the men were in a dangerous condition and some others very badly affected, and but for the heroic treatment administered by our medical officers and the stewards, some of these men would have died. They had hash for breakfast in Company K that morning, and the trouble with it was that it had been made the night before and allowed to stand until morning before cooking.

\* \* \* \*

The strenuous marching to target ranges and drill grounds and local individual hikes to points of interest around San Francisco, was hard on shoe leather and new shoes were needed a bit earlier than anticipated. Requisitions had been sent in, in good time, but the large quantities required by the numerous regiments slowed up shipments from the Eastern depots. But a few days before sailing time, a trainload of shoes came to the Presidio of San Francisco and these were eagerly gobbled up by the respective regimental quartermasters. To the 42nd Infantry came box after box of good shoes and an evening was set aside for issues so as not to interfere with the drill schedules and reviews and ceremonies to which the regiments had advanced. Company lists were prepared and checked and in the afternoon Captain Herman had the boxes opened for issues. It was then discovered that some error had occurred in the shipments, for to the 42nd Infantry came the largest sized shoes that he or his trusty helpers had ever seen. There were no 5½ or 6's or 6½ or 7's of any width or last, and no company list could be properly filled. What to do was a problem. We were to sail three days hence. An idea dawned in the mind of your Quartermaster and he hunted up another bird of his own stripe, the Regimental Quartermaster of the 48th Infantry, a regiment of negroes, whose outfit lay in camp across the ridge a few hundred yards away. He proceeded forthwith to that chap's storehouse and found him walking the floor, tearing his hair, and his Quartermaster Sergeant and other helpers looking worried. Before Captain Herman could start to explain the object of his call the

Quartermaster of the 48th, between great gobs of profanity, asked what could be done with 1500 pairs of shoes no one but a dwarf could wear. Captain Herman had the answer. Ten minutes later a line of escort wagons was on the way to Tennessee Hollow and 1500 pairs of good tan leather shoes of white man's sizes were unloaded in the 42nd Infantry camp and 1500 pairs of similar shoes, built for the broad understanding of the colored men of the 48th, were exchanged, pair for pair, and joyfully carted back over the ridge.

That evening, the issue of shoes to the 42nd Infantry went off on schedule time and the day was saved. But it was a helluva narrow squeeze!

\* \* \* \*

We were to sail for Manila on November 29, but the sailing date was changed to the 30th, Thanksgiving Day, 1899, and there was considerable excitement in last minute affairs, purchases, letters and packages home. Only a few days remained. A pall of gloom had hung like a wet blanket around the regiment's officers, who began to feel the need for money. As our sailing day was November 30, and Paymasters never paid before one had earned the last red cent, there would be no pay until after arrival in the Philippines. In most instances, the officers' needs were not for themselves but on account of their families. But a San Francisco bank agreed to give them the face value of their November pay accounts which were assigned to the bank and the situation was relieved.

Several times afterward, under varying circumstances, your Historian has been similarly accommodated in California. He is confirmed in the belief that California bankers are the only human beings in that business.

\* \* \* \*

There was a dinner downtown for Colonel Beacom, given by the officers of the regiment, just prior to our sailing date. A short time before that Captain Lang, in a burst of generosity and to celebrate the receipt of a couple of months' pay earned in the war with Spain (or was it a bonus?) and long delayed in payment, called seven or eight of us together, to a dinner at the "Poodle Dog," and oh, boy! What a dinner that was! I doubt if any of us present were dined so extravagantly before. It set Captain Lang's check back so far that it hung, just about invisible, at the very tip of the vanishing point.

## CHAPTER 6.

*The Transport Ships. Thanksgiving Dinner on Board. The Ships' Officers and Crews. Voyage to Honolulu. Life on Shipboard. The Stokehold Parliament. Gamblers. Land Ho! Molokai. Diamond Head. Diving Boys. Honolulu Harbor.*

On the morning of November 30, 1899, our transports were announced as ready for the embarkation of the troops. Officers horses had gone on a horse boat several days before and all heavy baggage was in the holds of the ships. Only mess equipment and the personal baggage of the men remained. Each man carried his own baggage as he would if going into the field. The weather was cold enough to be pleasant and the blue uniforms and overcoats were in use.

Our ships were the COLUMBIA and the DALNY VOSTOK. A few days before we sailed Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles arrived at the Presidio on a tour of inspection and was tendered a review of all the troops.

When the time approached for the 42nd Infantry to go overseas all the regular Army Transports were in service and on the seas between the United States and the Philippines and the government was obliged to make contracts with private owners of ships available.

The COLUMBIA and DALNY VOSTOK were tramp steamers, rather old, but seaworthy, and were in harbor looking for business, and both were chartered to carry the 42nd. Compared to our regular transports of later days, the equipment of these ships toward safety and comfort left much to be desired. "From storms at sea . . . from . . . sudden death," the Lord surely delivered us. There were not half enough life boats to go 'round, and those on the davits were anything but safe or properly equipped, and grave doubts existed of the ability of the crews to properly launch them in an emergency, stiff with paint and non use as they were. It did not seem to be anyone's business to look into or correct this terrible condition. Some of us knew, but were helpless to complain or act—and we all wanted to get to the theater of war.

By God's mercy no great catastrophe at sea overtook any of our transports during the Philippine campaign.

The COLUMBIA (formerly named Ohio) was a stout ship engaged for years in the Alaskan trade. Her ships officers were Eng-

lish and everyone of them a fine seaman. The crew was made up mostly of Chinese—good sailors and well disciplined, with a sprinkling of Americans, Englishmen, Swedes and Norwegians in the engine room and stokeholds.



U. S. ARMY TRANSPORT "COLUMBIA"

Your Historian seems to have forgotten the name of the Transport Quartermaster on the COLUMBIA.

The Officers' Mess on the Columbia was uniformly very good and the ship's officers fraternized pleasantly with the military officers aboard.

The ship's Purser was a very likeable chap with a good baritone voice, who sang well. His solo, "The Palms," usually sung in the Sunday morning church services, was particularly well rendered. Between meals, the dining salon became the schoolroom for our officers and a fine recreational room for our evening gatherings, always enlivened by song, with piano accompaniment.

The officer personnel of the COLUMBIA was Captain T. H. Dobson; First Officer, D. R. Fleming; Second Officer, A. G. Naylor; Chief Engineer, J. H. Murphy; Purser, T. H. Robinson. Doctor Seely was the ship's surgeon.

The officers of the DALNY VOSTOK were Captain J. Erickson; First Officer, T. Bredihm; Second Officer, Bralohfevsney; Third Officer, Lambert; and Purser, E. J. Smith.

Our Captain Shallenberger was a good hand to start the musical ball a'rolling. His lead in "It Was My Last Cigar" will long be remembered.

The hot weather came on us after leaving Honolulu and when not on a duty status or at meals, great latitude was allowed us in the matter of a minimum of clothing, and Shelly's get up in a well-perforated cotton undershirt used since the Mayflower got ready to cast anchor off Plymouth Rock, was a swanky affair, continuing throughout the voyage, that came nearer to nothing than any garment worn by man that your Historian ever saw. It was believed that he had a set of them, to allow for laundry periods. Shelly was also noted for the sombrero he habitually wore. Carried over from the days of the 1st Ohio Cavalry, it had braved the fierce suns and rainy downpours of Chicamauga, Lakeland, Florida, and Huntsville, Alabama, and had a shape distinctly its own and although leaking a bit, was still good for rain, shine or to sleep in.

We all certainly had a good time on that voyage, save and except the matter of tangling up with the tail of a typhoon in the China Sea.

That little old Columbia was a staunch ship, and by the Grace of God and the skill of its competent navigators rode out that typhoon without batting an eye.

She carried Colonel Beacom and the Field Staff, and N. C. Staff Officers, the Band, and Companies H, I, K, L and M. To provide all the officers of the regiment with suitable quarters, a deck house was built on the after deck that accommodated four of us. It was undoubtedly the coolest and most comfortable place on board. But during the typhoon in the China Sea, that deckhouse nearly went overboard and only prompt lashing saved it and the belongings of its usual occupants. When the typhoon blew out, we found that the deck house had broken the bolts holding it to the after deck and had moved it about eight inches off its moorings.

The "DALNY VOSTOK" (Dolly Bogstock was the reference name of that craft used by the soldiers), was a bit larger than the "COLUMBIA" and carried the other seven companies, A, B, C, D, E, F and G, with Major William C. Brown in command. The Master and Ship's Officers were all Russians, and the crew was made up of Russians, Finns and Chinese. They were not a prepossessing lot but proved to be good sailors. The Transport Quartermaster was Captain Dent, Q. M. Dept. (Dent was a nephew of Julia Dent Grant, wife of General U. S. Grant), a competent and unassuming officer.



This ship was of English construction, built on the Clyde for passenger service between England and the far East. During a storm in Russian waters, north of Japan, she went on the rocks, but was salvaged and sold to a Russian corporation, repaired and fitted up as a freighter and named the "DALNY VOSTOK" which Colonel Kautzman says means "farthest east." He ought to know, having lived on her for about thirty days, food and all, including the smells from her "focsal." She became a tramp steamer and once had been a cattle ship, to which the men of the 42nd that sailed in her can testify. She had barn-like decks without compartments and the Quartermaster's Department chartered her for \$800.00 per day.

She was thoroughly overhauled, cleaned and painted up, inside and out and fitted up as a troop ship, and could make nearly twelve knots per hour. Standaes (triple decked cots), were built in the several decks. Ventilation was provided by windscoops set into the port holes, which at first (until we came farther south), brought in lots of cold air and discomfort, but was remedied to some extent by hanging ponchos on the sides of the cots nearest the port holes.

On the COLUMBIA we made use of windsails which brought fresh air down through a canvas tube and spread it on the decks below.

By 4 o'clock on Thanksgiving Day, 1899, everyone was aboard and both ships left the Folsom Street wharf and headed out of the Golden Gate. Our officers on the Columbia had their Thanksgiving Dinner aboard before 4 o'clock, in order to be on deck as the ships sailed out of San Francisco Bay, but it was not practicable to serve the men until the usual hour, which found us well out at sea nearing the Farralones, and then most of the soldiers had gone to bed—quite early. A strong ground swell was encountered just off the Golden Gate, and the crowds on deck thinned out and went below. By that time a lot of them didn't care if Thanksgiving and its dinner never would come back. As we sailed past Fort Point at the official sun-down, the evening gun sounded and a shaft of sunlight, through a rift in the cloudy sky gave us a last look at our country and its flag about to be lowered. About the same proportion of officers followed the example of the men and gave the West Coast a very indifferent farewell. Your Historian, however, being a good sailor and not subject to the personal disturbances caused by the sea,

remained on deck, enjoying the passage through the lower bay and the sweeping coast lines and watched the lights of San Francisco and the light on the Farralone's light-house sink below the horizon, and after some chats with the jolly Purser, turned in for the first night at sea. The voyage had begun. We were off to the War.

\* \* \* \*

Colonel Beacom, writing to his mother, just before leaving San Francisco, states the situation: “\* \* \* We sail on the Columbia and Dalny Vostok—I sail on the former—We keep close companionship all the way and our orders are to keep within signal distance of each other. They are not the best transports but they are fairly comfortable and I think that we will have a good voyage. The health and behavior of the command is excellent and we are receiving compliments on all sides. The newspapers have a good deal to say about the troops as they come and go and we all get a little praise and some blame without much reason in either case, but this regiment has had more nice things said about it than any other that has been here since I came.

There is a very good feeling among the officers and men that will count for much if we have hard service. The officers give me a dinner in San Francisco tomorrow evening—which of course is very nice of them \* \* \*”

## THE VOYAGE TO HONOLULU

When dawn broke over the Pacific, on the morning of December 1, 1899, our two ships were out of sight of land. The sun shone down on a smooth and placid sea, that still heaved gently to the discomfort of our landsmen, and our wake, still littered with empty boxes, pasteboard cartons and garbage from the ships' galley, was followed by the red-eyed, white winged gulls, aerial scavengers of the ship lanes leading from the coast. The pleasant weather and its fresh breezes with the tang of the salt sea, soon enticed the officers and men from the cabins and lower decks and by mid-day many had recovered from their first round with Old Ocean and began again to think of food. The military duties of the passengers took on a more earnest turn and become regular routine.

On each ship, the soldiers messed by companies, and were served by their own cooks and kitchen police. Our officers on both ships messed with the ships' officers, in the messes operated by the

Transport Quartermasters. The food in the Officers' mess on board the COLUMBIA were very good throughout the voyage, but on the DALNY VOSTOCK, there was more or less dissatisfaction and several of the military officers left the mess and obtained food from their companies, paying the cost of the ration into the company funds. These officers were also required to pay for the food provided for them in the officers' mess after arrival in the Philippine Islands.

The fine weather held all the way to Honolulu and the bright sea, occasional fishes and great turtles, the novelty of ocean travel and the fact of recovery from the "deadly" sea sickness, soon had everyone in a cheerful frame of mind and on that first leg of our ocean voyage there was no monotony. Between duties and physical exercises, almost everyone wrote letters for mailing from Honolulu or posted up diaries, read or played games. Not a sail was sighted between San Francisco and Honolulu, until the coast-wise traffic of the Hawaiian Islands was encountered.

The weather grew mild and warmer as we sailed South, although the nights were almost cold.

On the COLUMBIA the voyage was enlivened by band concerts. Our band, the majority of them Italians, were good musicians and experienced bandsmen of no mean order. Band "practice" in the 42nd Infantry, was on a par with good concerts and never the harrowing and exasperating jumble of noises of a newly organized band. Classic and popular music vied with each other to please the ship's personnel.

In addition to the daily routine of instruction of the troops, schools for non-commissioned officers were conducted in the companies and all commissioned officers of the regiment attended classes daily, conducted by the senior officer aboard each vessel. There were numerous lectures and talks by officers, both in soldiers' and officers' gatherings.

As we sailed farther and farther south, days and nights grew warmer. The evenings were fine, with cooling breezes and the increasing brightness of the stars became noticeable, to such an extent, that on the COLUMBIA, one soldier chap, whose education had been more complete than that of his fellow soldiers, volunteered to deliver a series of lectures on astronomy, and therewith entertained an ever increasing audience. These lectures attracted the attention of the white machinists and stokers, who would come up for awhile

from the stokehold and sit and talk around the forward hatch, and they were greatly interested in these lectures on astronomy, as their knowledge of the planets was infinitely greater than that of our landsman soldiers. These toilers from the hold were a rather bright lot, too, and had great arguments among themselves on every subject from the heating value in B.T.U. (British Thermal Units), of the various coals picked up by ships, to world politics. Your Historian often went forward and stood at the rail when the stokehold parliament was in session and listened with interest and learned things from their discussions. Once they "pulled off" quite an amusing talk on the relative merits of citizenship under several flags. One of these chaps, a machinist from San Francisco, a little wizened, dried-up specimen with very bright eyes, had been expounding on the advantages and beauties of American citizenship. As he concluded he pounded himself on the chest; "Look at me, you snobs" he said, "I'm an American citizen! I could be President of the United States!" A chunky lad from England, looked him over for a moment, and turning down the bowl of his little pipe, said "Yes, Martin—But the chawnses are damned remote!"

During this first leg of our voyage, time did not seem to drag or life seem monotonous. From reveille to taps there always seemed to be something to do just ahead of the present moment. There appeared to be plenty of things for soldiers to be instructed in besides drill and discipline and Guard Duty, and setting-up exercises were more than ever necessary on shipboard. In addition to the schools for officers and non-commissioned officers in drill and army regulations and the interior economy of troops, there was constant instruction in the nomenclature of the rifle, in first aid and bandaging, in signaling with flags and in personal and company hygiene, and camp sanitation, so that between meals, the waking hours were well filled. On the COLUMBIA the band "practice" and an occasional concert were always appreciated. With evening came the time for relaxation. Stretched on their bunks the soldiers talked about the approaching tropical service, cursed the mess and exercised their favorite growls about anything or everything not much of which was really meant—or gathered into groups for song or story and the time passed pleasantly enough. Officers gathered in the dining saloon (equipped with a piano on the COLUMBIA and a gramophone on the "Dollie Bogstock"), and found similar entertainment, minus growls and complaints.

Once during the voyage to Honolulu, the COLUMBIA was "hove to" for an hour or so, to enable some repairs to be made in the shaft tunnels.

On the Sunday before reaching Honolulu, there was a concert on the COLUMBIA, the band giving a fine program of religious music.

Naturally there was a bit of gambling—cards and dice. Soldiers from time immemorial have gambled and always will. No amount of sanctimonious talk or effort will ever do away with it. My personal observation over years of service has been that such gambling as the average soldier can afford does not make him any less of a soldier. He does not have to be "protected against himself." Soldiers go into crap games and cards or other gambling devices of their own free will. Only green, inexperienced soldiers make it a noisy or disorderly proposition and most experienced officers display their wisdom when they do not see or hear very much of the men's games. When a soldier loses his money and finds himself "broke" he has learned something and is wiser for his experience—and—he is thereafter a really good soldier—at least until next pay day. It is well known of course that here and there in army organizations, as well as civilian organizations of similar numbers, specialists in poker or with the dice (which are sometimes crooked) crop up at times, but these specialists soon become known and are shunned.

Then there are the money lenders. We have them in all walks of life, including the enlisted money lenders of the army, the one per cent men, as they are called. The soldier borrows a dollar and pays another one for the loan of it. Poker games among army officers are quite common and are usually enjoyed by all the players. There have been very few instances where officers sat in poker games and used funds not their own, lost them, and lost their jobs and their lives by suicide. Instances of that kind are exceedingly rare. Your Historian does not know how to play a single game of cards, but knows of no reason why anyone else should not enjoy himself with a game of chance if he can afford it with his own money.

Our Major Brown was a very strict officer when it came to gambling among the soldiers, and forbade it at all times.

Colonel Kautzman in his "Recollections" in the Association Bulletin reports Major Brown's antagonism to gambling and said he found it a pleasure to meet such a man; that he did not drink,

chew, swear or gamble. That reminded your Historian of the story of the "fine young man" who applied to the farmer for a job. "Well, yes," said the farmer, "I need a man all right. Do you drink?" "No, sir!" was the reply. "Smoke?" "No, sir!" "Chew tobacco?" "No, sir!" "Do you gamble?" "No, sir." The farmer looked at him for a moment, "Sorry, my man," he said, "but I can't use you! You must be some humdinger with the women!" Of course Major Brown could not be considered for a moment in that light, being a confirmed bachelor and a most honorable gentleman.

During the years of my service I have seen more harm than good come from the activities of officers opposed to soldier gambling and their attempts at its prohibition.

There was a marked difference in the personnel of the crews of the two ships. Although the Chinese outnumbered all other nationalities represented, the sanitation of the crews differed greatly in the two ships. On the COLUMBIA the officers were English, and kept the ship clean, fore and aft, and the daily inspections included the quarters of the crew, as well as the engine room, where careful inspection of the mechanical parts of the vessel were made daily with English thoroughness.

Captain Kautzman in his Recollections does not mention inspections of the engine rooms, etc., although he states that the parts of the DALNY VOSTOK occupied by officers was kept clean, but he rises up in horror at the conditions existing in the "focsal" (sleeping quarters of the crew) where the dirt was "something fierce" and the place "smelled like a glue factory."

Transport regulations required that all aboard ship were to be vaccinated against small pox, which included the crew. So the crews of both ships were vaccinated. On board the COLUMBIA there was no difficulty as the English officers maintained discipline and the crew was subordinate and had been with its officers for some time. No military formation was required to enforce the surgeons' orders in complying with the Transport regulations. On the DALNY VOSTOK the guard was turned out for the vaccination of the ship's crew, their Russian officers seemingly having little influence with them and the show of force seemed necessary.

As we neared the Hawaiian Islands and long before we sighted land, we became aware of birds in the air and an increase of the numbers of flying fish on the waters.

About noon we sighted land on our port bow—probably Molokai, where the leper colonies exist. An occasional sail was sighted, and shortly after 3 o'clock we sighted Diamond Head on the island of Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated, and soon the coast line could be seen, some 25 miles away. Sharks and porpoises were seen more frequently as we neared land. We anchored for the night, 2071 miles from San Francisco and about 20 miles from the harbor of Honolulu.

On the morning of December 9th a pilot came aboard and we sailed in to the piers of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, both ships alongside the pier. Going in we were entertained by the diving of Hawaiian boys and girls who swam alongside and eagerly dived for coins thrown from the decks.

It was interesting to note the ease with which the youngsters caught these coins, which seemed to be a difficult matter. It was really not, as the water was very clear and the coins instead of slipping straight down, zigzagged back and forth as they went deeper, and gave abundant opportunity for the young divers to seize them.

We were told that whenever the passenger liners came in, the divers were much more numerous than when troop ships came, as the soldiers had very little money to throw away, and the civilian passengers on the liners were much more generous and better supplied with coin.

As we neared the wharf we were greeted with the music of the Municipal Band of Honolulu, an organization of about one hundred excellent musicians, many of them women whose instrumental music was interspersed with vocal and blended surprisingly well. Here many of us heard for the first time that lovely number "Aloha, Oe" (the Hawaiian welcome and farewell).



## CHAPTER 7.

*Crowds on Wharves. Native Women. Leis. A March Through the City. The Palace. Kamehameha. The Punch Bowl. Fruit of a Million Spines. Swipes. Khaki Uniforms.*

The wharf was crowded, with many races in evidence. The Hawaiians were conspicuous by the wearing of leis, as hat bands and as garlands about the neck. The Hawaiian lei consists of a collec-



VENDORS OF LEIS, HONOLULU

tion of bell-shaped flowers of every color, strung upon a string through the centers, so that when superimposed they form a round band which is worn as a garland about the neck or around or across the head. Men wear them as hat bands, and native women also, as many of the latter wear men's hats with a band of lei about them. Some of these strands are of a solid color and others of variegated colored flowers. They add a gay, colorful and festive air to any group.

Hawaiian women of the lower classes are inclined to stoutness (including the Hula dancers) and were dressed almost without exception in Mother Hubbard dress, then so familiar to the American soldier. The more refined and educated classes of Hawaiians and Americans living in Honolulu did not make a practice of meeting the ships coming in, except to greet personal friends.

On the wharf and in the streets in the vicinity there were booths where groups of women sold leis which were absurdly cheap. Most of

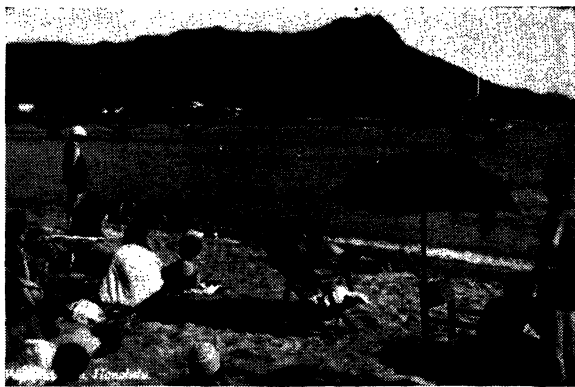


these women were young or of middle age, the younger ones often very beautiful, the middle-aged ones rather stout but comely.

Everyone was eager to go ashore. Colonel Beacom had ordered a march through the city and to several points of interest as the best way to have the soldiers see the place and not be tied up in any one or two localities. All sympathized with the officers and men of the Guard who had to remain on board. Presently the regiment formed on the wharf and headed by the band, marched gaily into the city, whose soil was the first foreign land the feet of most had ever trod.

## HONOLULU

In 1899 Honolulu was a thriving city, still old-fashioned, but with a busy port. Shipping from all over the world was in its harbor. There were no forts or military defenses worthy of the name, nor



WAIKIKI BEACH - DIAMOND HEAD

great hotels as now. Diamond Head was the outstanding landmark, holding the crater of an extinct volcano, but Waikiki Beach was already well known to travelers from the East, and the surf boats and boards were as numerous then as today. Hotel Street was just a street, not well paved as today. None of the great hotels and modern public buildings of today (1942) existed. Close-in to what is now the business section of "downtown" were many beautiful residences, their inclosed park-like grounds ablaze with tropical flowers.

In the center of the city stood the Royal Palace of Liliuokalani (Queen Lil) and across the wide boulevard, the gilt statue of Kamehameha I. Eighteen months later a wonderful new city had developed

and nearly all of the great hotels and public buildings now in evidence had been planned and many of them were in course of erection.

Swinging along behind the band playing lively marches, the regiment without arms wound around the city's boulevards and avenues,



THE ROYAL PALACE, HONOLULU

past the many points of interest, through cheering, admiring crowds, and climbed the slopes behind the town into the "Punchbowl," the crater of an extinct volcano, arriving there at noon. A halt was made and all rested and ate a lunch which was carried along from the ships. The ranks were broken and the men roamed about. Inside the crater there were many of the typical grass huts and little vegetable and flower gardens of the natives. Goats and ponies grazed on the inner slopes. A number of deep crevices, five to twenty feet deep, were in evidence on the floor of the crater, which was almost a quarter mile in diameter.

Several of our men, while strolling about, heard the anxious whinny of a pony, but could not see him. It was repeated over and over, and presently the soldiers saw a pony down in one of these crevices where he had probably slipped during the preceding night. Natives living nearby were notified and ran out with ropes and soon the pony stood on the upper ground again, still trembling but unhurt.

Officers of the Field and Staff found some grassy shade under a few stunted trees and while having their lunch, several members of the band came and brought some wild fruit that they had found growing on the inner slopes of the crater. It was a fruit shaped like a slender banana but crimson in color, sweet and delicious to the

taste. It's name is not recalled, but it certainly was relished and appreciated by the members of the staff fortunate to be served. The bandsmen had peeled back a film-like skin from the fruit and we ate it as we would have eaten a banana.

Some of our American soldiers, seeing the bandsmen getting the fruit, gathered some for themselves but neglected the little ceremony of skinning off the filmy cover between skin and fruit. A few moments later there were howls of rage and dismay and curses loud and deep, aimed at our Italians. It seems that the film-like skin contained millions of minute, sharp spines which stuck to lips and gums and tongues and such a rubbing of mouths we never saw before. One of the men came to Major McCaw about it but the Major could do nothing for him but advise that the spines would soon wear off and that there would be no other effects.

That incident taught the lesson to be cautious in the matter of eating strange tropical fruits and thus served a good purpose. Your Historian never saw that fruit before, or ever in the Philippines, but in 1930, while near the crater of Mt. Vesuvius in Italy, saw the same fruit growing there.

After a good rest the regiment returned to their ships and the men were permitted to go to the town, in relays, for limited periods.



AN AVENUE OF ROYAL PALMS, HONOLULU

During the march through the town, we noted and marveled at the loveliness of the flowers in great profusion; at the beautiful avenues of Palm trees of several kinds—Royal Palms, straight and stately; cocoanut palms, date palms, the strange banyan tree with

its maze of roots joining well above the ground and its deep shade; the gorgeous Poinciana trees heavy with brilliant flowers; the Pink Shower trees and many other tropical trees and plants of every shade of green and every color of flowers.

Your Historian found opportunity to visit the Royal Palace and the Throne Room, still equipped with the furnishings of the Hawaiian Royal family, and to enter the museum in the Palace and see its wealth of interesting furniture and utensils, drums, canoes, weapons and crude mathematical instruments used by the ancient sea-going Hawaiians in navigation coming up from the Samoan Islands and beyond; also the wonderful garments and head gear of the ancient Hawaiians, made of the feathers of rare birds; the gorgeous feather fans and banners carried in parades and used in Royal and funeral ceremonies; and the paintings of historic events in Hawaiian history as well as the portraits of Kings and members of royal families.

At that time a part of the small remaining military forces of the Hawaiians—a National Guard—consisted of a battery of artillery of four German Krupp guns, whose men were quartered in the ground floors of the Palace. These men wore a uniform and helmet similar to that of the German artillery of that date—1899.



HULA DANCERS—NON-PROFESSIONAL,  
HONOLULU

Honolulu was duly explored by our American invaders, and all points in its night life investigated. Some of the men naturally liked their beer, which was quite plentiful and good, and some, like soldiers of every age and race, looked up the girl side of the occasion. Of this phase of their adventures we shall maintain a discreet silence. But the beer adventures were charged with a novelty in that line when the soldiers met up with the concoction locally known as "Swipes." It was a beer potent with alcoholic content and some mysterious ingredient that produced a very wonderful reaction. Quite a number of the boys with long thirsts imbibed more than enough, producing a great desire for

sleep. When the imbiber came to, he awoke with a monstrous thirst and desire for real water. When this thirst was quenched the water evidently caused a chemical awakening of the Swipes still in the system and the aforesaid imbiber forthwith relapsed into a second—and free—jag from which he presently recovered cold sober. The experience with this peculiar beverage was so fascinating that the lads, in many instances, wanted to go back for another hair of the dog that bit them, but as shore-leave was limited to numbers as well as time, they had to let it go for the time being.

While the ships were coaled, the stewards were busy laying in food supplies, specializing in tropical fruits—pineapples—mangoes—the delicious papaya (the melon that grows on trees) and others well known, as well as some new to the soldier palate.

Opportunity was taken also to break out the khaki clothing for everyone, and take up overcoats and blue uniforms, salt them down in mothballs and the flaky stuff used in the army called naphthalene and box them up for storage in Manila for use on the return voyage.

The doning of the khaki uniform was a great relief. The tropical warmth of Honolulu was brought home to all in the march ashore and everyone was glad to put on the more comfortable summer clothing.

There was not sufficient time to see and visit more than the nearer outstanding points of interest, when the coaling and supply processes were completed and our long voyage to Manila began.



## CHAPTER 8.

*Enroute to Manila. Portugese Men-of-War. Porpoises. Flying Fish. Christmas at Sea. A Typhoon in the China Sea. The Ships Separate. West Coast of Luzon. Manila Bay.*

We left Honolulu on December 11, 1899, for the voyage of nearly 4800 miles to Manila. Notwithstanding the continued practical instruction of the men and the several schools, which continued, life on the ships grew monotonous. Very seldom did a sail appear on the horizon and as we drew away from the Hawaiian group, birds and the abundant marine life appeared less and less. Only the Portugese men-of-war remained in constant evidence. This marine creature is a jelly fish that floats by means of an oblong, crested iridescent bladder flattened on the lower side from which are pendent the individuals of the colony. These long filaments, sometimes trailing twenty feet, have batteries of nettle cells powerful enough to paralyze fishes and cause much discomfort to humans with whom they come in contact. These jelly fish are from four to eighteen inches in length.

One morning, about a week out from Honolulu, we came on deck to see the ocean, as far as we could see, alive with porpoise, leaping out of and diving back into the water, their flashing bodies glinting in the sunshine. These fish ranged from a foot or so to five feet in length and they moved in countless thousands. They were in sight for a half hour or more and then gradually disappeared.

The flying fishes were with us almost daily while in tropical water. These fish belong to the gurnard family, round-the-corner relatives of the herring, and the pike. They really do not fly and have very little control of their long pectoral fins when out of water. Their "flights" are limited and depend upon the speed with which they leave the water, which is only in an effort to escape enemy fish. They can only move in a straight line as they have not yet connected up their tails as ariel rudders with their pilot cabins. They can make ten miles an hour, decreasing speed every moment, and never "fly" over 500 feet, going farther against the wind than with it. They are marine airplanes without engines and your Historian understands that the Germans took the glider idea from the flying fish.

There was no cable connection between the United States and

Honolulu at this time and we were all wondering what was going on in the World. We had no news of the progress of the war in South Africa, nor of the situation in the Philippines and radio communication had not yet been developed to any great extent by our Government.

The fine weather held, without storms until we approached the area between Guam and the South China Sea. We crossed the International date line—180° E. Longitude where we dropped a day. Many of the men were greatly puzzled to go to bed on Saturday evening and awake again on Saturday morning.

When Christmas Day dawned we were 1550 miles from Manila. The sea was calm and the ships signalled "Merry Christmas" to each other. About 1 o'clock in the afternoon, the American flag went up, the field music sounding "To the Colors." Our ships drew almost alongside each other, and the men exchanged joyful Christmas greetings. There was a Band concert on the COLUMBIA that was also enjoyed by those on the DALNY VOSTOK, and both vessels heaved to for a couple of hours. Both vessels were gaily "dressed" with flags and bunting and a general good time was had by all.

On the DALNY VOSTOK, the men staged a minstrel show, improvising scenery and costumes and make-up and the performance, funny songs and gags of the burnt-cork artists, were really very good.

Our ships put in at the island of Guam, and Col. Beacom, Major Brown and Captain Lang, Regimental Adjutant and the Ships' Masters, went ashore to pay their respects to the Commandant of our forces there, and for orders, if any. After we had passed through the Ladrões, (a group of islands known as Marianas Ilando on later maps), and were moving north-easterly, the first portends of a great storm appeared. Our first view of Asia was in the form of some small islands, volcanic, and uninhabited. A cone-shaped island was pointed out as Babuyan Claw or some name that sounded like that. It appears only on navigation maps and is only the tip of an extinct volcano.

The wind came up as we neared the China sea and with it the waters became more agitated. Presently the decks were cleared and everything made snug on both ships. Hatches were closed and all movable spars and deck equipment lashed tight. Then came the rain and spray and the seas ran higher and higher, some breaking

over the bows of the COLUMBIA. The wind roared and shrieked. In the fading light of the late afternoon, the Skipper of the COLUMBIA took snapshots of the seas breaking over our bows. None of these exposures proved successful.

The DALNY VOSTOK was no longer visible in the thick weather about us. As the only military officer not affected by the violent motion of the ship, the Skipper invited your Historian to the bridge from which the view of the wild tossing of the seas was awful and sublime. Both of us were lashed to the rail of the bridge. From this point of vantage the breaking waves could be seen sweeping the length of the deck and cascading astern.

Two of the Chinese crew, engaged in lashing something fast amidships were washed overboard, their shrieks rising above the howling of the wind. The stoicism credited to the Chinaman was not displayed on this occasion. Nothing could be done for these unfortunates. The vessel could not have been brought to, nor could a small boat be lowered or have lived in that sea.

Steerage way towards the ships course was no longer attempted and all efforts concentrated to keep her head to the seas, and ride out the storm and this was gallantly done by the Skipper and his mates and crew. None of the watches turned in that night, and very few officers or men of our passengers did, either. Hot coffee and food was served about midnight in the dining saloon to the ships officers and a few of us dry land sailors. The wind was then abating but the sea was still rolling in mountainous waves.

Daylight came and the ship resumed her general course and soon land was seen on our port bow, apparently recognized as the northern part of the Island of Luzon. The sea had gone down considerably and the hatches were opened and the decks cleared of small wreckage. Officers and men came out.

An odd sail appeared here and there, one, a typical Chinese junk with canvas and bamboo sails, headed northeast. The DALNY VOSTOK was not in sight and we saw her no more until the morning of the following day as she came into Manila Bay past Corregidor.

Shortly before noon, a U. S. Transport, the "WARREN," was passed, sailing north, its flag at half-mast. The Transport and the COLUMBIA exchanged signals and we learned that the Transport carried the body of General Lawton, killed some ten days earlier at San Mateo, enroute to the United States.



All that day of December 31, 1899, we steamed down the east coast of Luzon, some 5 to 7 miles offshore, noting its mountains and forest clad hills and late in the afternoon passed Corregidor, and entered Manila Bay; then Cavite and its ancient fortifications, and



MOUTH OF THE PASIG RIVER—Q. M. DEPOT, MANILA

near sundown dropped anchor off the mouth of the Pasig River. An hour later, a few hundred yards away, another Transport, a U. S. ship used as a horse-boat, that had also passed through the same storm, dropped its anchor. Just before sunset our ships' engines became silent. Manila lay before us. Our voyage of 6929 miles had ended. We were safe in Port.

Sometime during the night, the DALNY VOSTOK sailed in and cast anchor nearby.



## CHAPTER 9.

*Manila from the Ships. Pasig River Harbor and Shipping. Old and New Manila. The Walled City. Colonel Thompson Takes Command. New Years' Day, 1900. Field and Staff Call on Gen. Otis. Moat, Drawbridge, and Portcullis. Inside the Grim Walls. Palace of the Governor-General. Sight-seeing Staff Officers. A Bus is Hired. LaLoma Church. A Horse-transport after a Typhoon.*

January 1, 1900, broke clear and beautiful. The bay was smooth, with numerous small sailing craft, some with more or less gaudy colored sails, many launches trailing plumes of smoke, and having from one to a dozen cascos in tow, dotted the bay on every hand. Behind the low-lying city and its church towers, rose the hills of Luzon, in several terraces of varying shades of green along the shore and among the buildings of the city the palm trees reared their graceful fronds. To our right, at the mouth of the Pasig River, stood the Anda Monument and Fort Santiago, the stars and stripes of our beloved flag streaming from a high staff. Over the point of land at the river's mouth reared the masts and smoke-stacks of shipping in what was probably the most colorful and picturesque river-harbor in the world (Later on that same day your Historian viewed this harbor scene from a bridge near the old city of Manila about a mile from its mouth and it made a lasting impression upon him so that many years later in an Art Gallery in Munich, Bavaria, he looked upon this same scene again where an artist had transferred it to canvas. Your Historian was prepared to buy this painting at a reasonable cost but found it the work of an artist of renown and the price far beyond his means.)

Just back of Fort Santiago loomed the grim walls of Old Manila, upon whose ramparts still stood some of the old Spanish guns that had seen the sun and storms of centuries, with others lying dismounted on the parapets.

It was New Year's day and time was required to pack up and arrange for disembarkation on the morrow. Freight hoists had to be rigged for the baggage in the holds and arrangements made for lighterage service, in which the cascos were used, towed by launches.

Colonel J. Milton Thompson, the Regimental Commander, who had been on duty on the Islands for some time, came aboard, met his officers, and assumed command.



COLONEL J. MILTON THOMPSON

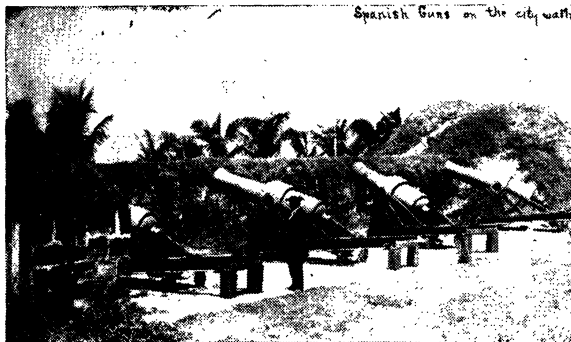
All preliminary arrangements for disembarking were then made. The troops were left in the hands of the Battalion Commanders and Captains of companies, and Colonel Thompson, accompanied by Lieut.-Col. Beacom, Major Prime, Major Brown, Major McCaw, Captain Lang, Captain Herman and Lieut. Reiser, went ashore to

report the arrival of the command and to pay their respects to the Military Governor, Gen. E. S. Otis, at the palace in the Walled City.

A launch took the party ashore, landing at the Quartermaster's Wharf. A Sunday air hung over the landing and along the river, where ships from all over the world were moored. There was no Q. M. transportation, so the launch went up the Pasig and stopped near the gate of the Walled City nearest the end of the Escolta, then the most important street of Manila.

The city was then divided into two parts by the Pasig River. Between the river and the bay lay the Walled City and on the other side of the river the new city, whose houses and buildings looked more modern, except the ramshackle tenements in the Chinese section. On both sides of the river could be seen the towers and steeples of stone churches and convent buildings, that looked mighty old and weatherbeaten. At right angles to the Escolta, the Bridge of Spain, a stone-arched bridge, spanned the Pasig, to a newer section of the city.

Our party went ashore near one of the Walled City gates where the great moat joined the Pasig River and entered the Walled City, over an ancient medieval drawbridge and under a portcullis which still hung upon its chains and weights. The fortifications of the Walled City were the great walls of a system of bastions embracing the essential principle of protection to a fortified town according



SPANISH GUNS ON THE CITY WALLS

to Vauban, the celebrated military engineer, having eight points without any dead angles. The inside walls stood to the height of a three story house, and had ramps running up to the gun platforms

just below the parapets, up which horses could drag the guns. The walls were approximately fifteen feet thick and contained casemates for barracks and guard rooms, shops, storage rooms and magazines at intervals all around the city. From the tops of the parapets a green lawn—the glacis—sloped gradually to the moat, a few hundred feet beyond, so that one approaching the Walled City from without saw nothing of the fortification and only the tops of buildings inside the walls. Most of the older guns of large calibre were in permanent positions with muzzles peering over the parapets. Some more modern guns were still on carriages permitting high angle fire, and could also be run up on short ramps for direct fire over the glacis, as the green sloping lawn is termed in fortifications.

The moat was a deep, slimy ditch, fed by the waters of the Pasig river, full of noxious weeds and poisonous looking growths, and alive with snakes and other reptiles and creeping things. It usually smelled mighty bad unless the breeze was from the land.

Unobtrusive entrances were cut in several places on the land side of the bastion, for covered ways that wound in curves through the glacis, and to the several portals through the great walls. At the portals were drawbridges, still capable of being raised and lowered by means of chains and windlass. But the chains and windlasses



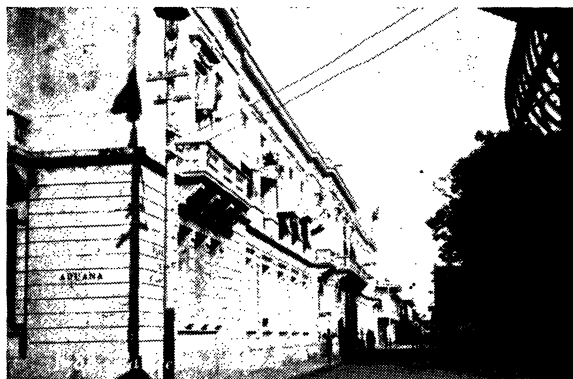
GATEWAY TO THE WALLED CITY

were sadly rusted and were of doubtful efficiency. In the walls at the gates, the metal slides and rusting grills of the portcullis were still in evidence, and for a year or so after the American occupation,

these grills were in use, going down at a given hour at night and pulled up at reveille.

The fortifications of the Walled City with its drawbridges and portcullis were the only visual evidence to most of our men that such things existed in ancient and medieval times.

Within the walls the streets were paved with stone and the houses apparently all of stone, were built one against another, solid, tile-roofed, and from two to five stories high. A surface drainage system was in evidence, but there seemed to be no sanitary sewerage. Sidewalks were narrow, as were the streets, with here and there small park areas, especially near the Cathedral, the Palace of the Governor-General, and many other churches.



PALACE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL - WALLED CITY

The Governor's Palace was a fine structure of modern construction and later period, and stood facing a lovely little tropical park occupying about a square or block, as we would term it in the United States. Its entrance was ornate and imposing and one entered into a marble-floored, marble-walled rotunda, beautiful in design, and faced a great marble stair going up and winding to right and left to the next floor, its rails all of polished brass and gilt. At the head of the first landing stood a magnificent piece of sculptured marble—Magallan, discoverer of the Philippines.

On the next floor handsome, wide corridors led away to rooms occupied then as offices for the Governor-General and his staff. Along the walls stood splendidly upholstered and carved mahogany furniture, all bearing the coat-of-arms of Spain. Rich hangings were

suspended from walls and many paintings and portraits of great value. Here and there in the reception rooms, corridor areas and offices, splendid rugs covered the marble tiles of the floors.

The floor of the rotunda and the corridors of the ground floor, except for a small passageway to the stairs, as well as a larger interior court in the center of the palace, was piled almost ten feet high with thousands of Mauser rifles, surrendered by the Spanish garrison of Manila. With these were bundles of swords and machettes and the pikes of Spanish colors that had been taken from them.

In the great reception room on the second floor, General Otis, whose whiskers rivaled those of Colonel Thompson, met us in a very pleasant manner and welcomed us to the army, and chatted with apparent pleasure with Colonel Thompson and Major Prime, who like himself, had served the United States in the Civil War. After our formal visit was over, Major McCaw, Captain Lang, Captain Herman and Lieutenant Reiser were excused and Colonel Thompson, Colonel Beacom, Major Brown and Major Prime remained with General Otis to become acquainted with the latter's staff officers and the military situation in the islands.

Your Historian accompanied Major McCaw, Captain Lang and Lieutenant Reiser, and it was decided to look about a little at Manila and its immediate surroundings.

We walked back to the portal where we entered the Walled City. As we proceeded along the street, we came to what appeared to be an open store front, but which was a fire engine station, just as an alarm of fire sounded on a large gong. There were about ten or twelve firemen there, all wearing bright blue trousers and red shirts with short black boots and belts, carrying spanners, wrenches and hatchets. These firemen sprang to their feet and quickly donned bright shining brass helmets and proceeded to fall in, as soldiers would. The fire captain brought them to attention and called the roll, put his roll-book into his pocket and gave a command in Spanish. The firemen seized a pole with handles, attached to the engine, and a rope, and away they went on a run, dragging the engine behind them. This engine was a little pumper, man power, painted red and blue, with much shining brass, and carried its hose in a reel in front.

The turning out of this fire company did not seem to create any excitement or curiosity. A well dressed Philippino volunteered the remark that they would soon be back, as fires in the Walled City

did not amount to much as there was nothing to burn, the buildings, including many floors, being of stone.



THE ESCOLTA, PRINCIPAL BUSINESS STREET OF MANILA

Major McCaw and his companions crossed the drawbridge and found themselves on the Escolta in the newer Manila, and deciding to go somewhere, and it being too hot to walk very much, called the driver of a public conveyance that looked as if it would hold four passengers. The name of the type of this vehicle has been forgotten by your Historian. It was a sort of short bus, with only two wheels, seating four (Philippino) passengers. The driver sat on a little seat in front of the inclosed bob-tailed bus, just over the rear end of the shafts and over the rump of the pony that furnished the motive power. Captains Lang and Herman climbed in; Herman weighed 150 pounds, Lang about 180. Then Major McCaw got in with 190 pounds more. The driver began to look anxious. Lieutenant Reiser stepped in with some 230 pounds, and as he did so, the pony rose in the air, kicking and squealing like one possessed. The scared driver scrambled down, leaving the pony a little higher. The American passengers alighted quickly and hailing two calisas, hastened on their way, as the pony settled back to earth.

While waiting for the bob-tailed bus, a rangy looking Philippino woman approached at a swinging stride, smoking a large black cigar, and puffing like a miniature engine. On her head was a small coffin for a very young child, covered with faded blue velvet, decorated with tarnished gold lace. In one hand she carried a spade and in the other something in a knotted cloth. She appeared to be on the way to a cemetery.



The party set out over the Bridge of Spain to visit the Botanical Gardens, once the pride of Manila. These gardens were also often referred to as the English Gardens and were said to have contained



THE BRIDGE OF SPAIN, MANILA

specimens of every tree and shrub and flower grown in the archipelago. The Insurgents against the rule of Spain had gone into these gardens and camped there while besieging the Spanish troops in Manila a year or more before the Spanish-American War and had devastated them. The gardens in the park were still lovely although the Insurgent forces had camped there while still at war with Spain and had injured and destroyed many beautiful and rare trees and specimen trees of the archipelago.

Not long after our visit the Regimental Quartermaster had the Estada Major (once the residence of the Mayor of Manila) lying in the center of this park turned over to him as a storehouse and office.

Back on the Escolta our party was driven out toward its end where stood a very fine two-spired modern church — the San Sebastian Church — a present to the German-



SAN SEBASTIAN CHURCH, MANILA  
"Made in Germany"

speaking inhabitants of Manila from Emperor William II of Germany. This church was of steel with beautiful stained glass windows. It came in sections, knocked down, from Germany, and put together in Manila by German artisans, sent over for that purpose.



CHINESE QUARTER, MANILA

Our party then looked over the Chinese quarter in the Binando district, with its queer stores and pungent smells and vile odors, and drove on to the LaLoma where our headquarters were to be set up on the morrow. This took them through the terribly crowded Tondo District where the houses then were nearly all of bamboo and nipa thatch, highly inflammable, and densely populated. (This place has burned down a half dozen times since that day, always with considerable loss of life among children and the very old. Probably a Philippine idea of a sanitary clean-up.) Leaving the Tondo district by way of the road past the Tondo market, we came to the highway leading north past La Loma church and cemetery which was partly surrounded by a thick wall, probably ten feet, into which burial niches were set in three or four tiers.

Those families who could afford the periodic fee put the coffins of their dead into these niches for a specified time, and renewed the periods from time to time. When the periods expired and no fees were paid, the coffins or boxes were removed, memorial tablets taken off and the bones cast into the "bone yard," a walled inclosure nearby. Very few real coffins were set into these niches—merely boxes, over which a rented coffin was used during the funeral and burial service—except by the wealthy.

Here, as we entered the cemetery, we again saw the gaunt woman who had marched past us carrying the tiny coffin on her head. She had evidently dug a grave for the infant, in the public part of the burial ground, and was filling in the grave. The little blue and gilt coffin lay on the ground nearby. When we came out of the church the woman and coffin were gone.



LA LOMA CHURCH

The church was riddled by shells from our gun boats on the bay and by small arm fire, as an Insurgent force had made a stand behind the stone walls fronting the bay, and its marble facade and roof were badly damaged. At the top of its front stood a white marble angel blowing a trumpet, that had not been hit, and inside the church, behind the altar, a life-sized figure of Christ, colored as in life, still held its place on the cross, unmarred by shot or shell. As we walked through the church (which, like all churches in Catholic countries, had no pews), we noted the last resting places of the Padres under the long stone slabs of the floor, each bearing only a name and a cross and a date—probably the date of death.

Behind the altar and to one side were several rooms that we noted as suitable for our regimental headquarters and which we occupied the next day.

On the way back to the ship, your Historian bought a package of cigarettes. That might not mean anything to a young person of today, but was an event to him as he never smoked cigarettes as we know them or as Americans knew and used them at that time. This package of cigarettes contained about fifty smokes, each a half

inch in diameter and about fifteen inches long, made of a mild pleasant smoking tobacco, wrapped in tobacco leaf, and had a sweetish taste. They smoked fine and were carried along and carefully protected. One was used each evening for the next fifty days, as an after-dinner smoke. Each would last a good half hour and was greatly enjoyed. When all were consumed, more of the same kind were sought but without success. The package had cost one peseta, Spanish currency, worth ten cents of our money.

Upon returning to the COLUMBIA your Historian obtained permission to go to the battered horse-boat anchored nearby, to see if any of the private mounts of our officers had been shipped on her, and to their relief learned that the ship with our horses was to leave San Francisco ten days after the one battered in the storm. (Our horses all arrived safely some two weeks later.) As your Historian came aboard this ship, it still resembled a great shambles, blood-soaked, with rails, stanchions and stalls battered into kindling wood, its runways and lower deck deep in blood, filth and manure and presenting a sight horrible to behold. In the wild tossing of the ship, partitions and barriers had been kicked and torn down and loose horses had run wild on all decks and up the runways, some actually going overboard. Horses went down with legs and even necks broken and some impaled by splintered timbers; and many had to be shot.

Several hundred dead horses had been heaved overboard at sea, and animals among the survivors were dying daily and had to be taken ashore for disposal as it was forbidden to dump them into the bay. Almost every horse was injured to some extent or killed. Of the cargo of some six hundred head, only about two hundred came ashore in Manila fit for service. Most of them were remounts for the cavalry and field artillery. Your Historian, after a lapse of forty-two years, has forgotten the name of the horse transport but not the appearance of that ship in Manila Bay.

On our two motionless ships, with engines stilled, all our people slept well that night after a day of strenuous work.



## CHAPTER 10.

*The Regiment Goes Ashore. Transportation Difficulties. Hired Horses for Mounted Officers. Bull Carts and Caraboa. March to First Stations. The Bone-yard at LaLoma. Night Attacks and False Alarms. The Sacred Wagon. A Chinese Funeral. Heavy Savings With the Paymaster. Settling Down to Work. Outposts and Smugglers. Regimental Headquarters to Pumping Station. General Carpenter's Visit.*

Daylight of January 2, 1900, found all on board awake and getting ready to go ashore, and immediately after breakfast, disembarkation began. Cascos had been pushed alongside both ships, and company baggage was being lowered into them by the deck winches, in great rope nets. Details of men were moving shoreward in launches to receive and separate the baggage and freight piles upon landing, and the wisdom of the regimental quartermaster in painting the company chests and boxes with stripes of distinguishing colors became apparent.

It was about eleven o'clock in the morning when word went 'round that "the last galoot's ashore" (to quote from the poem "Jim Bludsoe"), and the companies began to form for the march to their first stations in the Islands; the Band that had been regaling us with an occasional air, formed in front of the Depot Quartermasters Office. The Regimental Quartermaster had been advised that mounts for field and staff officers would be provided, to be returned that same evening. Our baggage lay in mountainous piles by the roadside at noon, waiting for wagon transportation. Soldiers milled around everywhere, but gradually found their companies. A soldier or two from each company sat high on his company baggage to stick by it until relieved. Field and Staff officers impatiently awaited the arrival of the mounts and Colonel Thompson was fuming at the delay. No one seemed to understand the "manana" disposition of the native service or the fact that those of our own people who had arrived earlier than we, had absorbed that same disposition.

The busiest person of that aggregation of Americans, was Captain Herman, the Regimental Quartermaster, upon whom the responsibility for the delay seemed to rest. However, he was doing the best he could and had to look to the Depot Quartermaster for

officers' mounts and transport vehicles for the baggage. His recollections of our first march after landing, published in the Cariboa (bulletin of the 42nd Inf. Assn.), for March, 1939, and here reproduced, tells the story of that day's events:

### The Quartermaster's Story

"Remember our landing in Manila and the hike to the 'Firing line'?

To the best of my recollection it was on the 2nd of January, 1900, when the Regiment went ashore from its Transports. A tremendous pile of baggage lay on the wharf near the Quartermaster's Depot on the Pasig, but that gave me no worry, for wasn't I promised twelve bull carts?

With the smug idea that 'bull carts' meant husky wagons drawn by four or six solid oxen, like we had been reading about in connection with the war in South Africa, I went along blithely rustling the 'mounts' for the Field and Staff.

We were to march to the north and take over the Malabon-Caloocan-LaLoma line. LaLoma was about four miles out from the middle of Manila, and Malabon maybe ten miles or somethin'. But what was that for healthy, vigorous young American soldiers? Weren't we all anxious to stretch our legs after a month on ship-board?



FIRST LIEUT. JOSEPH R. McANDREWS, JANUARY 2, 1900

Well, the 'mounts' were brought up—and such beasts! About as big as a minute each! Colonel Thompson had long legs, and I just had to give him the tallest pony—and at that the Colonel looked

as if he was about to navigate a scooter when he stepped aboard his steed! His heels just cleared the ground! Lieutenant McAndrews had longer legs than the Colonel, and when he shoved off on board the craft assigned to him, he sure did a lot of scooter motions that I can swear to! Then the darned beasts, not accustomed to carrying anything but the feather-weight Philipinos, grunted something awful at their loads!

Everyone entitled to a mount got one of a kind, but I, for which I was thankful, for I saw a sizable steed in a nearby livery place, and when I asked the cost of its hire and found it so small, I wanted to buy the thing; and trade it off for something else later on. But he was pretty good as those plugs went, and I got a lot of service from him.

The Regiment with its Field and Staff, duly mounted, except Lieutenant Powers, marched on, and then I went on the gridiron! The bull carts were slow coming and I was told they would not be along for an hour or so, and I left Powers sitting on the rations and personally escorted the head of column for a mile or so towards the north. When I decided to go back, about half of our mounted officers were walking and leading the goats they called horses. I have some ideas about that walking business but—mums the word!

Lieutenant Philip Powers, our Commissary Officer, a good old Ace of a Regular, was still perched on his ration boxes, watchfully waiting for those bull carts. Presently these came along, and my heart went down to my boots. The 'bulls' were a bunch of slimy, muddy caraboa plentifully decorated with a grand variety of bugs and insects, and nearly every one had a blackbird or two perched on him somewhere, riding herd on the bugs and insects. The carts were little two-wheeled affairs that would each hold a good wheel-barrow load of freight. I wondered if I would live long enough to haul all our stuff with that brand of transport! Powers and I went into a huddle and decided that only rations could be thought of at that time, and we proceeded to load up a cart-load for each company, and we got them started on the trail of the regiment, under the able management of a Commissary Sergeant. It seems to me that the next time I met that young Sergeant he had white hair!

With the rations went devout prayers that the carts would reach the companies while the men were still alive. Then I hunted up that Depot Q. M. and staged a sit-down strike right in his office

for at least one real wagon with mules to take out something to eat to our headquarters and Band at LaLoma.

Powers had a keen eye, and lots of experience—and he kept his eye on me and waited patiently to see what would come up. And I worked on that Depot Q. M., as I never worked on a human being before. Finally he relented and loaned me a nice spring wagon with two real mules and harness. Powers went into action and on to the seat of that wagon and I don't recollect that I ever saw him out of hand-reach of that wagon for the next week! As rations were the most important things that anyone could think of at that time, he had the inside track.

I was busy for five days getting that mountain of baggage to the troops where it belonged. At the end of the fourth day, I grew desperate at the mile-an-hour speed of my bull carts and visited around with some other regimental quartermasters in Manila whose transportation ran to escort wagons, and succeeded in borrowing a dozen wagons, with drivers and four mule teams and we finished carrying off the mountains of baggage from the Pasig wharf on the fifth day.

That borrowed spring wagon, however, never got back to the Depot Q. M. for a month and ways and means were found to dodge every request for its return.

That 'Bull cart' stuff as Army transport, was some wierd proposition!"

The "horses" for the mounted officers having arrived, the Band took its place and the regiment formed, the companies in columns of fours, and at about one o'clock the regiment started for its place on the North Line, our sector of the Defensive encirclement of Manila in a radius of ten miles or so from the center of the city. at LaLoma, Headquarters and the Band left the column and took possession of the Church where its offices were set up. The Bandsmen spread their blankets within the body of the church and the officers and non-commissioned officers found places to set up their cots in rooms in the back of the church, once occupied by the Padres, whose furniture and most of their books—some very old, rare and costly—were still in the cases and on shelves. Here Headquarters functioned until January 28, 1900, when it moved to the Pumping Station on the Maraquina River.

Companies C, B (as Headquarters Guard), D, E, G and H camped in the immediate vicinity and on the line towards Caloocan.



Companies K, L, M, occupied the line from Caloocan to Malabon and the Balig-Balig Road. A large military hospital had been established at Caloocan.

One of our companies occupied Block House No. 5, a stout little fort of stone blocks which was good shelter from rifle fire, but which would be like so much cheese for our gunboat armament or the 3.10 guns of our field artillery.

Along the Manila-Caloorcan road, sentries and observation posts were set, some on platforms in the trees, where the highway and lateral roads could be well watched and commanded.



BLOCKHOUSE NO. 5

Lieutenant-Colonel Beacom took station at Malabon. Toward the middle of January, 1900, most of the companies had moved outward from their first camps and occupied an irregular line of small towns from which the Insurgents had withdrawn.

Our first few nights at LaLoma were a bit exciting. Just behind LaLoma Church a Battery of the 5th U. S. Artillery was stationed, consisting mostly of seasoned Regulars, and we felt secure and free from many annoying matters and minor disturbances that kept our inexperienced soldiers awake at night. There was considerable night firing of a ragged nature by sentries who imagined enemies sneaking toward our lines. On one such occasion, firing started just beyond LaLoma Church, and ran like wild-fire along our line. Colonel Thompson directed Captain Herman to go out and try to learn what it was about (The Colonel had experienced a lot of this before our arrival and neither worried about it or grew excited).

Captain Herman started out on a paved walk to a gate leading out of the cemetery toward the "firing line," and in the darkness lost direction until opposite an arched doorway in the wall through which he could see the stars. Stepping through, he plunged downward some three feet and found himself knee deep among skulls and human bones. His rather loud and profane remarks brought the sentry from the doorway the Captain had been looking for, who helped him back on to more pleasant ground. One of the officers of the Battery then informed him that such firing as that was a common occurrence, which in earlier days was often caused by fear and imagination but later was indulged in by the Volunteers out of pure devilment, and to break the monotony of the long nights. When Captain Herman reported the Lieutenant's explanation, Colonel Thompson ordered his bugler to sound "Cease firing" and the noise died away. Daylight disclosed the body of a lean dog beyond the point where the night's firing has begun.

Our officers received some instruction on that next day to caution their men against unnecessary firing and waste of ammunition.

We were sadly in need of transportation for the domestic requirements of our companies and it was mid-January before the first escort wagons, one for each company, one for the Band and one for Headquarters were issued to the regiment, and it was fully a month later before we had two wagons to the Company. But we did get a spring wagon and two mules, which were worked overtime in the service of the Regimental Quartermaster and the Commissary Officer. Colonel Thompson was also supplied with a passenger vehicle, a Daugherty Wagon, for his personal use. This was always referred to as the Sacred Wagon, as the Colonel was a veritable Tight Wad concerning its use by anyone but himself. With it came a civilian driver and four mules, and the Colonel was enabled to visit all the Companies, who gazed upon this wonder wagon with awe and envy.

By that time our baggage had dwindled greatly as the accumulated rations grew less. It was also discovered that as the soldiers, particularly the Company Q. M. Sergeants, grew more experienced, the interior economy of the companies could function with much less junk and property not needed for field service. All the blue clothing and overcoats had gone to storage warehouses, and company

messes and the individual soldier could get along with a minimum of baggage. On occasions of issue of supplies from the depots, the Q. M. Department, recently revamped and reorganized, supplied



THE SACRED WAGON  
McCaw, McAndrews

transportation from depots to camps. The "bull" carts had become a memory.

About mid-January, the private horses of the mounted officers came, and went into service, and a number of riding horses were supplied by the Q. M. Department.

The horse bought by your Historian in San Francisco, was named "Jim" but proved inadequate to the strain of the daily trips found necessary between Headquarters and the company stations and from the lot of public horses received, he selected one that alternated in the days of riding. He was a fine horse, named "Billy" and a good jumper and rendered good service during the rest of our stay on Luzon. Colonel Thompson also used a public horse, but Major Brown had his private mount, a very good horse, but slow and growing old, and that fact put the Major in a bad spot one day. Of that we will speak later.

The Regimental Quartermaster organized a Stable Detachment to care for the private and public mounts at Regimental Headquarters.

Probably the busiest officers of our regiment were Captain Herman and Lieutenant Powers, who were charged with the supply of the outfit. Lieutenant Powers rustling the food, arms, accoutre-

ments and ammunition and, Captain Herman the clothing, shelter and general supplies and transportation. These officers were in the saddle daily and covered more mileage and saw more of the terrain over which our companies operated than any others.

While at LaLoma Church, it was found necessary to ride to Manila daily and every company was visited by the Quartermaster from one to three times every week.

Just south of LaLoma Cemetery, there was a cemetery used almost exclusively by the Chinese from Manila, and one day your Historian came upon a funeral of a high class Chinese about to be interred there. The funeral cortege had just arrived near the new grave in a long line of carriages, like our old "hacks" of former years, from which emerged a large number of prosperous looking Chinamen.

The hearse was similar to those used in the United States in our "horse and buggy" days, except that there were large black urns on its upper corners, bearing lavender-colored feather plumes. Six horses, with black covers bordered in lavender, each with a feather plume or pompon on his head, drew the hearse. There were two Filipino footmen on the driver's box, wearing boots and silk hats with lavender rosettes and each horse was led by a Filipino groom, similarly attired.

The funeral gathering was anything but sad. All were men, smiling and pleasant, as though they attended a picnic, and there was a constant, lively chatter among them.

From the carriages came not flowers, but numerous dishes of freshly cooked food—meats, vegetables and fruits. These were set to one side as the coffin was taken from the hearse and laid in a shallow depression of a flat cement tomb not over a foot deep. A cement cover, fitting the coffin was then laid over it and sealed with cement. The dishes of food were then disposed about the grave on a wide cement rim and each Chinaman produced a package of red prayer papers with gilt lettering, like the labels you used to see on fire crackers when you were children, and one after another these men walked to the windward side of the grave, touched a match to the prayer papers and when nearly burned, allowed the smoke, ash and burning paper to drift over the next-to-the last resting place of the deceased.

Inquiring for the reason for the shallowness of the grave, your Historian was informed that it helped to keep the bones dry and

facilitated their removal when the time came to return them to the soil of China, for final interment.

The ceremonies over, the funeral party returned to their carriages and drove cheerfully away. One might think that the good food left to see the deceased comfortably over the dark river or wherever dead Chinamen go, would soon be devoured by the many stray dogs overrunning the land. But not so. Your Historian was informed that every movement of that funeral party was carefully watched by numbers of hungry Filipino boys, who saw to it that no dogs disturbed the rest of the departed while the food stood at hand, and that such food, after nightfall, came to those Filipino boys who guarded it so closely and needed it so much.

While on the North Line, the first payday in the Philippines came along, and the men deposited \$12,873.00 with the Paymaster as savings. This evidence of long-headed thrift was recorded in a Regimental circular under date of January 12, 1900.

During the time Headquarters of the 42nd was at LaLoma Church, the companies performed the usual camp and garrison duties, drills in close and extended order, and guard and outpost duties, the last two highly stressed. Friendly relations were cultivated between the natives visible and our officers and men, to their mutual advantage and the social side of life between our soldiers and the Philippine girls, many of them very pretty, was not neglected.

Mid-January saw the migration of the companies to new stations, where in addition to other duties mentioned, were added scouting and the establishment of regular patrols and guards on the highways and the possible by-ways that might be used between Manila and the country occupied by the Insurgents. "Friendly" natives ostensibly going to or returning from the city markets were always more or less suspected of smuggling supplies to the enemy and were usually examined and searched at the outposts, and frequently small quantities of supplies of a contraband nature were taken at the outposts by our men. This smuggling was ingeniously carried on. Often our men on outpost duty were outwitted, especially by women. One such attempt, worthy to record, is remembered by your Historian. On the road from Manila to the Mariquina River Pumping Station, a number of women appeared coming from Manila, bearing on their heads the large flat wicker baskets, the

popular shopping bag of the native women. The sentry halted the first as she arrived at his post. Lifting the basket lid he saw it was filled with large lima beans. He was about to close down the lid when he noticed that one bean seemed to have a stone or core. He remembered that lima beans have no stones, and directed the woman to set her basket on the ground and called the Corporal of the Guard from the nearby Guard tent. On examination it was discovered that every lima bean had been hollowed out and contained a piece of lead weighing nearly an ounce, intended for bullets in home-made cartridges of the Insurrectos. Each of the group of women were carrying the same kind of load. The "lima beans" were confiscated, and the women allowed to go on, without their heavy burdens.



AN EXAMINING OUTPOST

Duty around the Pumping Station in January, 1900, was very monotonous, outside of the smuggling constantly attempted, but drills and instruction continued unremittingly. The presence of the Band made things pleasant at that station, but the fellows more distant had not that advantage. The army then as now, was burdened with much paper work, and Inspectors coming along from time to time, expected the same accuracy in records, correspondence and accounts found at permanent stations. Following the customs of the country, the afternoon siesta had become an institution—except for the Guard.

There was not much activity in the Insurgent territory at that time.

One day General Carpenter and his staff and guard rode into camp on a visit to Regimental Headquarters and we had a rather

pleasant afternoon together. The Band was turned out for a concert and received many compliments from the General and his staff officers on the excellence of their program.



HEADQUARTERS, 42ND INFANTRY  
Pumping Station on Mariquina River

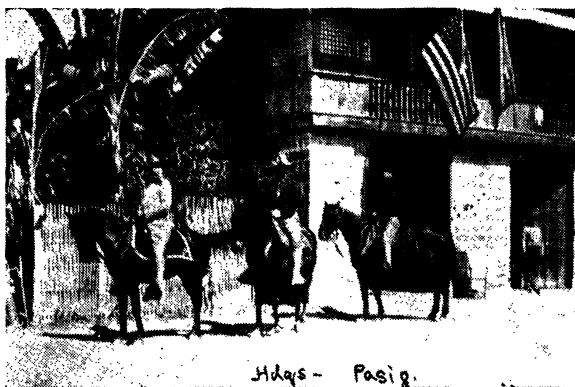
Mr. Simoni, the band leader, was absent on a day's furlough in Manila and the Principal Musician had charge of the Band. The General and his party had mounted to go back to Manila and were about to ride off when the Band sounded off with "I Don't Care If You Never Come Back!" to the consternation of Colonel Thompson and the rest of us. But General Carpenter was a good sport. He knew the Band were mostly Italians. He stopped, looked at them, gave a hearty laugh and rode away.

The detached companies of the regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel Beacom were campaigning East and South of Laguna de Bay, scouting and chasing guerillas and detachments of Insurgents, without opportunity for a square stand-up fight. Sniping and a very loose kind of guerilla warfare was carried on by the Insurgents who were being forced farther and farther from Manila. Small skirmishes were frequent with few casualties on either side.



## CHAPTER 11.

*Regimental Headquarters to Pasig. Captain Land to D. S. Companies Change Stations. General Schwan's Expedition. Lieutenant McAndrews Becomes Adjutant. Cascoes and a Neighborly Argument. Tragedy on the Pasig. Skirmishes During the Schwan Expedition. Captain DuBois Wounded. Lieutenant Weber's Death. Warfare at Paete. Plunder From the Laguna. General Cailles in the Laguna District. The Pasig Bamboo Band. Jawbone and the Chinese Storekeeper. Customers of Prominence.*



REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS, PASIG  
Colonel Thompson, Major McCaw, Ayers

Late in February, 1900, the Regimental Headquarters moved to Pasig, Rizal, at the junction of the Pasig and Maraquina Rivers, where stood a good sized town, somewhat riddled by our artillery early in the Insurrection, and found good quarters for all. Regimental Headquarters was established in a residence on the main street of the town and the companies quartered in a convent and buildings about the market square or Plaza.

About this time the Regimental Adjutant, Captain Louis M. Lang, was detached from the regiment to serve as Collector of Internal Revenue in Manila and 1st Lieut. Joseph R. McAndrews detailed as Acting Adjutant. Captain Lang remained on detached service during the rest of our stay in the Islands.

By the end of February the companies had taken station in the



hills and the upper parts of the Laguna de Bey and the Pasig river—Companies A and H at Antipolo, B at TayTay — C, D and K to Pasig—E at Malabon with Colonel Beacom—F and G at Tanay—I and L at Morong, and M at Taguig. Before that there had been shifting of companies, a record of which appears in the Regimental Roster as taken from the Muster-out rolls. It is a matter of regret that the Record of Events of the companies were so poorly kept, and so brief and uninteresting, making it difficult at this late day to present an unblurred picture of the events as they occurred.

Reference to Colonel Thompson's final report must be depended on for actual data of the highlights of the regiment's service, and the stories of incidents to furnish interest and local color.



CONVENT, MARKET AND PLAZA, PASIG

The first event of importance after arrival in the Islands was the detail on January 20, 1900, of Lieut.-Colonel John H. Beacom and Companies C, D, E, F, G and H for detached service with General Schwan's Expeditionary Brigade, which was moving north toward Santa Cruz. They were directed to join his column via Morong and Siniloan to the east and south of Laguna de Bey. Enroute to Santa Cruz, Colonel Beacom's command engaged in its first skirmish. From Santa Cruz the detachment marched to Manila and returned to Santa Cruz by cascos towed by launches on January 30th.

We had much to do with Cascos in our Philippine service and a description of this useful craft is in order. They were flat-bottomed barges of hardwood, from forty to sixty feet long and six to ten feet wide, with a depth of from four to six feet from rail amidship to

bottom. A narrow plank extended along the outer gunwales on which the carceros walked while poling the craft when not in tow. On either end was a small deck of bamboo slats about eight to ten feet long from the ends, roofed over by a heavy arched cover of wattled bamboo. Under these arched covers, a family on each end, the wives and families (often quite numerous) of the two casceros, lived and cooked and ate and slept and washed their clothes. Frequently the two wives quarreled but at a range equal to the distance between these decks. One such "neighborhood row" was witnessed at close range by your Historian. Each woman scolded at the top of her voice (in Tagalog), brandished her fists, and beat her hands upon the arched cover. What they said must have been awful, for they gnashed their teeth, let down their hair and spat at each other. At what must have been the climax of their anger, each ducked quickly under her bamboo hood, and emerging with a stack of her own crockery plates, dashed them to pieces on the casco's rail. This seemed to clear the atmosphere and each retired to the interior of her hood-cabin and silence reined thereafter. To this dramatic performance the Cascerero-husbands, smoking and conversing in the waist of the craft, paid not the slightest attention!

These cascos were well caulked and eminently suitable for river traffic, and their capacity for freight of any kind was considerable. Their tonnage, however, is not recalled. They were seaworthy, too, so far as the Laguna and Manila bay were concerned, but not on the open sea. They were often used in the transportation of troops and would carry fifty or more men with full equipment. Your Historian recalls a tragic incident of their use for troop transport. On the way from Manila to Pasig sometime in June, 1900, a string of these cascos was coming toward Manila, towed by a launch, and carrying soldiers of the 24th or 25th Infantry (colored). Two of the colored soldiers, riding on top of the after bamboo hood, engaged in a friendly scuffle and both slipped off the slippery hood into the Pasig river that had a swift current at that point. Both were heavily burdened with cartridge belts, bayonets and other accoutrements, and both sank at once from sight. The launch and cascos were stopped but the two colored soldiers were not in sight and it was said later were never found.

To get back to the 42nd Infantry Detachment and Colonel Beacom: The Detachment engaged in considerable scouting east

and north of Cavinti and moved on to Mauban and the San Antonio Trail, and operated in that region until February 3, 1900, engaging in several skirmishes. En route to Pagsanjan, Companies C and G



Cascos and bancas on the Pasig.

under Captain Kautzman, had several skirmishes with the enemy in which Corporal Graves of Company C and Corporal Seeberger of Company G were wounded.



SAND-BAG BREASTWORK, SAN PEDRO MACATI

The following letter from Lieutenant-Colonel John H. Beacom throws considerable light on conditions existing in Luzon early in 1900, and describes the difficulties under which our army labored in the guerilla warfare conducted by the Insurgents and the Army's work of pacification:

Headquarters Detachment, 42nd Infy.  
Paete, Luzon, P. I.  
February 18th, 1900.

The Asst. Adjt. General,  
General Wheaton's Brigade,  
Calamba, P. I.

Sir:

In reply to a telegram from General Schwan dated Manila, February 15th, 1900, calling for a report on the Military situation and condition of towns within the sphere of operations of my command, I forwarded to him on the 16th instant, the following report:

To General Schwan,  
Chief of Staff,  
Manila, P. I.

Sir:

Your telegram of yesterday was delivered at Paete, by the Gunboat "Oeste" at 5:45 P. M., but before I had seen it the Gunboat had started on its way—hence the delay in forwarding this report.

I sent the Adjutant General, General Schwan's Expeditionary Brigade, reports covering the operations of my command to include February 5th, 1900.

On February 7th, when out with about one hundred and sixty men, we had a slight skirmish with a small party of insurgents near Balian. A Chinaman attached to the Command was slightly wounded in the foot.

On the 13th instant, while scouting with about the same number of men near Lumbong, we were fired upon by a small party from a point high up—on the densely wooded and very steep slope on our left flank. No one was injured on either side.

I have just learned that two men of Captain Kautzman's command while on outpost duty at Pagsanjan, on the night of February 14, were killed. I have not yet received his report of the affair.

The people of this district claim that those engaged in this bushwacking business are not "Insurgents" but "Ladrones." In my opinion whether they are called Insurgents or Ladrones, they belong to this group of towns, and they have the support of their neighbors.

I believe they are small parties of "Home Guard" who take advantages of the exceptional opportunities afforded by the topog-

raphy of this portion of the lake shore to fire upon the American troops, from places of concealment, and then quickly make their way to the neighboring village, or retire further into the jungle that covers the steep bluff that skirts the lake most of the way from Lumbong to Mavitac. If not citizens of the towns, at least the inhabitants of the towns know of their whereabouts and intentions, for it has been observed that at the time of an attack, the houses and rice fields within the field of fire are not occupied by natives, although they were there the day before, and are there again on the following day. As a result of this observance, when we find a section thus deserted, we carefully examine the ground in the vicinity before going further.

I have reports from Captain Kautzman at Pagsanjan, and I have personally visited the Lake towns from Lumbong to Mavitac, some of them several times. When I first passed through these towns in the latter part of January, they were almost entirely deserted, but I observed on each succeeding visit that a few more people have returned. A larger percentage of the inhabitants have returned to Pagsanjan than any other town, but as that is a good trading post, trade interests, I presume, have had much to do with the return of the people. I think that town will soon be in a condition to justify the re-establishing of the municipal government and I believe it desirable in the interests of the law and order, and of commerce, to put it in operation as soon as possible after a majority of the people have returned.

Many questions come up that could be handled to better advantage if the municipal machinery were in operation.

I have endeavored by conversing with people of all classes to gain some conception of the attitude of the people toward governmental authority, and particularly that of the United States, but it is very difficult, as the sincerity of most of them is to be doubted.

The Priests are affable but diplomatic, and when I endeavor to direct the conversation towards a discussion of the general situation, they take refuge in the statement that theirs is the care of souls, and that they must leave the management of other affairs to those who are especially charged with it.

Men engaged in trade don't allow their politics or religion to interfere with the profits of their business, and consequently this class while intelligent and well informed, are non-committal and unsatisfactory.

The working class of this district are engaged in the rice, hemp and cocoanut industries. They are ignorant but pretend to know less than they really do. Apparently controlled by fear and superstition, they, of course, are easily led by those who have their confidence. But those who have their confidence—the chiefs and leading politicians of the village—are all “absent in the mountains” when I make an inquiry for them. Under the circumstances it is difficult to get the common people to understand our attitude towards them, or to get a frank statement from them.

If I am correct in the opinion that the armed parties in this district have their homes here, and that they have the sympathy and support of the neighborhood, this petty warfare is liable to continue for a long time unless measures are taken to impress upon the people of these towns that it is to their disadvantage to support these men in their attacks on American soldiers. Steps could be taken after each attack that would soon lead to a better state of affairs, but I don't believe that public opinion in America would support such harsh measures as would be necessary.

On the 12th instant, a fire broke out in this town, and in a very short time, owing to the strong wind, about twenty-five or thirty houses were burned. The house in which the fire originated was not occupied by soldiers. The command turned out and did all that was possible to control the fire and save property, a fact which the natives seemed to appreciate.

I have nothing of importance to add to the above, except that more of the natives are returning to their homes day by day and that their demeanor is becoming much more friendly.

Very respectfully,

John H. Beacom,  
Lieut.-Col., 42nd Infy., U. S. Vols.,  
Comd'g Detachment.

On February 5th, 1900, Lieutenant-Colonel Beacom, with Captain DuBois, Lieutenants Hargis, Warfield and Novak, and sixty men, while on the Paete-Paquil road south of Paquil came into Insurgent fire from rifle pits some fifty feet above the road. The position was charged and taken, the enemy fleeing in disorder. A quantity of ammunition and considerable blood was found in the rifle pits. Captain DuBois was severely wounded in the shoulder,

and Private Milton Lane, Company H, in the left arm. The enemy's loss was unknown.

On February 12th, 1900, a fire occurred in an unoccupied house



MEMORIAL ARCHES AT PAGSANJAN

in the native quarter of Biniboan and about fifty nipa houses destroyed. Soldiers, under Major Prime and natives checked the further advance of the flames, our forces thereby gaining the confidence of the natives.

An outpost of Captain Kautzman's company on the Santa Cruz road near the Pagsanjan arch, was attacked by fifteen to twenty Insurgents and driven in about midnight of February 14-15, 1900, and Privates John T. Larkin and William Shultz were killed.

The several organizations of this detachment of the 42nd were engaged in scouting, with occasional skirmishes until February 19th, 1900, when Lieutenant-Colonel Beacom with Companies C, D, F and G (6 officers, 308 men), and 9 Chino litter bearers returned to Manila, leaving Major Prime at Paete with 7 officers and 181 men of Companies E and H as a garrison.

Headquarters, Field, Staff and Band and Companies A, B, I, K, L and M had changed station from LaLoma Church, January 28th, 1900, to what was then called Camp Stotsenberg near the Manila Water Works Pumping Station on the Mariquina River, with Company B at the Pumping Station, Company I at the Pasig River near San Felipe Neri—Company K at San Juan del Monte and Company L at San Felipe Neri. Our companies were changing stations and relieved by other U. S. Volunteers, and scouting parties and patrols were of daily occurrence, and often fired upon by Insurgents who usually disappeared when their fire was returned. Much of our

shooting and that of the Insurgents reminded one of our western cowboys, in that there was much noise and few persons hit, but Private Teibell, of Company E, was wounded while on outpost near Paete on March 4th, 1900, but remained at his post until relieved. The gunboat "Oeste" gave a hand in making it unpleasant for the Insurgents in the hills back of Paete by a bit of shell-fire occasionally.

On March 9th, 1900, Lieutenant Webster and 26 men of Company I and Lieutenant Kitts and 25 men of Company L discovered the Headquarters of the Insurgent "Battalion de Morong" and destroyed the building and some supplies, capturing 115 rifles, a lot of ammunition, and released an American prisoner, Private James Murray, 21st Infantry.

On this same day death claimed its toll from the ranks of the officers of the regiment when 2nd Lieutenant Louis P. Weber, an able and most lovable officer died at the Calamba Base Hospital in Laguna Province:

#### HEADQUARTERS, 42nd INFANTRY, U. S. VOLS.

El Deposito, P. I., June 26th, 1900.

#### GENERAL ORDERS

##### NO. 11:

It is with profound regret that the Regimental Commander announces the death of 2nd Lieutenant Louis P. Weber, of the 42nd Infantry, U. S. Volunteers, who died at 11:30 P. M., March 9, 1900, at Calamba Base Hospital, Laguna Province, P. I.

Previous to his commission in the 42nd Infantry, to which regiment he was assigned August 22nd, 1899, he had served with credit in the National Guard of the State of New York, and during the Spanish American War in the 201st Regiment of Infantry, N. Y. Volunteers as Ordinance Officer and Regimental Quartermaster until that regiment was mustered out of the service, April 3rd, 1899.

In Lieutenant Weber's death the regiment has lost a particularly valuable, energetic and efficient officer, and his fellow officers a sincere friend, who was ever ready to assist a less experienced companion, and who, by his presence and genial manner at mess, in quarters or in the field was all sufficient to dispel the many cares incident to a soldier's career.

He possessed to a marked degree that rare combination of tact, good humor and consideration for his companions which is so much



appreciated where men are brought into close association as found in army life.

By his close attention to duty, mastery of detail and interest in his



2ND LIEUTENANT LOUIS P. WEBER

men, Lieutenant Weber had eminently qualified himself to be classed as an example of that type of the American soldier that we all love—generous, open-hearted, enduring the greatest hardships with positive good humor, and energetic and untiring in pursuit of an enemy.

By order of Colonel Thompson.

JOSEPH R. McANDREWS,  
1st Lieut. and Battalion Adjutant,  
42nd Infantry, U. S. Vols.,  
Acting Adjutant.

Official:

JOSEPH R. McANDREWS,  
1st Lieut. and Battalion Adjutant,  
42nd Infantry, U. S. Vols.,  
Acting Adjutant.

The Insurgents were quite numerous in the hills along the

south shore of the Laguna de Bey and kept our soldiers right busy scouting for them, without much result. Numerous night attacks on the garrison at Paete were repulsed with little trouble, especially when the "Oeste" started to break up their sport with some target practice. Sometimes these attacks looked like the real thing, what with volley fire and everything, but the little old Insurgents never stepped out into the open to give our men a real chance at them.

The monotony of life at Paete and the lake towns garrisoned by the 42nd Infantry was also broken at times by the arrival of a launch and casco load of supplies, and a visit from the Regimental Quartermaster, Captain Herman. Sometimes it became necessary because of low tides affecting the bay, to deliver supplies to Simaloan by bull-cart along the lake road. One day the Quartermaster and his escort with his little bull-cart train marching slowly around the bend of the road along which there was considerable wooded growth and jungle, suddenly came upon a small church that appeared to have been looted or "evacuated" by the natives who were running away rather lively, burdened with bundles. One of the fleeing men dropped a bundle into a ditch and the Quartermaster retrieved it when the detachment came to it. It contained two very handsome silver candle sticks, about two feet long and weighing about ten pounds each, bearing the marks of Spanish manufacture.

These candle sticks, stored at the warehouse at the Estada Major, were stolen from the warehouse and chunks of wood placed in the paper wrappings by someone who knew what the package contained, sometime before we started back to the United States.

During one of the "attacks" upon Paete, General Wheaton came along in a gunboat accompanied by Captain Webster of his staff, and were fired on as they came ashore. The General directed that a detachment be sent out to rout a body of the enemy believed to be at the base of the hill and Captain Cunningham, with Lieutenants Molinard and Kitts, went after them, with 89 men of the garrison, encountering their rear guard and killing one of them. The others escaped into the mountains about a mile ahead of our troops.

Some of these Insurgent activities are described in detail from the soldiers' point of view by Comrade Trull C. Gunter, of Lakeland, Florida:

"In the engagement at Paete on March 21st, 1900, we were warned that the Insurrectos would make a night attack on the

garrison, composed of Companies E and H, 42nd Infantry. The warning was given by a Filipino known as 'Pedro,' who was said to have been a former Captain in the Insurrecto Army.

We had been posted around the wall surrounding the church we were quartered in, for about thirty minutes, when, at about 7:30 P. M., the Insurrectos began firing; we immediately answered with rapid fire and continued it until about 11:30 P. M., when a gunboat steamed up with lights out, on the Laguna de Bey, and began shelling the Insurrectos.

Firing ceased then until daylight, when the Insurrectos began scattering fire which lasted all day, with intervals, and kept on into the next night.

The garrison had been reduced very much by sickness and most of the men there were not feeling well.

On March 28th, General Wheaton came up on a gunboat and came ashore several hundred yards from our quarters, and was under fire all the way there and back to the gunboat, taking off his hat and fanning himself as if fanning off the bullets.

I directed him to the office of our commanding officer, Major John R. Prime, and after the usual greetings the General said to Major Prime, 'Why don't you get out and drive those d — niggers



PAETE CHURCH

off?' Major Prime's reply was, 'My men are nearly all sick and not able to carry on without re-enforcements.'

General Wheaton then remarked, 'I'll see that you have re-en-

forcements at once!' and went back to the gunboat that was shelling the Gu-gus.

On the 29th of March, we were re-enforced by two companies of the 29th U. S. Infantry, Two Troops of the 11th U. S. Volunteer Cavalry, and two companies of the 37th U. S. Volunteer Infantry, from which a Musician named Vance had deserted and was leading the assault on our garrison.

The Insurrectos were cleaned out of the section soon thereafter and Companies E and H of our regiment, under the command of Major Brown, had the honor of capturing Major Vance of the Filipino Army, and that was another feather in the cap of the 42nd Infantry.

When Company E of the 37th Infantry came in from the hike and found we had Musician Vance, wearing the uniform of a Major of the Insurrectos, in the guard house, we had to double the guard to prevent them from lynching him.

With all the skirmishes engaged in by our company none compared with the experiences I had from March 21st to 29th, 1900, nor



INSURGENT TRENCH AND BARRICADE

will I ever forget the misery endured during these few days of what appeared to be real war—and being half sick made matters worse.”

\* \* \* \*

Lieutenant White captured an Insurgent Lieutenant of the Morong Battalion, named Gregorio Mendeza at Binangonau on March 30th, 1900. During March, 1900, Regimental Headquarters and the Staff and Band, with Companies C, D and K were stationed at Pasig, scouting and patrolling the country in that vicinity.

In April, Lieutenant-Colonel Beacom with a number of Companies from the 29th and 42nd Infantry, moved north on the mountains to the back of Paquil, surrounding the neighborhood of that town, in an attempt to capture a large Insurgent force reported near Paquil. One empty barrack was burned and some ammunition and two ponies with U. S. brands were captured. The Insurgents, warned, had slipped away.

On April 8th, 1900, a detachment under Major Brown and Lieutenant Moulinard, captured Musician Vance of the 37th U. S. Infantry, a deserter from our army, in an Insurgent outpost near Paquil, also wounding two Insurgents and capturing another.

During April and May, the several companies continued their activities of scouting and patrolling. Small bodies of the enemy were encountered and a few skirmishes occurred and a few prisoners taken. Very few casualties occurred in our forces. An attempt was made by Major Brown and several companies to capture the Insurgent General Cailles but without success.

The officers and men stationed in Pasig had a rather enjoyable time. Besides the distractions of occasional scouting, hikes, and the exchange of shots with the enemy, the town life of Pasig was somewhat easy. The presence of the Band helped matters along splendidly, what with concerts and the “return” concerts of a local Band that would have been mighty good if the local Band had possessed real band instruments. This native group of musicians had probably been an Insurgent Band at one time, as they said their instruments had been left in the hills when they came back to Pasig weary with the war and anxious for peace. They always stood around, whenever we had a band concert, and one day their spokesman asked Colonel Thompson if they might serenade our headquarters some evening, to which the Colonel replied that he and all his command would feel honored by such a compliment.

The native “band” assembled at the usual concert hour in front

of headquarters. Each of their instruments was of bamboo, and they rendered an excellent program of operatic music which we all greatly enjoyed. Our own concerts usually ended about nine o'clock of the evening, but these chaps went on regardless of time, until the Colonel, about 10:30 P. M., sent word requesting that the concert end by 10:50 as the soldiers were obliged to turn in by eleven o'clock in accordance with orders.

That first concert (there were others afterward), was a truly marvelous performance, rendered with home-made wooden instruments! That outfit, properly managed and given the instruments of a professional band would have gone far!

\* \* \* \*

Our Band was enjoyed in Pasig by the native population probably to a greater extent than by our soldiers, and its music in the daily ceremony of Guard Mount was greatly appreciated, if the crowds of people who attended regularly was any indication. Our Bandsmen were really good musicians, individually and collectively, and the Filipinos were appreciative of good music.

Then there were the evening parades and review on special occasions, when the natives loved to see the martial display of the companies. Our men were on good terms with the townspeople and many had acquired (temporary), sweethearts from among the plenti-



EVENING PARADE, PASIG

ful good-looking young women. Storekeepers considered the presence of the troops a fortunate matter, considering war-time conditions, and their respective businesses prospered, directly and indirectly. But

one keeper of a restaurant and tienda selling the small merchandise that soldiers buy, had a difficult time—at least in the early part of his dealings with the Soldado Americano.

The men learned that this merchant, a good natured Chinaman, was easy in the matter of “Jawbone” (our soldiers’ term for credit until payday), and worked overtime on the trusting Chino. In doing so they enrolled themselves on his books as “George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson”—and other famous characters of American History.

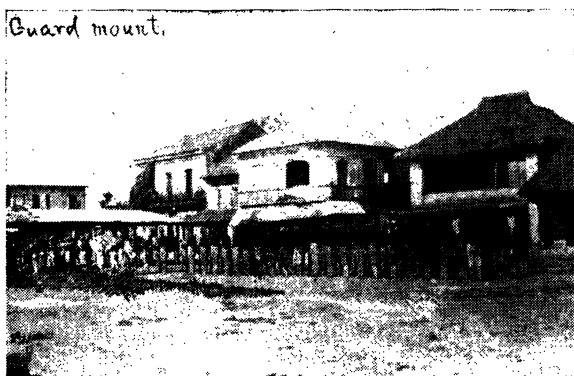
Payday came and the Chinaman’s place of business was strangely empty of his usual jawbone customers. Another day passed and the lads still shunned the erstwhile hospitable shades of the Chinaman’s store. Confused and disappointed he brought his ledger to Headquarters. Our sympathetic commander decided that something ought to be done. The companies were ordered to be paraded and their commanders enjoined to see to it that all were in ranks, not on guard. An officer of the staff, accompanied the merchant, who readily identified each debtor by his historic name, which was duly recorded with the amount of his debt. Washington, Jefferson, old Andy Jackson, Abe Lincoln, Wm. McKinley et al were given a choice to elect which they preferred—the Guard House and a Summary Court or an order to the Company commander to collect the debt on the next payday; (naturally, there would be no money left from the last payday by that time), and they elected to sign the order. Of course, the total of these degenerates did not reach a large percentage of the garrison but it was large enough to give the outfit a black eye at headquarters. And they were duly warned to take no seconds of that dish . . . and to their credit it can be said they did not.



## CHAPTER 12.

*Sunday Morning in Pasig. Teamsters and Packers as Miners. Phony Currency and the Little Packer. A Rattling Runaway. Death of Lieutenant Webster. The Sixth District, Department of Northern Luzon. Headquarters to El Deposito.*

The interest in our Band and their music was exemplified one Sunday morning, on which your Historian was not required to mount his trusty steed (or wagon), and set forth early for Manila, or TayTay or other place. It was one of the usual bright mornings and the church bells had called a goodly number of the natives to Mass.



GUARD MOUNT, PASIG

It was time for Guard Mount as that Mass ended. The Band habitually rendered especially good music at the Sunday morning Guard Mounts and this day was no exception. The Guard had been formed as the people streamed out of the church, which faced the public square, and arrayed themselves with the church as a background and along its front. The native men were in their best black clothing and white shirts and were on one side of the church front and the Philippine girls and women on the other, arrayed in their best Jusi and Pina cloth, dressed in all the hues of the rainbow. It was a marvelous display of color and the old church and wall behind them, the green foliage and red flowers of the fire trees just inside the church yard wall, the intense blue sky, forming a background made a picture that would delight the soul of an artist. It certainly



left a lasting impression on the memory of your Historian. As the Band marched along the front of the Guard and back to its post it was no wonder that the Bandsmen felt inspired seeing that appreciative audience, to give them the best that lurked in their instruments. When the ceremony ended and the natives in their gaudy costumes spread about the Plaza it became a veritable Kaleidoscope of color.

\* \* \* \*

While the reader's memory is still in Pasig it will interest him to recall another incident or two that furnished considerable amusement to the Army and townsfolk alike, not to mention some excitement.

The transportation problems for troop supplies had pretty well settled into well-oiled grooves by the middle of May, 1900, and in Pasig, the Q. M. Corral had assumed important proportions. First and foremost it was the home port of the Sacred Wagon (the Colonel's Daugherty Wagon), also that of our mounts, spring wagons, numerous escort wagons and a pack train.

Our stable detachment was made up of men who "were skilled in the care of horses" as the descriptive card of one of the force proclaimed. There was that reliable ex-deputy Sheriff from West Virginia, Sergeant Chas. W. Fuell, who later rode in several tight places through sniper's fire with your Historian. Also Rufus and James Smathers, brothers, from Asheville, North Carolina; Andy Graff from Cincinnati, and Leon Lowery, a lad from New Jersey, and last but not least, the driver of the Q. M. spring wagon, a vehicle that even outranked the Sacred Wagon for real usefulness—Dan Musselman, from Cincinnati. Musselman was a natural-born mule skinner, who never hurt one in his life, but he knew the mule language and could talk it with both hands. This "Stable gang" was surely a dependable lot and were always "right on time with the goods" when wanted.

There were about thirty civilian teamsters and packers (American), beside the Quartermaster's stable detachment that looked after the public and private horses, mules, and pack and wheeled transportation with the regiment.

The corral personnel lived in a large residence whose extensive yard, stables and sheds sheltered the animals, vehicles and pack equipment.

One morning the spring wagon that made a daily trip to

Manila, often with the Quartermaster aboard, failed to appear in front of Headquarters at the usual hour, and the Q. M. somewhat annoyed, proceeded to the corral, only to find the whole stable yard dug up into small mine shafts and trenches and holes and every civilian employee busy as a nailer with pick or shovel of some kind, digging for the gold, silver, jewels and other valuables reported to be buried there. The place had been the home of a leading and wealthy Filipino citizen who had joined the Insurgents and was then in the hills. Word had been brought in the evening before by a packer whose Querida had given him the story of wealth buried in the stable yard.



NATIVE VILLAGE NEAR PASIG

This gained credence from the tales of large amounts of silver money found in the church and convent walls by the State Volunteers who had held Pasig right after the Insurrection broke. These finds had been proven true and the places from where the loot had been taken were often pointed out to our men, soldier and civilian, but the amounts alleged to have been found increased with time.

With not a wheel turning after the all-night digging contest, the Q. M. discharged every civilian. They could receive no pay until funds came at the end of the month and they were in that usual state known as "broke." Their rations also were stopped, except what little was in the larder of the civilian mess. At the request of Captain Herman, soldiers were detailed to take out the teams that day and the discharged civilians told that if that yard was filled

in, tamped down and cleaned up, by retreat, they would be re-employed and rationed. As the mining operations only netted one small earthenware pot of clackers (large copper pennies), amounting to probably fifty cents—the cache of some child—the teamsters and packers saw the error of their ways. Retreat saw the yard in its former orderly condition.

Just outside the town of Pasig on the road from Montalbon, was a typical native village whose Barrio name your Historian fails to recall—that contained no building or structure other than nipa shacks.

To enlighten those readers in the families of our former comrades who may have lacked descriptive ability—and before we forget this bit of local color—we will pause long enough in our tales of the sinful packers and teamsters, to give a description of these native homes.

Built upon and around stout bamboo corner posts of approximately six inches diameter, they were of a single story, with a floor anywhere from four to eight feet above the ground.

The space under this floor was used for the storage of native vehicles—sometimes as stables for the family ponies, and the inevitable wooden mortar and pestal (resembling an old-fashioned churn), used to hull the family rice each morning. The rice for the best of reasons was always kept up on the floor with the family. This space was often inclosed in whole or in part by a wattled bamboo fence.

The floor itself was laid on hand-hewn strips or slender joists of hard wood and was made of flat pieces of bamboo split from large bamboo poles, and these were from an inch to an inch and a half wide, laid close together and fastened to the joists with metal brads or tied on with strands of vehuca (strips of pliable rattan), which shrunk tight in drying.

There was a sliding door of split bamboo and one to three window openings with split bamboo shutters, hinged to extend outward from the tops on vehuca hinges, and covered on the outside with a nipa thatch made of the narrow leaves of nipa bamboo.

Sometimes a wider leaf, whose name is not recalled, was used instead of nipa. This thatch on windows and side walls was held in place by horizontal strips of bamboo, and was impervious to the heaviest rains.

The roof was a real thatch of nipa leaves laid layer upon layer

like shingles, and four to six inches thick, also quite rain-proof when kept in repair.

Access to these dwellings on stilts was by a stout bamboo ladder as wide as the door, up which the family pig or pigs were carried as darkness came on, to secure them against prowling thieves. The family chickens had, centuries ago, learned the value of a high and safe roost in the neighboring trees.

In these houses of one room (sometimes a snooty native had two rooms with a connecting inner door and more windows), the family lived until the children approached adult age. Families were always numerous. Adult age meant from twelve years on at which age the females had usually arrived at a marriageable age and left the family nest.

With families of six to fourteen children these shacks were always crowded. Here they ate and slept, begot and reared their families. Cooking was done on the outside on open fires shielded in part with pieces of scrap tin or other metal. Beds consisted of one or more of the soft mats of flat woven straw or reeds, and pillow cases and coverings were of the same soft matted and flattened reeds, closely woven, and making ideal bed coverings for the climate in which these people lived. Not much furniture was in evidence or needed in the nipa shacks of the primitive villages where everything required was made of bamboo. The Filipino was very adept in the use of bamboo, making all sorts of things—weapons for war or the hunt; implements for cultivating the land; musical instruments; furniture and vehicles—in short, it was said, probably correctly, everything needed was made of bamboo but babies! Even a harness for the pigs who were all equipped with handles until they grew too heavy to carry easily. The “handles” were belts of woven rattan placed back of the forelegs and before the hindlegs, joined over the back by a rattan handle like the handle of a shawl strap. The last adult to go to bed would seize the family pig by the handle and carry him up the ladder to safety for the night.

And how those shacks would burn! When the heat expanded the air in the bamboo joints in the conflagration the explosions reminded one of the first firing exercises of a bunch of recruits in their first scrap.

To get back to the erring packers and teamsters in Pasig:

That Band of Hope once received a real jolt that jarred their bones!

As usual the world over, these civilian soldiers-of-fortune gambled good, plenty, and frequent. But they didn't lose much money or win it either because their gambling money consisted of the worthless



NIPA "SHACKS"

currency issued by the Philippine banks prior to our American occupancy. But among that lot of bank currency were the notes issued by the Bank of Spain in Manila. Most of this money had been hoarded by the native population until the evolution of the Spanish, Philippine and American War movements made them worthless.

So there came one day a little Irishman from America, on leave of absence from a pack train up north of Manila, and bunked in with the corral gang. He was a good poker player and won plenty. At the end of the evening's games, the fellows usually put all the "phony" money into a box, to be again distributed next evening. The little Packer put his winnings in also—all but the Bank of Spain notes of which there had been the "mostest of." After the third night's play, the little Packer left for Manila in a native carametta. When the poker game started the next evening, someone noticed that there was no more Bank of Spain money among the other notes, and another chap said he had noticed that the little Packer had seemed to aim for the Bank of Spain money in his winnings. Somebody had a "hunch" and came over to Headquarters and learned from the Quartermaster that the Bank of Spain currency was worth its face value, dollar for dollar, of the new American money, the Philippine peso (dollar), worth fifty cents! That night there was wailing and gnashing of teeth in that corral and it would have been a bad place for the little Packer.

\* \* \* \*

We had some hard chaps among those teamsters and packers. They were a reliable lot as a general proposition but now and then one strayed from the straight and narrow path and got himself thoroughly drunk. As an abstract proposition that was no crime for a teamster if he was not hooked up with his team, but one overdid the business one day in Manila and left his escort wagon and four mules standing in front of a bino joint on the road to Pasig just below the city. The wagon was loaded with tinware for replacement of mess equipment in Pasig—big coffee boilers, sauce-pans, boilers for vegetables, etc. The Quartermaster, driving Pasig-ward, seeing a team and wagon that should have been across the ferry by that



THE UPPER FERRY, PASIG

time, stopped to see what was going on. But there wasn't a thing going on, for he found his teamster inside, his head on a table, dead drunk and asleep.

The best bet seemed to be to let him sleep it off—but the team and wagon belonged in Pasig, so directing the driver of the spring wagon to go on, the Q. M. mounted the seat of the escort wagon, took the reins and started for port. The mules sensed the nearness of feeding time and willingly started for Pasig. Their willingness increased with the distance traveled until reins meant nothing to them, and it would have been a burning-up proposition to use the brakes. Trusting to the idiotic idea that a mule has sense, the Q. M. let them have their way, guiding gingerly with the reins. Their way took them along the Pasig river where the road had been cut from the solid rock, a cliff on the right hand side and a drop of twenty

feet or so into the river on the left. The road was wide enough for two bull carts to pass each other and the only prayer the Q. M. could think of at the time was that we would meet just nothing at all on that quartermile stretch.

Those mules had only one idea in their four heads and these ideas coincided at every point and angle—feeding time, at the earliest possible moment. That whole journey from near Manila to the Pasig ferry was taken at a cheerful but very determined gallop, with the tinware rattling and clanging behind, which did not add to their peace of mind.

Their low Irish cunning, which they parade as intelligence, came to their aid, however, as they descended the hill from the rocky road to the ferry—when they came down to a trot, and a walk, and calmly and sedately, stopped at the ferry landing. And what the Q. M. said to those mules as he clambered down off his seat was infinitely hotter and more violent than what they had been saying among themselves about him!

\* \* \* \*

The business of the Insurrection was rather dull in July, 1900, and officers and men craved opportunity to come in to Manila for a bit of recreation, relaxation or on some official business.

Our officers favored the Hotel Oriente as a gathering place, where good food and lodging could be obtained and officers of other commands also frequently met.

On the evening of July 6, 1900, First Lieutenant Horace Webster, who had come in from the front lines on a business trip, fell from a third story window to the paved court of the hotel and sustained injuries from which he died the next day. He had apparently been sitting in the window to seek relief from the oppressive heat and probably dozed and pushed the sliding shell window to one side and toppled into the court below. Lieutenant Webster was an able officer, well liked by officers and men alike. His untimely death is recorded in General Order No. 13—Headquarters 42nd Infantry, of July 10, 1900.

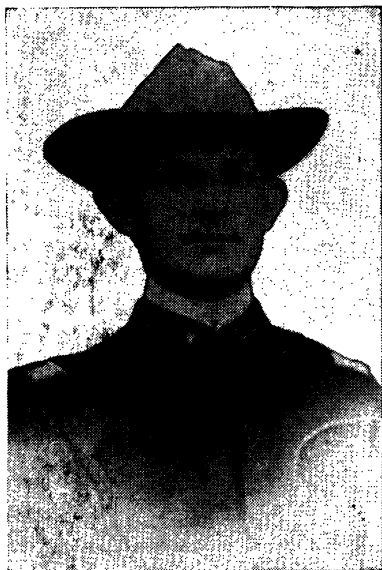
Headquarters 42nd Infantry, U. S. Vols.  
El Deposito, P. I., July 10, 1900.

## GENERAL ORDERS

### NO. 13:

With Deepest regret the Regimental Commander announces the

death of First Lieutenant Horace Webster, 42nd Infantry, U. S. Volunteers, who died at the 1st, Reserve Hospital, Manila, at 4:25 P. M., July 7, 1900.



1ST LIEUTENANT HORACE WEBSTER

During the Spanish American War, Lieutenant Webster served as 2nd Lieutenant, 3rd N. Y. Volunteers, from May 1st, to November 10th, 1898, and as 2nd Lieutenant 203rd N. Y. Volunteers, from November 11th, 1898, to March 25th, 1899.

He was commissioned 2nd Lieutenant 42nd Infantry, U. S. Volunteers, August 17th, 1899, and promoted 1st Lieutenant October 24th, 1899.

Since the Regiment arrived in the Philippine Island, Lieutenant Webster has served continuously with his company, since February 26th, in Morong Province, where by his activity and enterprise in pursuit of the enemy, he won the respect and admiration of his superior

officers, as he had already won the affection of all who knew him, for his personal qualities.

On March 10th, 1900, Lieutenant Webster with a detachment of the Regiment captured and destroyed the Headquarters of the Morong Battalion of the Insurgent Army, taking a large number of rifles, and a great store of ammunition and supplies. For this he received the commendation of his Department, District and Regimental Commanders.

In his death the regiment has lost one of its very best and most valued officers.

By his brother officers Lieutenant Webster was greatly beloved. He had a manner both winning and courteous that charmed all who knew him. Modest regarding his own merits, he was appreciative of the good qualities of others, always unselfish, thoughtful and considerate.



His loss is a grievous blow to his comrades, who loved him; but the memory of this gallant officer, this courteous gentleman, will remain a cherished possession.

BY ORDER OF COLONEL THOMPSON,  
JOSEPH R. McANDREWS,  
1st Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant,  
42nd Infy, U. S. Vol.,  
Acting Adjutant.

Official

(Signed) Joseph R. McAndrews,  
1st Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant,  
42nd Infy., U. S. Vols.,  
Acting Adjutant.

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*From the Manila Times, Monday, July 9, 1900.*

### **SAD ACCIDENT AT ORIENTE HOTEL**

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#### **Lieutenant Webster Falls From a Third Story Window and Dies.**

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A sad and fatal accident occurred Friday night at about 10:15 P. M., July 7, 1900, in the Hotel Oriente. First Lieutenant Horace Webster, of Company I, 42nd Vol. Infantry, fell from a third story window into the patio of the hotel, sustaining serious internal injuries from which he died yesterday afternoon at the First Reserve Hospital.

Nobody seems to know exactly how the accident occurred, and though Lieutenant Webster was conscious on and after the accident he was unable to explain the unfortunate affair.

The accident took place not long after ten o'clock P. M. The bar was pretty well filled, when suddenly everybody was startled by the body of a man falling into their midst. The unfortunate victim fell on the stone flags close to the billiard tables. Everyone present leaped to their feet and those nearest hastened to the prostrate form. For a few moments there was a scene of commotion but no confusion.

The majority of those present were army officers and the first to reach Lieutenant Webster's side was Major Thos. L. Hartigan of the Thirtieth followed closely by an army medical officer, of whom there were several present. Two Major Surgeons whose names cannot be learned, were soon examining the unconscious form, but no external injuries could be discovered, nor was a bone broken. It was apparent that the unconscious officer was seriously injured, and that his injuries were internal, so an ambulance was promptly sent for and he was taken to the First Reserve Hospital, where he shortly after recovered to a semi-conscious condition. Examination by the surgeons in attendance at the hospital discovered a complication of serious internal injuries, the exact nature of which could not be determined. It was decided that an operation would be necessary to save his life otherwise there were no hopes of his recovery. Yesterday morning the injured man was taken on the operating table, but his pulse was so low that the expert who administers anaesthetics declared after an attempt that it only meant instant death. The patient was then taken back to the officers' ward and another attempt made later, with the same results.

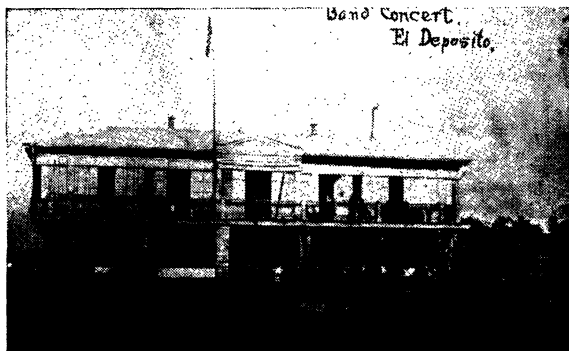
Lieutenant Webster was conscious at times during the day, and seemed perfectly clearheaded, even discussing business matters. He did not appear to suffer much until the afternoon, when hemorrhage commenced. Some of his close friends visited him

earlier in the day, but later no one was allowed near the sufferer's bedside. He expired quietly at 4:30 in the afternoon.

Nobody knows just how the accident occurred. From the evidence of those who saw Lieutenant Webster just previous to the accident it seems that he must have fallen while sitting in the window, probably in a dozing fit. He had just returned from the Army and Navy Club where he had been to look up somebody, and was expecting another friend to meet him at the hotel. It being a hot night he seated himself on the window sill, leaning his back against a partially closed sliding window. A muchacho who saw him in this position just before his fall states that he seemed to be dozing, and the common theory is that being tired he dozed slightly, when the window suddenly slipped back and starting up he lost his balance.

Lieutenant Webster was stationed at Morong, of whose military garrison he was quartermaster and commissary officer. He had come to Manila for a short visit, bringing regimental funds with him for deposit. His death will be a great shock to his relatives at home, and his brother officers and many friends here mourn his untimely end.

June 1, 1900, came and the regimental headquarters moved to El Deposito, the reservoir of Manila's water supply, and there occupied the building in which the Spanish officials of the Manila water department had their offices. It was a fine, spacious building well equipped with good furniture and suited our purposes admirably.



EL DEPOSITO, HEADQUARTERS 6TH DIST. DEPT. OF NORTHERN LUZON  
Band Concert

Colonel Thompson had just been designated as Commander of the Sixth District, Department of Northern Luzon; Major McCaw as District Surgeon, 1st Lieutenant Jos. R. McAndrews as Adjutant General of the District and Captain Herman as District Quartermaster.

The Band was quartered in the same building and so was the stable detachment. Company M (Captain Burns), was encamped nearby.

Quite a number of our companies changed station and during June, July, August and September, 1900, there was the usual scouting and patrolling, garrison duties and administration of military affairs



HEADQUARTERS, COMPANY M  
Burns, Lomax, Lieutenant Keck

in their respective localities, chasing small detachments of Insurgents and burning a few small Insurgent cuartels, with no outstanding events to warrant mention. For lack of Insurgents to shoot at some companies indulged in limited target practice.



## CHAPTER 13.

### *Engagement in Pinauran Canyon. Defeat of General Geronimo's Command. Destruction of Cuartels.*

The most important engagement of the regiment occurred in the valley of the Auginan River, north of Montelbon on November 22, 1900. Colonel Thompson's report of that engagement is here quoted in full with interpolated statements of Captain Fred J. Herman, District Quartermaster, who accompanied the expedition. The objective was to attack the Insurgent General Licerio Geronimo at Pinauran. By direction of Colonel Thompson, Captain Herman proceeded to the head of the column, charged with the duty of keeping the Commanding Officer advised of its progress.

"Colonel J. Milton Thompson, Commanding the 42nd Infantry, U. S. Volunteers, and Sixth District, Department of Northern Luzon, commanded the expeditionary forces consisting of four columns composed of troops of the 27th Infantry and 42nd Infantry, U. S. Volunteers and from Troop G, 4th U. S. Cavalry and the Philippine Cavalry. The following companies of the 42nd Infantry U. S. Volunteers were represented:

- Company A, Morong—1 Officer and 51 men
- Company C, TayTay—1 Officer and 31 men
- Company D, Sunken Road—1 Officer and 40 men
- Company E, Malabon—1 Officer and 19 men
- Company F, Malabon—1 Officer and 12 men
- Company G, Tanay—1 Officer and 25 men
- Company H, Antipolo—1 Officer and 30 men
- Company I, Morong—1 Officer and 65 men

The above troops were divided into two provisional battalions, each of 3 companies, one of which was commanded by Major E. C. Carey, 42nd Infantry, U. S. V., and the other by Captain A. W. Bjornstad, 42nd Infantry, U. S. V. Major Carey was accompanied by 1st Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant Robert K. Spiller, 42nd Inf. U. S. V.

These two battalions with a detachment of Macabebes and one company of the 27th Infantry U. S. V. constituted the main column. The various troops concerned concentrated at Montalbón on Novem-

ber 21st, 1900, and the movements of the four columns were directed by Colonel Thompson.

At 8 A. M., November 22nd, Colonel Thompson and Staff accompanying the main column, left Montalbon to co-operate with the other columns which had left at the time designated, the object being to attack the Insurgent forces under General Licerio Geronimo at Pinauran, the Insurgent stronghold in the mountains about ten miles northeast of Montalbon.

At 11:00 A. M. the advance of this column struck the enemy in a strong position behind stone breastworks on either side of a box canyon, up which the column had been traveling for several miles.

Shortly after the first fire, Lieutenant-Colonel George L. Byram, 27th Infantry, U. S. V., who was in command of the main column, was disabled (with a fractured knee cap when his horse stumbled and fell with him on the rocks in the bed of the stream; F. J. H.), and Colonel Thompson directed Major Carey to take command. Flanking parties were sent to either side, and the enemy was driven from his position, after which a general advance was ordered and the enemy was completely scattered in the dense undergrowth.

Twenty-five large cuartels, three of which were very large, and about thirty smaller buildings, were destroyed, together with quantities of rice, meat, clothing, etc. The camp colors were also captured.

Insurgent casualties known to have been 10 or 12 killed. On account of the dense undergrowth, through which it was impossible to see at a greater distance than ten feet, the casualties might have been much larger without having been discovered.

Of the two killed and seven wounded of the American forces, one killed and one wounded were from the 42nd Infantry, U. S. V.

General Geronimo had stated in a letter to General Trias that with ammunition and supplies he could, with a few men, capture a greater number of the enemy, if they undertook to attack him at this place.

The total number of U. S. troops operating was 45 officers, two acting assistant surgeons, and 823 men.

Number of Insurgents engaged estimated at 500. All of the 42nd Infantry contingent participated in the engagement. The success was complete, and the troops returned to Malabon at about 8:00 P. M., on the same day. The country through which the movements were made, was exceedingly rough, and the main column

traveled up the bed of the river Anginan for several miles, wading and jumping from stone to stone. The flanking parties that were sent out had to scale the sides of the canyon at an angle of 55 degrees, through undergrowth so dense that it had to be cut in order to clear the way.

Colonel Thompson was accompanied by the following members of his staff:

1st Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant William R. Molinard, 42nd Infantry, U. S. V. Acting Aid-de-Camp.

1st Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant Joseph R. McAndrews, 42nd Infantry, U. S. V. Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

Captain Fred J. Herman, Quartermaster, 42nd Infantry, U. S. V. Quartermaster of Expedition.

1st Lieutenant Philip Powers, Commissary, 42nd Infantry, U. S. V. Commissary of Expedition.

Major Walter D. McCaw, Surgeon, 42nd Infantry, U. S. V. Surgeon of Expedition.

1st Lieutenant Arthur Poillon, 42nd Infantry, U. S. V. Attached as Acting Engineer Officer."

\* \* \* \*

Colonel Thompson's report of enemy casualties and the estimate of the strength of the Insurgent forces was erroneous in the matter of Insurgent casualties and strength of the enemy; according to the story of that engagement by Captain Fred J. Herman, whose version of the engagement in Pinauran Canyon follows:

Captain Herman had had three years' experience as a reporter on the Cincinnati Enquirer and the Cincinnati Times-Star and had acquired the habit of observation and the keeping of memorandum notes. His recollection of the events of this fight are still vivid in his mind and his notes in a field memorandum book are still available. His story adds color to his commanding officer's report:

"We left Montalbon that morning" writes Captain Herman, "with no delusions of a push-over of the Insurgents in the Pinauran Canyon. For some days we had been studying maps of the terrain and had been somewhat seriously impressed by the stories told by several Spaniards and prominent natives of Montalbon of the fate of a Spanish column of eight hundred men who a few years before had set out to accomplish what we were proposing to do—to smash a strongly entrenched force of Insurgents and capture their leaders.

This Spanish column moved up through the same box canyon that we proposed to follow—the only route possible to Mount Oro and the rebel stronghold at Pinauran, and had been ambushed and annihilated at a point distant from the bottleneck entrance to the canyon, where our Insurgents had erected a stone barricade, loop-holed, and with good water at hand and a good line of retreat open to the slopes, jungle and tall Cogon grass of Mount Oro.

“After several miles of rough going for man and horse, the point of our advance reached the inner part of the bottleneck where the canyon narrowed; and this narrow part not over one hundred feet wide, was commanded by a loop-holed fort or barricade with wings, made of rocks and boulders from the river bottom. Our Macabebes received the first fire of the Insurgents with one man killed and another wounded, as they appeared in the narrowed end of the canyon. Here they sought shelter behind jutting rocks of the canyon walls and in the bed of the creek and were at once reinforced by the support of the advance guard, a part of the 27th Infantry, U. S. V., and a brisk skirmish ensued. The reserve of the advance guard and the main column was coming up as rapidly as the rough and rocky river bed would permit and as many men went into action as could find cover of any kind on the narrow front. The Insurgent fire was very heavy, sometimes coming in volleys from the barricade, whose defenders could not be seen. Our men had to fire at the flashes and smoke from the loop-holes. Some of the Insurgents were using Cal. .50 Remingtons with cartridges reloaded with black powder, but most of their ammunition appeared to be Mauser cartridges. Our main body was held up around a bend of the canyon for almost two hours. Lieutenant-Colonel Byram, 27th Infantry, U. S. V., commanding the advance units was coming forward at the risk of destruction, when his horse stumbled and went down among the rocks and in the fall Colonel Byram suffered a painful fracture of the knee cap and had to be assisted to the rear. Major E. C. Carey then assumed command. When the firing grew heavy, we at the rear of the column were not only curious but anxious to get into the fight.

“I saw no hope of getting into it until the Colonel announced that he certainly would like to know what was going on up there, and I at once suggested that with his permission I would go up with the members of my stable detachment who were with the headquarters group and use them as messengers to send back notes from time

to time of the progress of the fight. That was just what the Colonel wanted and he told me to go, not limiting my stay or functions. Dismounting, and leaving our horses with a horse holder, we were soon as far as we could go safely and after placing my little detachment under cover, I proceeded with one man to the point where things seemed most interesting, wrote and sent my first report to the Expedition Commander, repeating this from time to time. The messengers were instructed to return at once to me after delivering the notes to Colonel Thompson or Lieutenant McAndrews.

It was pretty lively up where I was, hugging the canyon wall and what other cover was available. The Insurgents seemed safe behind the boulder barricade and were having a lively time firing through apertures at the advance guard and the head of our column, in the narrow, box-like canyon about a hundred yards away. It was fortunate for us that marksmanship had not at that time become an outstanding feature of their military training.

I don't recall the officer in command of the point when I arrived, but just at that time the enemy fire was knocking dust and gravel out of the wall near us and getting it into our eyes, and shirt collars. The place did not look good to me at all, and I craved the opposite wall of the canyon, so, being a sort of free-lance, I went over there, without taking any particular notice of some four feet of cold water about fifteen feet across, in the bottoms of the canyon.

Arriving on the opposite bank of this stream (deep only at that spot), and noticing for the first time my wet clothing and cartridge belts heavy with ammunition and water—a rifle cartridge belt besides my pistol belt, for I had picked up the rifle and belt of a soldier sent to the rear on a stretcher—I found the target practice of the Little Brown Brother as discouraging here as it was on the other bank, and noticed, too, the grins on the faces of the comrades over there. It then dawned on me that I must have become scared some—and I went back again and laid down behind a nice friendly rock at the water's edge, and with the old Krag managed to get in several careful shots at the apertures in the boulder barricade.

I always afterward somewhat doubted the camp fire stories of fellows who said they never felt scared when bullets whined about their ears.

The business of driving the Insurgents was going rather slow, when it was decided to send flanking parties up to the top of the canyon walls, and two detachments went up, out of sight of the



Insurgents behind the boulder barricade, climbing at times, hand over hand and from bush to bush, up the steep and rocky cliff. These detachments presently got into position and what they did to the Insurgents behind the barrier with a cross-fire from high where it was not expected, was plenty. The fire of the entrenched enemy was silenced and with whoops and yells our whole firing line advanced and rushed the barricade but met no opposition.

As we entered the barricade the enemy dead lay there alone. There were no wounded in the barricade. I counted thirty and none seemed alive. The rifles of the dead men had been carried away. About three hundred yards away a number of Insurgents were just disappearing up the stream into the high Cogon grass, apparently assisting wounded comrades to escape. For a hundred yards from the barricade, a broad but very steep trail led up to a plateau where stood the bamboo and nipa cuartels of the enemy. One Insurgent soldier had fallen, shot through the center of the back, by a long-range shot, at the top of the trail, and lay face down, his Mauser rifle still in hand.

The point of the advance continued through the Insurgent camp and up another steep trail up the Mountain side (Mount Oro). No enemy was in sight. The first elements of our main body were coming out of the canyon, as we pushed on up the steep grade, after looking through the cuartels and storage sheds.

I stopped long enough to send back another message after counting 500 rifle butt rests in bamboo arm racks in the cuartels, all showing evidence of fresh use. As there was only one rifle for every two or three Insurgent soldiers, the estimated number of the enemy in Colonel Thompson's report was surely too low, as was his estimate of enemy losses.

The correct information of enemy losses was sent to Colonel Thompson written by me on a loose page of a small field memorandum book and given to one of my orderlies. It may not have reached the Colonel or become lost before the preparation of his report, and I gave the matter no further thought and had not seen Colonel Thompson's report until forty years afterward. My carbon copy of the message reads "Mount Oro 11-22-1900—Enemy out of barricade retreating up Mount Oro. Thirty dead in barricade, no rifles. One dead enemy on trail to cuartels. Advance has reached plateau. Herman."

I joined the advance as they started up the mountain trail which went through grass six to seven feet high. The trail was narrow and allowed only a single file passage. A short distance ahead we heard, rather than saw, a band of monkeys throwing cocoanuts at our Macabebes. The monkeys in the Philippines seem to hate the human natives but are not so hostile to white persons. It was dreadfully hot on that trail as all motion of air was shut off by the high grass, and the grade was steep. While our cartridge belts were not so heavy as earlier in the day, it was hard going and frequent rests were necessary. We were up several hundred feet above the plateau and could see the smoke of the burning cuartels behind us. No enemy was in sight but when we reached a point about 500 yards from the camp, we were startled by a tremendous and ragged firing in the camp and thought the Insurgents had tricked our column into an ambush. We started back rather hurriedly, fearing that we might be cut off, and at a turn of the trail saw the camp ablaze and our fellows standing calmly around while the infernal racket of firing continued. We soon realized what it was all about. The heat of the burning bamboo had expanded the confined air in the spaces between "joints" which exploded like the crack of a rifle. And you can lay to it that we were glad it was only the bamboo!

Shortly before our flanking parties had driven the enemy from their stone barricade, I was lying behind a nice large rock in a couple of inches of water, occasionally taking a pot shot at a flash or puff of smoke from the loopholes. A little Irish soldier of the 27th Infantry lay close to my left behind another friendly rock, engaged in the same business. I heard a spat on my rock and immediately the little Irishman jumped to his feet calling on the Saints and holding his hand to his face, and I saw his face and hand bloody. In a split second I realized what had happened and knocking his knees hard from behind with my left hand brought him down again and splashed his face with the running water. A big soft lead bullet had struck my rock at an angle and the many tiny slivers of lead had splattered the little Mick's face. Fortunately none entered his eyes. When he realized that his hurt was trifling he made the most careful efforts to repay with bullets better placed.

In this engagement Private Lawrence P. Kappner, Company A, 42nd Infantry, was killed, and Private O'Neill of the same company wounded, and one private of the 27th Infantry and one Macabebe scout were killed, and another Macabebe scout wounded. Why more

of us were not hit the Lord only knows for we gave them plenty close-up targets.

No information of the number of wounded Insurgents ever reached our headquarters. There were many Insurgents in sight on the plateau and some of our men tried long range shots, which produced much scurrying about. But at that time our men were "lying low," actually and figuratively speaking, and very busy with the chaps behind the barricade.

The morning after this engagement all the troops returned to their stations.

In this engagement several officers of the regiment rendered such exceptionally valuable service that both Colonel Thompson and Major E. C. Cary made commendable reports of their activities. Among these was 1st Lieut. Arthur Poillon, Acting Engineer Officer of the expedition, of whom Major Cary reported as follows: " \* \* \* After Lieut. Col. Byram was injured Lieut. Poillon reported to me and was especially active in carrying orders under fire from the main column to the advance guard \* \* \* ".

When Lieutenant Poillon's papers for a commission in the regular army came up for consideration, among them was a letter from his regimental commander, Colonel Thompson, recommending him highly for the regular army. Lieutenant Poillon is now a Colonel of the Regular Army (retired). After the muster-out of the 42nd Infantry, and while serving as a lieutenant of the 14th Cavalry in Mindana, Lieutenant Poillon again received favorable commendation from Major-General R. L. Bullard requesting citation for this officer—the occasion being the capture by himself and two men on December 12, 1903, of seventeen Moros, three small cannon, six rifles and a lot of knives and ammunition.

Similar letters of commendation varying in detail of meritorious conduct under fire and otherwise were received by a number of officers of the 42nd Infantry from Colonel Thompson and were filed with their applications for commissions in the regular army.



## CHAPTER 14.

*Road Building. Padrones. Chinese Coolies. Skiddly Transportation. Echoes of Spanish Graft. Guerrillas. Ladrones. U. S. Buys Antique Rifles. Christmas in Luzon. Frozen Turks. Capture of Aguinaldo.*

The District and Regimental Headquarters at El Deposito was a very comfortable place at all seasons, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all fortunate enough to be stationed there. Here all officers stopped enroute to Manila or back to their respective stations in the hills, and food and entertainment was found there by transient visitors from the regiment or other outfits of the army, made possible by peculiar circumstances.

Among the many duties that fell to the District and Regimental Quartermaster was the building of roads, bridges, barracks, store-houses and stables. That was how the foundation was laid for some extra good food and entertainment.

The U. S. Engineers had built a road from the Pasig-Montalbon road across the marshy Maraquina river bottom land to Tay Tay with insufficient funds, with the usual result in the first rainy season that followed—an almost complete washout. We needed that road very much to supply our companies at Tay Tay and Antipolo, and the road was ordered rebuilt. The job fell to Captain Herman, District Quartermaster, and he was directed to submit estimates. Keeping in mind the washing out of the first road his estimates included stone culverts under the road at nine points and the clearing of the river of the debris of the damaged stone bridge near Tay Tay and the reconstruction of the bridge with stone. The road was a half-mile long and at a right angle to the river. The estimate was two and one-half times as great as the cost of the former road and was promptly cut to the figures of the first road, and only that much allowed.

Permission was obtained to lay the matter before General MacArthur, and Colonel Thompson went along with Captain Herman and backed his estimates for a better and more enduring road, plus a repaired bridge. So the allotment of funds was reconsidered and Captain Herman was eventually given the amount asked for, but the delay caused the work to run into the rainy season and

encountered many difficulties. However, the road was finished and in 1908 when on another tour of duty in the Islands, Captain Herman had the satisfaction of driving over that road, still in good condition, with culverts and revettments functioning perfectly.

Here is where the District Quartermaster came into contact with the Padrone system of employment of laborers, used from time immemorial by the Spaniards in those Islands. This enabled the District and Regimental officers at El Deposito to entertain their transient guests in a first class manner, through these same Padrones.

This road work required hundreds of Chinese coolies, who were all honest and faithful workers—whose pay was almost nothing—two pesetas to five pesetas a day—and he had to subsist himself! It was a difficult task to find coolies or Philippinos for this work, owing to the systems in vogue in Manila at that time, unless one conformed to that system.

There was very little individual employment and not enough of these men could be obtained in the manner customary in the United States, and when we did find some, they were required to be carried on and to sign pay rolls, which was just about an impossible thing to do. Work projects requiring coolies in large numbers could not be started. There was no machinery and all transportation was the cariboa cart, helped out with such escort wagons as could be spared. At one period of road construction a few days of unseasonable rain descended and made mud of the entire landscape, so that in order to get supplies to Tay Tay and Antipolo, the beds of escort wagons were placed on plank skids and sledged over the mud, drawn by caraboa. That had to be abandoned and supplies detoured 30 miles via the Laguna de Bey by launch and then by bull carts to their destination.

All labor was of the most primitive character, although the American pick, shovel and crowbar, and some metal wheelbarrows were in evidence. Coolies objected to the signing of pay rolls, and often walked away without returning, although several days pay were due. Finally, when it was driven home to the officers in charge of these projects in Manila that no progress was being made, principally because of our disinclination to use systems and methods introduced and practiced by the Spaniards with which that class of workers was familiar, the Padrone system was authorized and the work began promptly. Padrones were the employment agents who organized and furnished large or small groups of coolies and other

workers, fixing the prices for labor and collecting all the pay, that they then distributed to the laborers, after deducting a fee. This relieved constructing Quartermasters and Civilian Contractors of much needless work and worry and was more economical than our American methods which these laboring people objected to.

The Padrone arrangement was entirely satisfactory to all Chino and native laborers, and there was no trouble to get them in any desired number. Most of them had no names, no clothing worthy of mention, no homes, and just not anything, except a leather pouch worn on a belt around the middle, containing a porcelain spoon, a brass tag with their registered number, and a bundle of red prayer papers, and occasionally a few coins. A few swanky characters among them owned a crockery rice bowl, but the most of them used discarded tin cans or cocoanut shells for mess equipment. The Padrones, of course, made their profit. But when needed, these men could furnish any number of coolies.

On the evening after the first pay-off, the Padrones came to El Deposito and laid down some large sums of money. When asked by the Quartermaster what that meant, they said it was the customary percentage to the military officers for the hire of the coolies. The Padrones were greatly puzzled that the officers of the United States army did no such business and that what had been paid them was all their own. They departed with their money, suspicious and ill at ease.

The sentry at the door of El Deposito reported early next morning that several hampers had been left for the District Quartermaster. These hampers did not indicate from whom they came and contained wines and cigars and fancy groceries from the LaExtramena, a great food establishment near the Bridge of Spain. Inquiry at this store brought no information as to the identity of the purchasers.

The stuff could not be thrown out, and soon accumulated to proportions, for, in the early morning, after each pay day for the Padrones, hampers of good things were delivered to the Guard at Headquarters for the Quartermaster. Its disposal soon became a problem that was solved by the preparation of a birthday roster of all officers at Headquarters. There were five of us and each had a birthday party every fifth week, to which all visiting officers and, when duty permitted, officers from the nearest stations were invited. The officer whose birthday was being celebrated, acted as host on that occasion, and

the "goodies," with some reinforcement from the officers' mess, were thus consumed.

During the last half of 1900 and well into 1901 the Chief Quartermaster of the Sixth District Department of Northern Luzon, Capt. Fred J. Herman, 42nd Infantry, was charged with the payment of native contractors and workmen and Chinese coolies, engaged in many construction projects within the District, for housing and shelter of men, animals, and stores for several regiments, and in the rebuilding and repairing of roads and bridges.

This required transportation of the funds, specified to be paid in silver, either Mexican or Public Civil Funds, a coinage of the Philippines, and in accordance with Division Orders it had to be carted about in small steel field safes in ambulances, which seemed to be the only vehicles available for the purpose, as all the Daugherty wagons, originally intended for the use of paymasters, had been commandeered by commanding officers of Brigades and Divisions and Military Districts. Two to four safes full of silver coins always went out on these ambulances on each pay trip.

Upon several occasions the ambulances were fired on from ambush, necessitating a stop and the clearing of the vicinity of enemy groups or snipers, a number of whom sniped no man thereafter, and once by a roving patrol of the enemy. On one trip a heavy Remington bullet went through the side of the ambulance and between the shins of the Quartermaster, and made a big dent in the steel safe under his seat. On another occasion the Quartermaster dismounted from his ambulance to watch the dispersal of a hostile patrol that had fired on the outfit. These Insurgents were either very poor shots or had awful bad ammunition. A parting shot from the patrol in one little attack struck the Quartermaster right over the left hip, but without injury. It met the resistance of a small bag of fractional coins carried in the pocket of his khaki blouse. An Indian Rupee, about the size of a media peso (half dollar) was struck square in the face by a Mauser bullet and made into a thimble. That Rupee was a favorite pocket piece for a long time. Then came a day when the Insurgent snipers shot a long streak onto the flank of a good American mule, to his surprise and active resentment. That was too much! Something had to be done!

About this time it was learned that the paper currency issued by the Bank of Spain in Manila was acceptable to the native contractors

and workmen at par and worth one hundred cents on the dollar Mex, in Manila, and the Quartermaster smarting under the disrespect shown his mule, immediately sought and was granted authority to pay off construction accounts in paper currency of the Bank of Spain.

Fifth column chaps were not known as such in those days but we had 'em, and had 'em right in and about El Deposito, for all the Quartermasters trips with ambulances, safes, and mounted guards were quite evidently heralded abroad before he left El Deposito. So when permitted to pay off (in Bank of Spain notes), saddle bags were filled with the money, put on two horses, and accompanied by his faithful bodyguard, Sergeant Charles W. Fuell (a former Deputy Sheriff in West Virginia, and a good rifle and pistol shot), the Quartermaster sallied forth on these pay trips without letting a soul know of time or destination and was never held up or ambushed again.

We began to hear more and more of the "Ladrones." Our enemies were heretofore just "Insurgents" or rebels. The distinction between the Insurgent and the Ladrone was that the former was a patriot fighting for his country and his way of life, and the latter was a chap



AN INSURGENT REGIMENT. GENERAL PIO DEL PILAR.



who had become tired of being a patriot and of being under military authority, where the pickings were small and hard to get with the Americanos about, and who preferred roaming on his own, and gathering loot from foe or friend alike, as opportunity offered.

The Insurrection in Luzon had settled into a routine which was gradually becoming less strenuous. After the engagement in Pinauran Canyon, late in November, 1900—which was really the most important engagement the 42nd Infantry had during the Insurrection—the companies settled down to garrison duty at their respective stations, the monotony of which was broken from time to time with scouting and special patrols with various objectives, including the pursuit of occasional bands of Ladrones (thieving guerrillas or bandits) during which localities were cleared of Insurgents—railroad train and wagon train guards were furnished, and escorts for paymasters.

Late in December, 1900, the Presidente and a number of the members of the Native Council of Tay Tay were arrested by our troops, accused as principals in the murders of eight or more inhabitants of that town or its vicinity, one of whom was obliged to carry a pick and shovel, and dig his own grave, in which he was buried alive.

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*Copied from "The Manila Times," Tuesday, December 25, 1900—Due to the Activities of an Anonymous Press Agent, This Happened to Company F:*

### **COMPANY F, 42ND INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS**

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The 42nd Infantry, U. S. Volunteers, was organized at Fort Niagara, N. Y., during the months of September and October, 1899, and Company F came into being on September 23rd.

The first officers of the Company were Captain Fred J. Herman, 1st Lieutenant Henry F. McFeely and 2nd Lieutenant James E. Abbott. On October 16, Captain Herman was appointed Regimental Quartermaster, and on the 17th, Captain Edmund DuBois was assigned to the company. There has been no change in the Company officers.

The Regiment left Ft. Niagara on October 30, and arrived at the Presidio, San Francisco, on November 7th, not a serious breach of discipline occurring during the trip across the continent. The rest of the month was spent in drilling up and down the hillsides of the Presidio, and on the 13th, we were received by Generals Miles, Shafter and Breckenridge, and Company F made a fine showing in the line.

On November 30th, Thanksgiving Day, six companies of the 42nd, including Company F, embarked on the chartered transport, DALNY VOSTOK, a Russian boat, and had a fine voyage to Manila by way of Honolulu. We arrived in Manila Harbor, December 31st, and disembarked on January 2nd, and marched to LaLoma Church. There they remained in camp until late in the afternoon of January 20th, when six companies of the regiment, including Company F, left on half an hour's notice, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Beacom, and marched through TayTay, Morong, Tanay, Pililla and over the mountains to Mavita, thence around the east and south sides of Laguna de Bey to Santa Cruz, arriving there the day after General Schwan's column had captured the town, and having a skirmish at the summit of the San Antonio

trail on January 24th. With the exception of a few short scouting trips, this was the first field duty the company had performed, and the march was severe. It left Santa Cruz on the 28th and marched to Colombo, by way of San Pablo, Alaminos and San Tomas. The last day's march was exceptionally hard, and the night was spent on cascos, so crowded that many of the men could not lie down. We went back to Santa Cruz that morning, and, in the afternoon, marched to Pagsanjan and spent the next few days in the mountains east of the lake. The Insurgents were plentiful there and could be seen on the hilltops a long distance off, but refused to remain until the company could get within fighting distance. From the 3rd to the 20th of February, Company F was stationed in Paete. On the 4th, in a skirmish at Paquil, Captain DuBois was seriously wounded in the right shoulder from the effects of which he did not return to duty until November 12th, having been sent to the United States to be discharged for disability in April. But he refused to accept the opportunity for discharge and would not even take a leave of absence, but was put on duty the day he was discharged from the hospital. The company was in skirmishes at Pangil, February 7, Lumbong, February 13, and Balian on the 19th. The company left Paete on the 20th and arrived at El Deposito, with clothing and shoes completely worn out, on the 23rd. On the 26th it was sent to Tanay and spent the month of March scouting through the mountains near there until all the gu-gus in that vicinity were scared out.

On the 27th of March, the Company was sent to Sinaloan and reported to General Wheaton. There it remained until May 31st. In the meantime the soldiers were not idle, for the garrison was fired on several times at night, and had several skirmishes, and after a few hard hikes at night, made several important captures. On May 30th, while a portion of the company was absent taking the baggage to Paete for transportation to Malabon, the commanding officer, 2nd Lieutenant Abbott, heard that a large number of insurgents were at the edge of town awaiting night to make an attack, and immediately proceeded against them, and after a hard fight for an hour and a half, a flanking party drove the enemy from behind the stone wall and from the houses where they were stationed, killing eight and wounding as many more that were left on the field. The detachment left at the quarters was under fire at the same time, and the attacking force must have numbered 150 (the natives reporting 1500) at least half of whom were armed. Corporal Henry F. Hart was terribly wounded while in the thick of the fight and died the same evening. That there were no more losses is due to imperfect aiming by the enemy, and not to lack of firing and to the skillful use of cover.

A few days were spent in the mountains where several cuartels full of rice and other stores were destroyed and on the seventh of June the company arrived at Malabon. Since then it has done only a little field duty. But the garrison duty was arduous, and an outpost of fifteen men was maintained at the Chinese Hospital near LaLoma Church. On November 23rd an officer and 12 men of Company F were in the fight which resulted in the capture of Geronimo's headquarters at Pinauran.

\* \* \* \*

Our patrols, in their activities located and burned a number of small cuartels and stores of rice; some rifles were found and some captured with their Insurgent owners, and the voluntary surrender of others accepted. On December 18, 1900, Lieutenant Allbright captured two Ladrones, one of whom was wounded in an attempt to abduct a native girl. Telegraph lines, cut and carried away, were repaired and replaced. An unsuccessful attempt was made to capture Mariano Gutierrez, Insurgent Governor of Morong Province.

\* \* \* \*

Captain Herman had been ordered to buy all kinds of guns at Fifteen Pesos. Many of these were so rusty and with stocks so

rotted and ant-and-worm-eaten that they no longer were weapons and Captain Herman refused to accept any guns that were unserviceable or could not readily be made so. (Some of these old relics looked as if they came on Magellan's ship.) But he soon received a letter emanating at Division Headquarters directing him to buy the guns presented, regardless of condition. The worthless-rifle business boomed.

\* \* \* \*

Christmas Day in 1900, was just another day of duty in the several companies of the regiment, scattered broadly around Manila within a radius of fifteen miles, save and except for the extra good dinner which in most instances was served at every station.

The ship carrying our turkeys failed to get into Manila on schedule time and the Commissary was hard set to provide any, but did get some frozen turks from Australia from an English ship. These were almost black from the refrigerating process and were looked upon with suspicion. They sure looked dubious, but when opened for stuffing looked all right inside and had no odor. When roasted and served, these birds proved to be the best and most tender turkeys one could desire and were greatly enjoyed by those fortunate enough to receive any.

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"SOLDIERS' HOME"  
Company H, Antipolo

Copied from "The Manila Times" Tuesday, December 25, 1900:

SANTA CLAUS' EXPANSION  
FRED P. DEAN - U. S. B. C.

The yule log dimmed in the land of snow,  
For Santa had finished his rounds, you know.  
He'd crammed the boxes, filled the trees  
And stuffed the stockings clear up to their knees.

"So now away to the tropics hot,  
 To find whether I will be welcome or not.  
 I must pack my coat in camphor gum,  
 Fool the wily moth if he chance to come;  
 Make a bamboo basket large and stout,  
 A pifia shirt with the tails hung out.  
 But how in the world can I get through  
 The roof of a house with no chimney flue?  
 What an awful task to move around  
 And drag a sleigh on muddy ground.  
 Poor Donder and Blitzen, so tried and true,  
 Must be exchanged for a cariboo.  
 Perhaps I'll try the Chino trick,  
 And hire a coolie with pinga stick;  
 Or let the job at lowest bids  
 To fill the socks of the barefoot kids.  
 No snow, no sleighs, no chimney flues,  
 No yule log bright to cure the blues,  
 No holly green or Christmas trees,  
 So fearful hot that ice won't freeze.  
 But what seems queer—yes, almost shocking—  
 A Christmas Eve without a stocking!  
 So he gave it up as a terrible bore—  
 "They had better do as they did before."  
 And he settled down with a quiet grin,  
 For the old way seemed good enough for him.

## CAPTURE OF AGUINALDO

In view of the fact that the capture of Aguinaldo so greatly influenced the character of our service in the last few months of our stay in Luzon, the story of that event seems eminently fit to appear in these pages.

Captain William Thaddeus Sexton tells the story of the capture of Emilio Aguinaldo so well in his book "Soldiers in the Sun" that I will quote it here:

"This event was the beginning of the end of the Insurrection although a vicious and bloody end it proved to be ere the Islands, distant from Luzon, were pacified."

After discussing the political development in the Islands from



EMILLIO AGUINALDO

December, 1900, to March, 1901, Captain Sexton wrote:

"Credit for the capture of Aguinaldo must go to General Frederick Funston. As a Brigadier General of Volunteers, Funston had been placed in command of the military district which embraced the territory in the vicinity of Nueva Ecija Province.

"On January 8, 1901, an Insurgent named Cecilio Sigismundo presented himself to Lieutenant J. D. Taylor, in command of the American garrison in the town of Pantabangan. This Insurgent, Sigismundo, was a courier for Aguinaldo, who was hiding in the town of Palanan, an isolated locality in the northeast part of Luzon. Sigismundo carried some twenty letters from Aguinaldo to guerrilla commanders scattered throughout Luzon. Near Pantabangan his escort of twelve Insurgents had encountered American troops and been dispersed. As was customary Sigismundo appealed subrosa to the native Presidente of Pantabangan for assistance in getting through the American lines. By mere chance the Presidente actually was loyal to the Americans and convinced Sigismundo that his best bet was to surrender and forget about his mission from Aguinaldo.

"After some negotiations with Lieutenant Taylor, he did come in and surrendered not only himself but all his dispatches. Taylor sent the prisoner with the papers to district headquarters at San Isidro. There, while looking over the captured dispatches, one in particular germinated in Funston's mind a plan for capturing the Insurgent president. This one dispatch was addressed to Baldomero Aguinaldo, the cousin of the Insurgent president, and directed him to send 400 armed Insurgents to Aguinaldo's mountain hide-out, using the courier Sigismundo as a guide. The dispatch had been in cipher and was decoded only with great difficulty. As General Funston later said:

"The cipher completely balked us for several hours. They seemed to be made up of a jumble of letters of the alphabet making words in no particular language, Captain Smith (Funston's Adjutant), Lazaro Segovia—the versatile and courageous Spaniard, who for nearly a year had done such excellent secret service work for me—and we stripped off our coats, and even other things in fact, and with pencils and pads of paper seated ourselves around a table and racked our brains . . . daylight became darkness and dawn was at hand before the peerless Segovia, whose

knowledge of both Spanish and Tagalog now stood us in such good stead, found the key word of the cipher, having done it by ransacking his brain for every word in the Malay dialect that he had ever heard of.

"On interviewing the defaulter Segismundo, Funston ascertained that Aguinaldo, with an armed escort, was living in the small town of Palaman, Isabella, about due east of Illagan and about ten miles from the coast. Sigismundo stated that the only trail to Palanan from the coast was carefully watched and any attempt to capture Aguinaldo by ordinary methods would surely fail, since the Insurgent president was certain to receive warning of the approach of a hostile force in ample time to move back into the wild mountain fastness in the vicinity.

"Funston conceived the plan of having a force of Macabebes disguise themselves as Tagalogs and represent the force of 400 men which Aguinaldo had directed his cousin to send to Palanan. Sigismundo came wholeheartedly over to the American side and agreed to guide such an expedition to Palanon. Despite its unorthodoxy, MacArthur approved the plan and Funston went to Manila where final preparations were made.

"Out of the Macabebe troops eighty were selected who spoke Tagalog fluently and could be reasonably expected to pass for Tagalogs. In order that a plausible reason for American officers accompanying the expedition could be made, it was decided the officers would pose as soldiers who had been captured by the column enroute to Palanon.

"Five officers went along, Funston, Captain R. T. Hazzard and Lieutenant O. P. M. Hazzard, brothers who had been on duty with the Macabebe—Funston's Aide-de-Camp, Lieutenant B. J. Mitchell, and Captain H. W. Newton, who was selected because he had at one time been in Palanan.

"Feeling it necessary to have a few bona fide Tagalogs to act as Insurgent officers, Funston dug up four whom he considered unquestionably loyal. The Spaniard, Segovia, who had helped unravel the cipher, completed the complement for the expedition.

"Greatest secrecy and detailed precautions accompanied the preparations. The Macabebes were clothed in nondescript Insurgent uniforms and armed with Mauser and Remington rifles. They were carefully rehearsed in the story of the 'march' north, the fight with

the Americans and the capture of the American prisoners. They were instructed that the American officers must be treated like prisoners and not like officers. The Macabebes fell into the plan wholeheartedly.

"To make the deception complete, it was decided that the force would not make an overland march to Palanan, where daily contacts with Tagalogs might expose the real purpose of the expedition, but be taken by boat around the Southern tip of Luzon and landed on the east coast on an isolated spot and make the march to Palanan from there. That part of the Island was so isolated from the central plain that an Insurgent force might appear there as out of nowhere without causing undue questioning.

"The expedition left Manila on March 6, 1900, on the gunboat "Vicksburg." The arrangements had been kept so secret that even the captain of the 'Vicksburg' did not know the purpose of the expedition until it was well out to sea. The town of Casiguran, in a bay by the same name, had been picked as a landing place. It was over one hundred miles from Palanan, but Funston feared that if an American gunboat approached too close to Palanan, Aguinaldo's suspicions would be aroused. After a turbulent trip through the San Bernardino straits, the 'Vicksburg' arrived in the vicinity of Casiguran on March 13th, and in the dead of night landed the adventurous expedition about ten miles from the town.

"The five American officers, eighty Macabebes, one Spaniard, and four Tagalogs were left entirely on their own resources in a part of Luzon which had never before been occupied by American troops. One defaulter would ruin the whole plan, possibly cause a wholesale massacre. It was arranged that the "Vicksburg" would contact the coast near Palanan Bay on the 25th of March, 1901.

"To allay suspicion on the part of the natives in Casiguran, Funston sent couriers ahead with a message for the town Presidente, stating that the force was enroute for Palanan with reinforcements for Aguinaldo and asking that in view of their "difficult march over the mountains" that quarters and rations be furnished the group. The inhabitants of Casiguran were completely hoodwinked, as General Funston said:

"There was much excitement in the little town of Casiguran and crowds of people came to greet us. Of course they thought that they were greeting some of their

own victorious soldiers, bringing prisoners that they had captured. The village band was pressed into service and we entered the town in great style. Of course we were a great show, being the first Americans they had ever seen. They crowded around us and there were some black looks and some remarks not of a complimentary nature, but in general, there was nothing in their conduct to criticize.

"The expedition remained in Casiguran two days, assembling food for the one hundred-mile march to Palanan. Funston took advantage of the delay to send forward by two native couriers forged messages to Aguinaldo stating that the expedition was on its way to join him. To further confuse the Insurgent Presidente, Funston had prepared these messages before he left Manila, using stationery captured from the Insurgent General Lacuna. Lacuna was known to be loyal to Aguinaldo and his signature was cleverly forged by the adept Segovia. Aguinaldo later admitted that it was this forged letter which completely allayed any suspicion he might have had.

"Leaving Casiguran, the expedition made a most difficult journey north following the irregular coast line. As General Funston said:

"The rain never ceased pouring and from the morning we left Casiguran we were drenched to the skin for a week. We waded more than sixty streams, some of them mere brooks but others so deep and swift that we had to put our hands on each others shoulders and go in up to our armpits. The food soaked through and through and became a soggy fermenting mass. From the start we went on half rations and in a few days were ravenous with hunger. Of sleep we could get very little as our bed was the bare ground and we were exposed without shelter to the never ending torrents of rain. To eke out our food supply, a few small fish were caught in their hands by the Macabebes and they scraped limpets from the rocks and gathered snails. The snails, limpets and small fish were stewed up with corn and made a revolting mess . . . Segovia had developed a terrible abscess on one of his feet . . . All day of the 22nd we stumbled along in a half dazed condition, our men were scattered for a mile along the beach, some of them so weak they reeled as they walked . . . It



seemed impossible that the madcap enterprise could succeed and I began to have regrets that I had led all these men to such a finish.

"In the evening of March 22, 1901, the persevering band reached the town of Dinndungan, where the trail started to Palanan, ten miles distant. There it was met by a messenger from Aguinaldo, who directed that the American prisoners be left on the coast and not brought to Palanan. Exhausted, the expedition sent word back to Aguinaldo to send them some food, which he did. Fearing that the absence of the American officers might make the whole plan go awry when Palanan was reached, Funston decided to disregard Aguinaldo's instructions about leaving the "American prisoners" on the coast and to march up to Palanan with the Macabebes. Enroute to the town, the Americans had to dive into the brush and hide while an Insurgent patrol sent from Palanan for the purpose of guarding them met and passed the column on the trail.

"The actual capture of the Insurgent President was accomplished without the American officers being present. Knowing that if they appeared in Palanan with the column of Macabebes, Aguinaldo would sense something wrong immediately, Funston sent the Macabebes with the purported Insurgent officers ahead into the town. The 22nd of March had been Aguinaldo's birthday and Palanan was bedecked in festive colors. As the column of Macabebes marched into the town plaza, Aguinaldo's bodyguard of some fifty men was lined up at present arms, with the band playing. The Macabebes swung into line opposite Aguinaldo's troops. In the second story of the municipal building overlooking the plaza was Aguinaldo with several aides. Segovia and Tal Pacido, one of the Tagalogs who had accompanied the expedition, walked upstairs to report to Aguinaldo. After receiving a few congratulatory words from the Insurgent President for making the difficult march, Segovia walked to a window and gave the signal to the Macabebes below. The deception had been perfect and the surprise was complete. Without further ado, the Macabebes raised their rifles and opened fire on the Insurgents lined up a few yards away. Exhausted and nervous as they were, the volley only resulted in three casualties, one being the band leader. However, its effect was sufficient to cause the bodyguard to scatter and disappear in the nearby woods.

"In the municipal building, Segovia drew his pistol and fired at Aguinaldo's aides, who either escaped by jumping out of the window or were shot. Tee Pacida tackled Aguinaldo and threw him under a table saying 'You are a prisoner of the Americans!' When Funston and the other Americans entered the town a few moments later, the situation was well in hand.

"The return to Manila was uneventful. The expedition rested at Palanan for one day, and on the 25th of March, 1901, marched to the coast where it was picked up by the 'Vicksburg.' On the morning of the 28th, the 'Vicksburg' reached Manila.

"Funston took his prisoner ashore and presented him to MacArthur who was astonished at the successful outcome of the wild venture. A few days later, as a reward, Funston was made a Brigadier-General in the regular army, a rank which few officers attain in forty years' service—which he had attained in three.

"The Macabebes and Tagalogs on the expedition were liberally rewarded by cash payments for their part in the capture.

"MacArthur treated Aguinaldo with extreme consideration. He installed the Insurgent Presidente in a spacious house near to the Malacanan and sent for his family. The ever-present guard held over him was as unobtrusive as possible. In a short time Aguinaldo reciprocated by issuing a proclamation advising his followers to come in under the American flag. He said in part:

"The country has declared unmistakably for peace. So be it. Enough of blood; enough of tears and desolation . . . after mature deliberation, I cannot refuse to heed the voice of a people longing for peace . . . By acknowledging and accepting the sovereignty of the United States throughout the entire Archipelago, as I do now without any reservation whatsoever, I believe that I am serving Thee, my Beloved Country. May happiness be Thine . . .

"And henceforth Emilio Aguinaldo, the bete noir of the American sovereignty in the Philippines, ceased to be a problem."

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## CHAPTER 15.

*Surrender of General Geronimo. Orders for Home. Camp Wallace. Manila Reviews and Visits. Settlement of Accounts. Company B on "Kintuck." Company H on "Aztec." The Transport, "Ohio." Off for San Francisco. Poems.*

After Christmas, the business of surrender of rifles and odd Insurgents, and Insurgents of prominence went on. Among the Insurgents of prominence the 42nd Infantry captured Maraino Cruz, a Ladrone charged with murder and robbery of natives of Binangorian, and Captain Hill captured Antonio Reis Venvorancen on the Island of Talim, on April 2nd.

Surrenders of natives became more frequent toward the end of March, 1901. On March 21st, Colonel Hermegenes Bautista, of General Geronimo's command, surrendered, as did Colonel Desetec Lopez, of the Battalion of Engineers, 3rd Zone (Insurgent), and fifteen other officers. The New American (Manila), of March 30,



MANILA AND DAGUPAN RAILROAD TRAIN—1900

1901, tells the story of the surrender at San Mateo, of General Licerio Geronimo, and eleven officers and twenty-nine men and their arms, which is here quoted:

(Manila newspaper clippings)—From the *New American*, Manila, March 30, 1901.

## GENERAL GERONIMO, THE GUERRILLA CHIEFTAIN, HAS SURRENDERED

### Great Old Warrior Delivers His Sword to Colonel Thompson, of the Forty-Second Infantry, on the Field Where He Fought His Greatest Battle and Where Lawton Fell.

General Geronimo, the much sought for Insurgent, after being continuously harrassed by troops of the Forty-second Infantry under Colonel J. M. Thompson, Commander of the Sixth District, has at last surrendered, and last night was at San Mateo, on the scene where the late lamented General Lawton fell a victim of an Insurgent bullet.

Geronimo was the commander of Insurrecto forces in the Second and Third Zones and Province of Morong.

Colonel Thompson and his regiment have been so hot upon his trail, so many of his staff officers had been captured, and at the same time losing so many of his followers together with arms and ammunition, that he became at last discouraged and his only alternative was surrender or flight. He is a brave man and declined to flee.

The capture of Colonel Mariano Mauritic, Commander of the Second Zone, by Captain Biddle of the Macabebe Scouts of Antipolo, and surrender of Colonel Gutierrez and 23 officers last Wednesday to Major Prime, Forty-second Infantry, Commander at Pasig, and the turning in of several hundred guns to the officers of the various posts in this district, disheartened the Insurgent general and he decided to surrender to Colonel Thompson, commanding officer of the Sixth District, Headquarters at El Deposito.

Geronimo, finding that his men were deserting and giving information regarding the various places of Insurgent rendezvous, realized that it was useless to make further resistance against an invincible foe.

Accordingly he sent in his adjutant to Captain Keck, Forty-second Infantry, in command at Mariquina, to see what terms would be offered him if he surrendered.

The adjutant of course, was held awaiting the result of the report to Department Headquarters, and in the meantime he surrendered and took the oath of allegiance.

General Wheaton replied to accept nothing but unconditional surrender. No terms would be given. Unconditional or not at all.

Messages had previously been sent to Geronimo by members of the Federal Party, urging him to surrender but without any apparent effect at the time, as no answer was received.

He evidently moved across the Mariquina River up to his old rendezvous near San Mateo, where Captain Henderson, of the Forty-second, in command at that place, endeavored to cause the surrender or capture of the wily chieftain.

The efforts of Captain Henderson were evidently successful, as Geronimo declared his intention of surrendering, but Geronimo preferred to pass his sword over to an officer higher in command than a Captain.

Naturally General Wheaton would not go out and the honor was given to the officer who had so successfully fought the Insurgent general, Colonel Thompson.

General Wheaton, however, sent his representative, Lieutenant Bash, Aide-de-Camp. Colonel Thompson left El Deposito shortly after 10:00 A. M. yesterday morning, accompanied by his adjutant, J. R. McAndrews, A.D.C.; Lieutenant W. R. Molinar; Major W. A. McCaw, Surgeon, and a mounted escort from Company I, Forty-second Infantry.

They proceeded to San Mateo, where the surrender took place at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

A message was sent to Geronimo that Colonel Thompson was waiting his surrender and in a short time the Insurgent General, together with six of his staff and forty-six armed men, came in.

They marched into town and approaching Colonel Thompson, Geronimo presented his sword, saying that he was glad to give up a useless strife. That after giving the

matter serious thought he had come to the conclusion that it would be better for his country and his people to surrender. He further stated that he intended to help pacify the country and endeavor to have all his men surrender and turn in their arms and ammunition.

Geronimo expressed himself as much pleased to meet Colonel Thompson and said that he had often wished to meet the Colonel for some time, as he admired a tireless pursuer.

Colonel Thompson grimly remarked with a vein of humor underlying, that he was pleased to meet the Insurgent and had been endeavoring to for some time.

Geronimo, his staff and forty-six men then took the oath of allegiance.

The surrender of General Rosario Geronimo completes the list of important Insurgent leaders who have thrown themselves upon the mercy of the American Government.

The surrender of Traias, together with the capture of Aguinaldo and the present surrender of Geronimo, causes a complete collapse of the Insurrection in Luzon.

Geronimo originally had a force of 1500 armed Filipinos under his direct command. He operated north of Manila and east through Morong Province to Mavitas.

Numerous engagements between his troops and the Americans have taken place, the most notable being at San Mateo in December, 1899, when General Lawton was killed.

The American troops stationed at various points in this section have been relentless in their efforts to run down this wily guerilla chief, but his popularity with the natives always enabled him to turn up at some new place to attack or ambush small bodies of American troops.

His Command gradually dwindled to a few hundred owing to repeated attacks and heavy losses sustained.

In November last, an expedition composed of troops from the Twenty-seventh and Forty-second Infantry Volunteer Regiments, under command of Colonel Thompson, engaged Geronimo in his stronghold at Pinauran, in the mountains north of Montalbon, when the Insurgents were routed, leaving one dead and many wounded.

Upon departure of the Twenty-second for the States, the garrisons of several posts occupied by the Forty-second were reduced. The regiment had been distributed from Malabon, on the north, to San Mateo and Montalbon; on the east as far as Tanay on Laguna de Bay.

Several companies of the Macabebes and Ilocanos were stationed at various points to aid the troops.

Our officers displayed much tact and diplomacy in dealing with natives, and by convincing them that by helping the Americans they would help themselves. Thus by securing the confidence of the natives, among them many prominent Filipinos, Geronimo lost his prestige, and information came in fast, causing the capture of hundreds of the enemy. Hundreds of rifles and quantities of ammunition have been captured, and Geronimo, seeing how futile the struggle was, at last surrendered unconditionally.

This leaves the outlaw Cailles only to be dealt with, but there is no early use for him to come in as he is a doomed man.

Too much credit can never be given Colonel Thompson, Captain Henderson, Captain Keck and the other officers of the Forty-second Infantry.

General Geronimo had not heard of the capture of Aguinaldo until told by Colonel Thompson. He was even then disposed to be skeptical until Colonel Thompson produced *The New American*, which he read with evident deep interest.

On March 29, 1901, Lieutenant Carl with a mounted detachment of five men brought in eleven armed Insurgents who had surrendered, with their arms. And on the same day Lieutenant Hargis, with a mounted detachment of seven men, accepted the surrender of five Insurgent officers and eighteen men with nineteen rifles.

Thirty officers and six enlisted men and a quantity of rifles,

revolvers and ammunition were surrendered to Major Prime at Pasig in March, among whom was Lieutenant-Colonel Gutierrez of General Geronimo's command.

Major Vincente Salgate, four lieutenants and sixteen men, armed, surrendered to Lieutenant-Colonel Beacom at Malabon on April 2nd, and Captain Keck reported four officers and one soldier, with a lot of odd rifles and ammunition, surrendered on April 3rd.

The next day, April 4th, ten officers and twenty-three men with rifles surrendered to Captain Henderson at San Mateo. And so they came singly and in groups, and as each took the oath of allegiance and returned home, the native towns and villages took on more cheerful and industrial airs.

The scouting and patrolling grew less after Aguinaldo's surrender. Some companies were relieved by detachments of other regiments and gradually our outposts and smaller stations were drawn in, in anticipation of an early return to the States. On April 21, the first of a number of the companies and detachments rendezvou'd at El Deposito and went into bivouac; others followed and on April 22, Regimental Headquarters, the Band and Companies C, D, E, H, I and M, Colonel Thompson commanding, formed in front of El Deposito and marched gaily into Manila, the band played and the colors snapping in the morning air, and went into camp on the shores of Manila Bay, at Camp Wallace on the Lunetta. Here they were joined by Major Prime from Pasig and Company K. Lieutenant-Colonel Beacom, from Malabon and Company L from Caloacan came in at the same time, and were joined on the next day by Companies A, B and G, who arrived from Morong, Binangonan and Tanay respectively, completing the Regimental concentration.

Lieutenant-Colonel Beacom returned to Malabon on April 30, to accept the surrender of the Insurgent Colonel Morales and thirty-six armed men and returned to camp.

The regiment, with the 41st Infantry, was reviewed as a brigade by Major General McArthur and Major General Wheaton and their staffs. Our brigade was commanded by Colonel Thompson and Captain Herman acted as Brigade Adjutant. Major General McArthur made a complimentary speech to the troops and on the morning of May 3, the officers of the 42nd Infantry called upon Major General McArthur at the Ayuntamiento to officially pay their final respects.

The field service in the Philippines of the 42nd Infantry, U. S. V., was ended.

On May 9th, Lieutenant-Colonel Beacom and Major Brown bade farewell to the regiment and sailed away on the Transport "Sumner" for China and Japan, on leave of absence.

While in Camp Wallace, the ordinance and Q. M. property no longer needed by the regiment was turned in and property and money accounts settled and cleared. Gifts for loved ones at home and souvenirs of our stay in the Islands were bought, packed and sent on homeward. The men "went to town" in every sense of the words and all necessary preparations for the long voyage across the Pacific were made.

On May 17, Company H, Captain Bjornstad commanding, with his 1st Lieutenant, left Manila on the Transport "Aztec" for San Francisco via Nagasaki, Japan, arriving in San Francisco June 19, 1901.

On the 25th of May, Company B, Lieutenant H. C. McCool commanding, with Lieutenant Judd and fifty-four men, sailed on the chartered Transport, "Kintuck," for Portland, Oregon, via Nagasaki. This company was mustered out on July 8, 1901, at San Francisco, California. On the 27th of May, the baggage of the Regiment was inspected and disinfected by the authorities of the Manila Board of Health, and the chartered Transport "Ohio," designated as our home for the next thirty days or so, was also disinfected. That ship should have been disinfected three or four days earlier in order to be properly aired and cleared of fumes, before the embarkation of the troops. Colonel Thompson bade farewell to the regiment and Major Prime took command.

At 10:00 A. M. of May 28, 1901, the regiment left Camp Wallace and marched without arms, to the Andre monument and boarded cascoes to take them to the "Ohio." Arriving aboard, the men went below to their assigned quarters to stow their belongings, but soon hurried to the upper decks, coughing and choking. The fumes of the disinfectants hung heavy between decks and the ports had not been opened to permit the fresh air to blow the fumes away. It was late that night before those assigned to the lower deck could go down to rest. All ports had to be opened and extra windsails rigged to the lower decks to drive away the formaldehyde or other devilish fumes that filled the confined space.





May 29th dawned, clear and bright, and shortly after breakfast the "Ohio's" anchor came up, the men crowded the decks for a final look at Manila, the Band played, and the ship slipped out of the Bay, passed Corregidor, then Marivales, and headed northward for the China Sea and San Francisco, via Honolulu.

We were Homeward Bound.

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OFFICERS OF THE 42ND INFANTRY, U. S. V., CAMP WALLACE, MANILA, 1901.

*From left to right:*

FRONT ROW: Captain William D. Bell, 1st Lieutenant Philip Powers, Lieutenant-Colonel John H. Beacom, Colonel J. Milton Thompson, 1st Lieutenant Jos. R. McAndrews, Captain Fred J. Herman, Major Walter D. McCaw.

SECOND ROW: Captain Chas. S. Burns, Major Edward C. Cary, 1st Lieutenant Robert K. Spiller, Major William C. Brown, 2nd Lieutenant Horace F. Sikes, Major John R. Prime, 1st Lieutenant W. R. Molinard.

THIRD ROW: Captain Frederick W. Stopford, Captain Frank Keck, Captain James M. Shallenberger, Captain James E. Hill, Captain Alfred W. Bjornstad, Captain Henry F. McFeely.

FOURTH ROW: 1st Lieutenant Chas. F. Beall, Captain Jos. V. Cunningham, Captain Duncan Henderson, Captain Worthington Kautzman, Captain Edmund DuBois, 1st Lieutenant Robert Hargis.

FIFTH ROW: 2nd Lieutenant Bruce Judd, 1st Lieutenant George G. White, 1st Lieutenant R. Howard Williams, 1st Lieutenant W. H. Johnson, 1st Lieutenant W. H. Johnson, 1st Lieutenant Chas. H. Roessing, 2nd Lieutenant E. F. Hackett, 2nd Lieutenant C. C. Scudamore.

TOP ROW: 2nd Lieutenant Franklin P. Jackson, 2nd Lieutenant Wm. P. Kitts, 2nd Lieutenant Thomas Carl, 2nd Lieutenant Augustus B. Warfield, 2nd Lieutenant Frank S. Albright, 2nd Lieutenant James E. Abbott, 2nd Lieutenant Morris M. Keck.

*Other Officers of the Regiment not in this group:*

Captain George D. Catlin, Resigned. Captain Peter T. Riley, Public Prosecutor, Provost Court, Manila. Captain Louis M. Lang, Unassigned, Collector of Internal Revenue, 6th Dist. 1st Lieutenant Theodore C. Reiser, D.S., Collector of Customs, Manila. 1st Lieutenant L. A. Griffith, Resigned. 1st Lieutenant Francis H. Lomax, Resigned to enter Regular Army. 1st Lieutenant J. H. Little, D.S. 1st Lieutenant H. C. McCool, D.S. 1st Lieutenant Arthur Poillon, D.S., Engineer Dept. 2nd Lieutenant Martin Novak, enroute to the U. S. for discharge. 2nd Lieutenant Robert A. Caldwell, enroute to the U. S. for discharge.

*Copied From "THE MANILA FREEDOM" May, 1901*

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## EXCELLENT RECORD OF VOLUNTEERS

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Camp Wallace still remains the smiling ground of Manila, and if one is suffering from an attack of the blues the best cure for them is a trip to the Camp and a chat with the soldier boys homeward bound.

The 41st and 42nd Infantry, U. S. V., are under canvas at the camp at the present time and they are looking forward to the day of embarkation with mingled feelings of joy and gladness.

The 42nd Infantry has much the same record for efficiency and discipline that its brigade wing is noted for, in field and in garrison, and Colonel Thompson, when interviewed by a correspondent yesterday, stated that he had every reason to be proud of his regiment, and that he was.

The 42nd was organized at Fort Niagara, New York, and left for the Philippines, November 25th, arriving in Manila, December 31, 1899. It was immediately disembarked and assigned to station in the Provinces of Manila and Morong where up to the present time, it has been busily engaged enforcing law and order and teaching the wily Insurrecto that the hand of the government is as inexorable and sure as the "Mills of the Gods." Among the many good things done by the regiment was the negotiations for the surrender of General Geronimo and staff.

Of the officers of the 42nd Infantry, the following have elected to remain behind on various duties: Colonel Thompson, Regular Army; Lieutenant-Colonel Beacom, Regular Army; Major E. C. Carey, Regular Army; Captain L. M. Lang, Collector of Internal Revenue, 6th District, Department of Northern Luzon; Captain J. M. Schallenberger, Judge of Superior Provost Court; 1st Lieutenant Arthur Poillon, in office of Chief Engineer Officer, Headquarters, Dept. of Southern Luzon; Lieutenant T. C. Reiser, Dept. of Customs, Manila; Lieutenant F. H. Lomax, in charge of repairs to Roads and Bridges in Dept. of Northern Luzon; Lieutenant H. C. McCool, Inspector of Customs at Orani.

In addition to the above, seventy-three enlisted men have been discharged to accept positions in Manila and elsewhere. The officers who hold commissions in regular establishments, will, after the muster-out of the regiment, rejoin their regular organization.

During the stay of the regiment in the islands, only forty-three casualties are accounted for from all causes, which speaks well for the health of the regiment.

The 42nd will sail for the United States on or about May 28th, on the Transport "Ohio" for muster out.

After all the rough and hard work on the islands, the voyage home will be a welcome relaxation for officers and men, and the happy welcome that they will receive will more than recompense them for all past hardships.

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## POEMS

THE SERVER  
By FRANK GEERE*From the "Manila Times"—December 25, 1900.*

There are few who give him the credit due—  
 Few who give him an estimate true—  
 There are many who regard the man in blue  
     As a sort of inferior being.  
 But know him first as I have done;  
 See him in camp and battle and march,  
 And under his roughness, one by one,  
 You'll pick out his qualities still unsung,  
 And find he's not quite the Prodigal Son  
     He's given the credit for being.  
 You'll learn he's a better man than you  
     Have given him credit for being;  
 If you love your country, you'll love him too,  
     For he serves your Flag and your Country.

I met a man on an Eastern Strand,  
     Plainly clad in khaki and blue;  
 I had known before in another land,  
 So I welcomed the clasp of his honest hand,  
 And was glad to gaze of his countenance tanned.  
 For I knew him well and I knew his band—  
     They were servers of Flag and Country.

He was Yankee mixed with Southern blood,  
     Foreign descent or native stock,  
 Some of him bad and some of him good.  
 Polished and learned or rough and crude,  
 Genial, surly, of varying mood,  
 Yet his sentiment ever understood,  
     When it came to his Flag and Country.

He abused his government—called it rot—  
     Deplored the nation's future state;  
 He talked of oppression and swore at what  
 He chose to call a servile lot,  
 But his tone would change and his blood get hot,  
 You'd soon know the real opinions he'd got  
     When it came to his Flag and Country.

I've seen him forsake the desk or the plow  
     When his country needed his arm,  
 His personal cares would fleet from his brow,  
 His political wrongs would vanish somehow,  
 To the mandate of those he'd readily bow  
 Whom he'd call unable before—but now  
     It had come to his Flag and Country.

He growled at the drill and discipline strict  
     That became his lot in the army.  
 At his ration and duty he always kicked,  
 He'd say he was into the service tricked,  
 Yet I've heard him time and time predict  
 That by no one or nothing he'd ever be licked  
     While serving Flag and Country.

I've seen him fight in the Isle of Luzon,  
 Where it needed endurance and grit,  
 When his closest friend was a Jorgensen gun,  
 And his bitterest foe the Philippine Sun;  
 When his comrades were carried off one by one  
 Yet he fought uncomplaining, enduringly on—  
 He was serving his Flag and Country.

I saw him in China, fighting again,  
 And I knew him as he should be.  
 He tramped with the rest of the Allied train,  
 Suffered and sweated, but would not complain,  
 Knowing his task was humanity's gain,  
 And determined never to suffer a stain  
 On the name of his Flag and Country.

He was merely a bearer of rifle and sword,  
 Undecked in color, or braid or gold;  
 For a pageant show he rightly ignored,  
 And service with him was all that scored—  
 A useful man when his country warred—  
 And his country's name was his tender chord,  
 And his motto was Flag and Country.

There are few who give him credit due—  
 Few who give him an estimate true—  
 There are many who regard the man in blue  
 As a sort of inferior being.  
 But know him first as I have done;  
 See him in camp and battle and march,  
 And under his roughness, one by one,  
 You'll pick out his qualities still unsung,  
 And find he's not quite the Prodigal Son  
 He's given the credit for being;  
 You'll learn he's a better man than you  
 Have given him the credit for being;  
 If you love your country, you'll love him, too,  
 For he serves your Flag and Country.

\* \* \* \*

## ON THE SOUTH LINE WITH THE FORTY-SECOND REGIMENT

I've seen the Filipino fall beside his ancient gun,  
 I've seen the trenches red with blood; I've seen them scoot and run;  
 On mountain trail and deep ravine, and rice fields wet and green,  
 I've heard the Krag make echoes, that for years have silent been.

For scenes like this I left home, my all that I held dear,  
 To serve beneath the Stars and Stripes as a U. S. Volunteer.  
 Yet pleasant dreams come to me as I close my weary eyes  
 In sleep upon the mountain side, beneath a weeping sky.

On San Antonio's rugged trail we first received their fire;  
 Our quick response compelled them in disorder to retire,  
 And o'er the mountain's ruggedest crest, in terror how they fled;  
 Leaving behind them in their trench the wounded and the dead.

Outside the town of Paquill they next appeared in force,  
 Their breast-work, built of earth and stone, beside a streamlet's course,  
 From trench and brush on either side the bullets flew like hail,  
 From twenty feet above us, on the mountains rugged trail.

It took us but a moment to answer with a will,  
 And in "Extended order," take possession of the hill:  
 We captured seven prisoners, and on return we found  
 That two of our command were lying wounded on the ground.

Their's was the first blood of our corps, shed on foreign soil,  
 Their's will be the first blood to avenge before we leave this Isle;  
 But sooner than we dreamed of, were we to meet again,  
 The foe who fights in ambush and dreads the open plain.

"Everything will come to those who patiently await:  
 But doubly sure is he who goes to meet it at the gate."  
 And as the hawk on pinions bold soars forth to meet its prey,  
 So we marched from Paete on the forenoon of next day.

We had scarce left Paquill behind, its houses still in view,  
 When from the mountain's tangled base a shower of bullets flew,  
 We lined the roadside, opened fire, with vim along the line  
 And for some forty minutes now, "There was a hot old time."

We charged the tangled bamboo brush, and up the mountain side  
 No power on earth can stay, that rushing, firing, tide.  
 And as we gain the vacant trench no enemy appears,  
 To stay the rushes of the 42nd, U. S. Volunteers.

At different points along the trench deep pools of blood we see,  
 A bloody shirt torn from the breast of an enemy,  
 Proved that our aim was steady, our fire was not in vain,  
 Fresh graves shall greet the morrow's sun, as he shines o'er hill and plain.

From Pasig to Paete pass the joyful news along,  
 Of the gallant part enacted by our comrades at Morong,  
 Who midst the creeping shadows and the glowworms' flickering lamp  
 Attacked, surprised and captured, a Filipino camp.

One volley and they scamper, one charge—the field is won,  
 Another mark on our record page—for June nineteen naught one,  
 And when we sail for home again, and the Golden Gate appears  
 No milk white flag shall greet the 42nd, U. S. Volunteers.

By J. R. CONWAY  
 Company "D," 42nd Infantry, U. S. Volunteers  
 March, 1900

*A Parody on Kipling's "On the Road to Mandalay"*

IN THE EAST

By the moss-grown church at Niac,  
 Looking lazy at the sea,  
 There's a goo-goo girl awaiting,  
 And I know she longs for me.  
 The wind blows through the palm trees,  
 And I think I hear her say:  
 "Come you back you Yankee soldier,  
 Come you back to me today."

Her petticoat is yellow,  
 Her camisa it is green,  
 And her nombre is Teresa,  
 My chocolate-colored queen.  
 I first saw her a-smoking,  
 Of an overgrown cheroot,  
 And wasting dainty kisses,  
 On a dirty native's snoot.

When the mist was on the rice fields,  
 And the shadows coming slow,  
 She would get her little banjo,  
 And sing so soft and low,  
 With her arm around my shoulder,  
 And her cheek pressed close to mine,  
 We used to watch the warships,  
 Sailing up Cavite's line.



Not Teresa, nor Donna Maria, but a gorgeous  
 member of the upper class of educated  
 native women

But I've left it all behind me,  
 And it's miles and miles away,  
 And there ain't no 'mobiles running,  
 From here to Niac Bay.  
 And I'm learning in my old home,  
 What the three year soldiers say,  
 When you hear the East a-calling,  
 You cannot stay away.

I am sick of wasting leather,  
 On these gritty paving stones,  
 And the blasted sleet and drizzle,  
 Wakes the fever in my bones,  
 Though I walk with flirting maidens,  
 Down from Woodward to Belle Isle,  
 I dream about a fairer land,  
 And brown Teresa's smile.

Ship me somewhere west of Frisco,  
 Where the best is like the worst,  
 And there are no ten commandments,  
 And a man can raise a thirst,  
 For the Niac bells are ringing,  
 And it's there I'd like to be  
 With a native girl at sunset,  
 Looking lazy at the sea.

## ANSWER TO "IN THE EAST"

By the mudholes down at Niac,  
 Looking lazy at the bay,  
 There's a goo-goo dame awaiting,  
 And I think I hear her say:  
 "Come you back, you malo soldier,  
 Come you back from o'er the sea,  
 Come you back and pay your jawbone—  
 Porque you jawbone me?"

Her petticoat is baggy,  
 And it reaches to her knees,  
 And her hair is thin and scraggy,  
 And sometimes full of fleas.  
 Her teeth—the few remaining—  
 Are covered with red paint,  
 And her name is Donna Maria,  
 That of her patron Saint.

When the rain filled up the rice fields,  
 And soaked us to the skin—  
 We'd go down to "Beno Mary's,"  
 And get full of Chino gin.  
 With her arm around my shoulders,  
 And her cheek to mine pressed close,  
 When I smelled her breath, O Lordy,  
 I had to hold my nose.

But I've left it all behind me,  
 Thank the Lord I'm miles away,  
 And back in God's own country,  
 Where I intend to stay.  
 And I'm learnin' in my old home,  
 What all the wise folks say,  
 When you hear the East a-calling,  
 You had better stay away.

No more have I the "doby,"  
 Nor the awful prickly heat,  
 I walk out in the evening,  
 With a maiden bright and sweet.  
 Just give me one good Girlie  
 From the U. S. like my own—  
 And the goo-goo girls are welcome,  
 To the bird that wrote that poem.

Oh, the Niac bells are ringing,  
 As they have oftimes before,  
 Here, electric bells are ringing,  
 As we speed to Coney's shore,  
 As we stand upon the boardwalk,  
 Looking lazy at the sea,  
 I say unto my charmer,  
 This is good enough for me.

They can have their brown-skinned damsels,  
 From Manila to Cebu,  
 But I'll take the good old U. S. gal,  
 And I think that you would, too.

## CHAPTER 16.

*Homeward Bound. The Old Flag at Fort Point. Disembarkation. Customs Inspections. Muster-out. Farewells. Golden Gate Park.*

The story of our homeward-bound voyage from Manila to the United States, is outlined in the Army Transport Regulations and the orders of the Commanding Officer of the troops aboard ship. These orders give almost a complete mental picture of our existence during that period.

The "Ohio" left Manila Bay on the morning of May 29, 1901, having embarked the troops on the day before. That gave all full opportunity to settle themselves for the long voyage. The soldiers laid in stocks of books and magazines, reading matter and cigarettes. Officers who had no intentions to enter the Regular Army, settled down to such solid comfort as a ship affords on a long voyage.

Those officers who had been advised of appointments to the regular service stocked up with text books and stationery, scouring the Manila book stores, and selected study mates. Before the "Ohio" cleared Manila Bay, they were at it and never ceased until the California coast was sighted. The deeper they dug into their text books, the wider appeared the gap between the time they laid them away, in early manhood, and the current hour of their need. Meals, sleep, inspections and the daily need for exercise around the decks were the only things that pulled their noses out of their books. The voyage was monotonous and lacked the interest and expectancy of the westward trip. The routine duties of guard and police were performed perfunctorily.

Here is an extract from Army Transport Regulations:

### OFFICER OF THE DAY.

256. An Officer of the Day and an Officer of the Guard will be detailed daily. When a regiment is on board, two Officers of the Guard will be detailed.
257. The Officer of the Day is responsible for the observance of these regulations on the part of the troops.
258. He will see that the sentries are properly posted and instructed and that the routine appointed for the troops is carried out, and he will give every assistance in his power to the police or mess officer or to the officers of the ship.



259. Additional sentinels to aid in carrying out the routine duties will be posted or relieved by him in case of necessity according to the circumstances.
260. The uniform to be worn by the officers and men when on deck will be prescribed by the commanding officers of the troop and any departure from the prescribed dress will be corrected by the Officer of the Day.
261. In hot weather, when men are permitted to sleep on deck, no bedding shall be allowed there before 9:00 P. M. or after reveille.
262. The Officer of the Day will see that the calls are sounded at the proper time.
263. He is to see that the lights are put out at the proper time and that no unauthorized lights are allowed.
264. He will see that meals to the troops are served at the proper time and will be present during meals to see that the men attend promptly and quietly.
265. He is to attend when bedding is aired or taken down, to see that it is done in an orderly manner without noise or confusion.
266. He will take particular precautions to prevent any of the troops from going into the engine room or to parts of the ship forbidden to them, and will cause inspections to be made for this purpose and the arrest of offenders.
267. He will take means to prevent the furnishing of intoxicating liquors to the men by anyone on board or to the ship's company by the men.
268. He will take means to prevent intoxicating liquor from being brought on board by men returning from pass, and will cause careful inspection to be made of all such men and all packages coming on board.

Transport Regulations were reinforced by Major Prime's orders:

HEADQUARTERS FORTY-SECOND INFANTRY

U. S. VOLUNTEERS

TRANSPORT "OHIO," May 29th, 1901

## GENERAL ORDERS

### NO. 9

1. The guard on this ship will observe the following regulations:  
The General Orders of sentinels will be the same as in the guard

manual. Sentinels will not converse with the men except in the line of duty, and when they give directions or orders, they will give them in a clear and audible tone of voice. They will arrest any soldier not promptly obeying instructions given them by the sentinel, or who may show disrespect to the sentinel in discharge of his duty.

Sentinels will not interfere with the ships officers or crew in the discharge of their duties. Sentinels will prevent:

(1) Anyone from blockading the ladders, spitting on the decks, or throwing slops or dirt on them;

(2) Any waste of water; drinking water will not be carried away from the tank or cooler save for the sick; when the tank needs refilling, the sentinel will notify the Corporal of the guard;

(3) Any person, other than the proper ship's employees, from interfering with the ventilating or heating or other machinery, or hanging clothes on it;

(4) Any of the troops from going aloft;

(5) Any person from sitting on the ship's rail or on the forecastle head, or on the awnings, life rafts, tops of houses, meal rails, or about the riggings;

(6) Any person from smoking, except on the upper deck;

(7) Any noise or irregularity in the latrines or washrooms;

(8) Any improper substance or articles from being thrown in the closets;

(9) All loud talking, profane swearing, gambling or unnecessary confusion;

(10) Anyone, save the proper person, from touching the lights;

(11) All talking or noise among men on deck that might interfere with the clear understanding of orders being given by any of the ship's officers;

(12) Anything from being thrown out of the ports;

(13) Any enlisted man from occupying or crossing the saloon deck;

(14) Anyone from removing the canvas covers from the beds.

2. (Orders in case of fire.)

In case of fire the most important and essential thing is *silence* and *order*: A QUIET WAITING for orders and a prompt and orderly execution of them.

Any person, whether sentinel or not, on discovering fire will make it known *quietly* and immediately to the Officer of the Guard, who

will cause the trumpeter of the Guard to sound the "Attention" followed by the fire call.

A sentinel will not call "Fire" but will leave his post and *immediately and quietly* report it to the Officer of the Guard. On the alarm of "Fire" or a "Man Overboard" sentinels will cry in a loud and clear voice "Attention" and will cause all soldiers to remain at "Attention" in their places to receive any orders that may be issued. The Guard will immediately form on deck, and extra sentinels will be placed where needed to preserve order.

By order of Major Prime,  
Joseph R. McAndrews,  
1st Lieut. and Battalion Adjutant,  
42nd Infantry, U. S. Vols.,  
Acting Adjutant.

#### OFFICIAL:

(Signed) Joseph R. McAndrews,  
1st Lieut. and Battalion Adjutant,  
42nd Infantry, U. S. Vols.,  
Acting Adjutant.

### HEADQUARTERS FORTY-SECOND INFANTRY U. S. VOLUNTEERS TRANSPORT "OHIO," June 4th, 1901

#### M E M O R A N D U M

Until the wearing of blue clothing is authorized from these headquarters, the enlisted men of this command will confine themselves to the khaki uniform, and company commanders will instruct their men accordingly. The officer of the day will correct any violation of these instructions which he notices on the part of any enlisted men.

By order of Major Prime,  
Joseph R. McAndrews,  
1st Lieut. and Battalion Adjutant,  
42nd Infantry, U. S. Vols.,  
Acting Adjutant.

# HEADQUARTERS FORTY-SECOND INFANTRY U. S. VOLUNTEERS

TRANSPORT "OHIO," June 14th, 1901

## GENERAL ORDERS

### NO. 12

1. In addition to their other duties, Captains Duncan Henderson, Worthington Kautzman and Edmund DuBois, 42nd Infantry, U. S. Vols., are assigned to command the 1st, 2nd and 3rd battalions of this regiment respectively, to date from May 29, 1901.

By order of Major Prime,  
Joseph R. McAndrews,  
1st Lieut. and Battalion Adjutant,  
42nd Infantry, U. S. Vols.,  
Acting Adjutant.

### OFFICIAL:

(Signed) Joseph R. McAndrews,  
1st Lieut. and Battalion Adjutant,  
42nd Infantry, U. S. Vols.,  
Acting Adjutant.

# HEADQUARTERS FORTY-SECOND INFANTRY U. S. VOLUNTEERS

TRANSPORT "OHIO," June 21, 1901

## GENERAL ORDERS

### NO. 13

1. This command will be prepared to disembark at 9:30 o'clock this morning. The regiment will be carried by barges to the Presidio wharf where it will disembark and march to camp.

The battalions will disembark in order commencing with the 1st battalion.

Company F is designated as color company.

By order of Major Prime,  
Joseph R. McAndrews,  
1st Lieut. and Battalion Adjutant,  
42nd Infantry, U. S. Vols.,  
Acting Adjutant.

### OFFICIAL:

(Signed) Joseph R. McAndrews,  
1st Lieut. and Battalion Adjutant,  
42nd Infantry, U. S. Vols.,  
Acting Adjutant.

## ENROUTE TO THE UNITED STATES

At sea, muster-out rolls were prepared and checked, and all paper work finished to the last dates. Addresses of comrades for future correspondence were secured, and future visits among each other arranged.

Late afternoon of June 20, 1901, the Faralones came in sight and a short time thereafter, the mainland of our own United States. As we entered the Golden Gate our band sounded "The Star Spangled Banner" as a salute to our flag flying in the breeze over Fort Point. Every man felt the thrill of pride and pleasure at the sight of that glorious flag, as it fluttered down on its staff at retreat. Then came "My Country 'Tis of Thee" followed by "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight!" by band and vocal chorus. And "how"!

Slowly we steamed to our anchorage in San Francisco Bay, where the Quarantine Inspectors promptly came aboard. On the quiet ship we rested to await the coming, on the morrow, of the Customs Inspectors.

Some apprehension existed among the officers at the prospect of meeting the latter. Some of us had brought home foreign goods and souvenirs, which, while not prohibited from entry, were subject to high duties and everyone was in doubt about the liberality of the customs inspectors as to the valuations put upon the goods. Although no one had brought over anything to dispose of commercially, all were in a flutter as to what orders the customs people might have or would interpret the law.

It seems that some State volunteer officers, related to prominent politicians in Washington and elsewhere, coming home earlier, had crowded the limit on goods and had stated values far too low, while at the same time showing resentment against the inspectors in the performance of their duties and in some instances, had resorted to personal abuse and threats of political action. This would naturally establish some prejudice against returning volunteers. But what our fellows did not know, was the fact that such prejudice had vanished with the last consignment of returning State volunteers. The U. S. Volunteers seem to have been a more disciplined and better behaved lot, and those home ahead of us had behaved in a most exemplary manner.

However, to keep a good anchor to windward, the Regimental Quartermaster made arrangements for baggage inspection on the

landing wharf. With a detail of men, all the baggage was arranged neatly and in orderly rows on the wharf, and the owners, with trunk or locker keys and declaration in hand, stood ready, trunks, boxes and chests open when the Inspectors appeared.

Everything possible had been done to simplify and expedite inspections, which was at once apparent to the Customs officers and fully appreciated. They went to work with smiles and soon everything was over and no one held up for any import duty.

The regiment, minus Companies B and H, came ashore at the Presidio and formed in column of fours and presently was on its last march to camp at the Presidio.

The Quartermaster Department from the Presidio, represented by a long train of escort wagons for our baggage, regimental and personal, was on the scene at the close of the customs inspections and this train followed close at the rear of the regiment. At the camp, ranks were broken and the organizations assigned to quarters. The property to be turned in was assembled and invoices prepared and all made ready for the final muster-out from the service of the United States.

Major Prime sent in his last report:

Supplementary Report  
Presidio of San Francisco, California  
June 21st, 1901

The Adjutant General,  
U. S. Army.

Sir:

The Field Staff and Band, and Companies A, B, C, D, E, F, G, I, K, L and M embarked on the U.S.C.T. "Ohio" in Manila harbor on May 28th, 1901, and the undersigned assumed command of the Regiment, Colonel Thompson, Lieut.-Col. Beacom and Major Carey having been ordered to remain in the Philippines and Major Brown having been granted leave with permission to visit Japan.

The Regiment sailed for the United States on May 29th, and arrived in San Francisco Harbor at 11:30 P. M., June 20th, and disembarked and went into camp at the Presidio on the 21st.

During the voyage to the United States the records of the companies were examined by a board convened for that purpose.

Company H arrived on the transport "Aztec" on the 19th instant. Company B is still enroute.

Respectfully submitted,  
 (Signed) J. R. PRIME,  
 Major 42nd Infantry, U. S. Vols.,  
 Commanding

The foregoing organizations were mustered out June 27, 1901.  
 (Signed) KAUTZMAN.

On June 27, 1901, the 42nd Regiment of Infantry, U. S. Volunteers, (except Company B), assembled for the last time and company after company marched to the Paymaster's table and received their final statement and pay. Officers having money and property accountability, whose account currents had to be settled and cleared in Washington, had to await settlement at a future date. That was tough on your Regimental Quartermaster whose available cash was barely enough to buy his railroad tickets home to Cincinnati. It was a month or more before he received his check for his final pay, and mileage at four cents a mile from San Francisco to Cincinnati, although, by implied contract, he should have received a day's pay for every twenty miles of travel, as that was the law when he accepted his commission. And our dear Uncle Sam still owes him that difference, as he does to the other officers of the 42nd Infantry entering the service when he did.

A day or two before muster-out, the Regimental Quartermaster had tentatively arranged with the Union Pacific R. R. Company as the initial railroad line, to take three carloads of the 42nd Infantry as far east as St. Louis in Tourist Pullman cars—ninety-six men—two to a section—at a rate far below the soldier rate for individual passengers. A personal friend in the railroad passenger business from Cincinnati, Ohio, then in the San Francisco office of the Union Pacific, enabled him to obtain this rate. Ninety-six of our fellows agreed to travel that way, but failed to show up at a meeting where the tickets were to be delivered, and to this day ninety-four of those comrades have not explained why they left their Quartermaster in such a humiliating situation with his railroad friends. Some of these boys remained on the coast—some hadn't a cent left by traintime—and two that the ex-Quartermaster heard of (not from) hoboed their way to their eastern homes.

Almost forty years later that same ex-Quartermaster had another

prolonged spell of difficulties trying to keep the minds of many of those former comrades on the business of providing a suitable memorial of their service in the Philippine Insurrection.

One of the pleasant memories of our last days at Muster-out was a little outing that Captain Kautzman—now the honored President of the 42nd Infantry, U. S. V. Association—and your Historian had in San Francisco. It was the day before our departure for our home state, Ohio. We foregathered early and made our plans to “see the town.” After some illuminating street car rides we brought up at the entrance to the Golden Gate Park, and selected the best looking Victoria in sight and “chartered” the craft by the hour. (The automobile, as a popular passenger taxi, had not yet arrived.) Taking aboard a large five-pound box of black, luscious-looking California cherries (that proved as good as they looked), we navigated the placid driveways of the Golden Gate Park, admired the flowers, statues, monuments, buffaloes, elephants, an’everything, leaving no place that could be reached by Victoria in that park unexplored. When the drive was over we thought of a nice dinner somewhere, but discovered that we both were so full of big, black, luscious California cherries that there was no room for anything more. So that evening we boarded our Pullman and in due time came to the parting of the ways—Indianapolis—Captain Kautzman to the middle part of Ohio and Captain Herman to Cincinnati. Those two never met again in person until August, 1940, at Niagara Falls, N. Y., where they helped put on earth where all could see an enduring Memorial monument to

The 42nd Regiment of Infantry, United States Volunteers  
in the

Philippine Campaign of 1899 - 1900 - 1901

\* \* \* \*

Thirty-nine years and fifty days after the Last Round-Up in San Francisco, 107 of the survivors of our regiment, with wives and children, sisters, cousins and aunts, again assembled at Fort Niagara and dedicated, with fitting ceremonies, a memorial monument of granite and bronze, to commemorate the deeds, experiences and services so poorly and inadequately recorded herein.





## CHAPTER 17.

### *Camp-fire Stories*

#### SAVED FOR THE RE-UNION CAMP FIRES

It was a dark and stormy night and around the Camp Fire sat brigands large and brigands small . . . No, no, I mean Veterans large and Veterans small, and the Captain, turning to his trusty Lieutenant, said, "General Warfield tell us one of your famous stories." General Warfield did. He was not present, but his spirit was — also a letter, signed by him. It shows how heroes are (sometimes) made. Here's the story:

"On the morning of February 4, 1900, Company 'C,' as leading Company of Colonel Thompson's Morong expedition, was approaching the small Filipino village of Paete, Morong Province, with a platoon of a company as the advance party.

"The point, consisting of a Corporal with eight men under Lieutenant Warfield of Company 'C,' was out in front as they approached the edge of town. It was raining slightly. The Insurgents opened fire from the hills to the left, across a rice paddy. Upon the first volley the point scattered and got behind the causeway embankment on the right. Lieutenant Warfield in charge made a dash for the shelter of a large rock about the same time the Corporal did. The Corporal arrived first. The look in the Corporal's eyes and the expression on his face conveyed to the Lieutenant the idea that if he, the Lieutenant, knew of a "better ole" he should try and find it as the rock certainly would not shelter the two of them.

"The Lieutenant stood up, looked around, and as he did so, his point also came more or less to an upright position. Just then another volley came from the hills and the Lieutenant, seeing ahead the abutment of a bridge, ran forward waving his arm to signal that he was going to use one of these as a shelter. There was at this time considerable excitement and a few scattering shots had been fired in response to the Insurgent's volleys.

"The point, seeing the Lieutenant start forward waving his arm, followed him, and the advance guard of the Company seeing the point run forward, also followed. About the time the Lieutenant had reached his chosen point of safety it was impossible for him to stop

or he would have been run over by those following so he ran on into the town. The Insurgents in the town seeing the point come running into the street took to their heels and ran out the further end where they also took to the hills.

"Later, Lieutenant Warfield was called before the Regimental Commander and was complimented on his charge and the taking of the town, and you may be sure the Lieutenant never confided to anyone that what he was doing was seeking a place of safety and not charging the Insurgents. That is what actually happened on February 4, 1900, but that is not what is on the official records of the War Department, so you can very plainly see this was a case of mistaken bravery of a Lieutenant of Company 'C.'

"This may be of interest to some of the men who may remember that day of February 4, 1900, in the far-off Philippines when Company 'C' led the regiment against the Insurgents."

A. B. WARFIELD,

Brigadier General, Quartermaster Corps.

Washington, D. C.

February 9, 1940.

It was still dark and stormy and around the camp fire the Veterans large and Veterans small, continued to sit, and the Captain, turning to another trusty Lieutenant, said: "Colonel Herman, tell us one of your famous stories!" And Colonel Herman arose and said, "This is going to be one about a Padre, an iron box and the Morong Battalion (who must have had a nifty bunch of advertising agents).

"On March 8, 1900, I rode over from Pasig to TayTay to see how things were doing in the new barrack-construction line and if the boys needed any sox or shoes that hadn't been mentioned in Captain Riley's last few telegrams. I looked for the Padre, whom I suspected was in close cahoots with the Insurrectos and gave them much aid and comfort—or information. Now, the Padre sometimes spilled the beans and told me things that at times contained military information, without any intention of giving his native brothers away.

"I found the Padre coming around the ruins of the old church, where he stopped to look at a padlock on a door under a ruined stone stairway, the only closed space left in the church after the Utah Battery had ceased firing some months back. That padlock looked interesting to me, too, and I asked what was in the locked room, and was told that it contained altar furnishings. Knowing the Padre well and

for good reasons having already classified him as a disciple of Baron Munchausen second only to our Lieutenant Hackett, I suggested that I'd like to see how Philippine altar furnishings compared with ours at home. The Padre said he was so sorry but that he did not have the key for the padlock.

"Hailing a nearby soldier of the 42nd, I sent him to Captain Riley with my compliments and wouldn't he send me a stout hammer by bearer. The lad came back with an axe and broke the padlock for me. The Padre was edging away, so I took my revolver from the holster, fearing it might fall out in my excitement, and motioned for the Padre to 'Esperra una momento!'

"Inside that room was an iron box about 18 inches long and deep and maybe 15 inches wide, of good wrought iron—a real Spanish strong box. A stout padlock was on the box and the Padre said it contained church vestments and that he had no key for it with him. So the soldier and the axe did their duty once more. In passing I may truthfully say that the rest of the cubic space in that room held absolutely nothing. The Padre grew nervous and I sent the soldier for the Corporal of the Guard, who came and rode herd on the Padre while I examined the contents of the iron box. There were no altar furnishings, but there were 1200 good Mauser cartridges and a lot of papers, among them a muster roll of the Morong Battalion. The box and its contents were brought to our headquarters in Pasig next day, except the muster roll of the Insurgent battalion, which I put into my pocket and turned in at headquarters that evening, March 8th. Among the papers was a record of natives to whom rifles had been issued. There were 120 names without crosses before them.

"The Padre was turned over to Captain Riley with request to put him in 'ex-communicado' until he heard from the Regimental Commander.

"But somehow there was an unusual exodus of white coated Amigos from the surrounding villages that evening, as reported to me by Pablo Anorma, a native interpreter in my employ.

"That Spanish iron strong box was brought to the United States by me and carried along in my many moves with the Regular Army and was finally abandoned because of insufficient freight allowance at a northwestern post in a hurried call to the Mexican border in 1913.

"Colonel Thompson's final report contained this paragraph: 'On this date (March 9, 1900) Lieutenant Webster with twenty-six men

of Company I, and Lieutenant Kitts and twenty-five men of Company L, scouted easterly into the mountains, discovering the Insurgent Headquarters of the "Battalion de Morong" and destroying the buildings and supplies, captured 115 rifles, a quantity of ammunition, and released an American prisoner, Private James Murray of the 21st Infantry'."

The night was still dark and stormy and around the camp fire the Veterans large and Veterans small persisted in sitting, and the Captaining, turning to still another trusty Lieutenant, said, "Colonel Cary, tell us one of your famous stories!" As the Colonel was watching the sun set over at Southern Pines, North Carolina, at that time, Old Wheelhorse Younger spoke up and read extracts from a letter he just had received from Colonel Cary:

E. C. CARY  
SOUTHERN PINES  
NORTH CAROLINA

April 6, 1941.

My Dear Comrade Younger

" \* \* \* Going through an old trunk the other day, I came across the official Military seal of the Morong Battalion. This was found among the military equipment of said Battalion captured by Lieutenant Webster, Company I, 42nd Infantry, in command of a detachment of two officers and fifty men on a scouting expedition about fifteen miles northeast of the town of Morong.

"The detachment, while marching along a brushy trail, saw a Filipino coming towards them, turn and run into the woods. Lieutenant Webster and his command took up the double time and followed in the direction the man had taken, and shortly came to a Filipino Cuartel, which was the headquarters of the Battalion, capturing the small guard of one sergeant and four privates, and also an American soldier—I think his name was Reddy—who claimed he had been captured by them some six months before and had been a private in the 17th Infantry. Anyway his statement was checked and found O.K. His capture was of great value as he was able to take Webster to where the Filipinos had cached the arms and munitions of the Battalion, and which could never have been found without a guide, as they were in a deep cave concealed by heavy underbrush.

"My remembrance is that the entire capture consisted of some 350 rifles—100 Mausers in perfect condition brought in by him—250

of other makes destroyed on the ground (rifle stocks burnt and barrels bent, rendering them useless). Thousands of rounds of ammunition were destroyed. The Cuartel was burned

"All the official papers of the Battalion including muster rolls were taken.\* Many of the papers were marked with the official seal stamp. I am sending this seal under separate cover as I think it should be held among the archives of the 42nd Infantry.

"Personally, I think this was the most important work done by the Regiment—as a rifle was a more important capture than a soldier.

"Shortly after, the Major of the Battalion offered to come in and surrender if guaranteed safety—which was given and he was held on parole in Morong. His life was threatened by General Juan Cailles, a Filipino General. However, I kept a concealed guard over his house and he lived to be appointed the Governor of Morong Province, but on account of ill health, he could not accept. He was a fine man.

"Lieutenant Webster, since deceased, deserves the greatest credit for the highly efficient manner in which he handled the entire affair.

"Not a hostile shot or an American soldier killed in Morong Province while I was in command \* \* \* "

Yours cordially,  
E. C. CARY,  
Late Major, 42nd Infantry,  
3rd Battalion.

The hour being late and the keg empty, the brigands—no, no, not brigands—the old Vets—adjourned for the next session.

Another dark and stormy night was on and the janitor had the camp fire going strong when the Old Vets came in and sat around, the larger ones taking the best chairs, and the Captain, turning to his trusty Lieutenant, said, "Colonel Stopford, tell us one of your famous stories!" And the Colonel arose and said, "Fellows, I'm sorry I cannot tell you many of the famous stories I have somewhere up my sleeve, but I recall one period in our military career of pacification of Luzon that was brought to mind in Captain Kautzman's Recollections in the November, 1941, number of the Caraboa, concerning the administration of justice in the district around Taney. I was the Provost Court and Lieutenant White was the Judge Advocate and had prepared the charges against the Insurgent, Firman Raymona, a

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\*Papers captured by Lieutenant Webster were in addition to those found at TayTay by Captain Herman.

notorious character posing as a patriot but known as a thief and murderer—and a gang of the same stripe. They plead guilty and after hearing the evidence, Raymona was sentenced to two years in Bilibid Prison and fined one thousand pesos. Of the rest, one was given six months, and one four months in Bilibid and Fulhenco Guardo, who had tured state's evidence, was set free. This broke up one of the worst gangs of Ladrones in the district.

"There were many trials of lesser importance and plenty of work for that court, and the Court's decision along the lines of justice and mercy most favorably impresses the natives. Sessions of the court were public where all who desired might attend and give evidence, without far of personal reaction; an entirely new experience for these natives.

"The opening of the Court's sessions were always more or less dramatic and impressive and when the presiding officer walked in, unbuckled his belt and laid his six-shooter conveniently on the bench before him, the respect of the audience for that session was distinctly established. This will give you a mental picture of the Squire's Court in the Philippines in the Days of the Empire."

It was the same night, dark and stormy as usual, and around the camp fire still sat bandits—no, no, No!—the same old gang of Vets, large and small, and the Captain, turning to his trusty Lieutenant, said, "Colonel Herman, tell us another one of your famous stories!" And the Colonel arose and said:

"It was at the beginning of the rainy season, right after our Headquarters left Pasig for the palatial quarters of El Depósito, that a telegram came to me from Major Brown in Pasig, advising that the soldiers in a convent building had been soaked by the rain coming through the roof and that something should be done about it. I wondered why the acting Quartermaster at Pasig, Lieutenant Reiser, could not do something about it, but we had no telephones then and a telegraphic conversation took up too much time and I didn't want to see the lads drown. With the permission of the District Commander, I at once set out on horseback, accompanied by Sergeant Fuell, and rode down to Pasig pronto, finding Reiser asleep and Major Brown in a deep study of some new wrinkle in a new kind of soldier mess cup, that he was experimenting with. Before hunting up Reiser and the Major, I had looked over the local trouble. The soldier lads were mostly all at bunk fatigue in the ends of the barrack-like convent room under the roof, where the rain was pouring in merrily from

two shell holes, two or three feet in diameter, made by a shell from an American field battery before our arrival in the Islands. No one in Pasig had done anything about it before because when it rained no one could work at it and in the dry season it didn't bother anyone.

"Reiser was rudely awakened and asked what-in-h — — had become of the twelve heavy canvas paulins I had left with him when I moved my Q. M. stores to El Deposito? And he sleepily recollected that he had them in his storehouse. Reiser was dragged along to the Major's quarters, and after some not too amiable greetings, the terrible situation of the men in the convent was set forth by the Major. I then meekly suggested that if Lieutenant Reiser would get one of the large canvas paulins out of his storehouse and have somebody tie a brick or two to each corner, and have a detail lay that paulin over the ridge of the roof with the weighted ends below the shell holes, the problem would be solved, the barrack room dry and the 'boys' bunks could be moved back into place.

"That proposition so astounded both of these practical warriors that they looked long at each other, and the Major exploded in two directions—towards Reiser and himself. I had fervently hoped the Major would do some wholesome cussing but I was doomed to disappointment. I diplomatically excused myself, retiring to the quarters of a friendly guy of the 42nd, where I had several drinks and some chow and opportunity to relieve my feelings, expressing with gusto, what Major Brown would have been justified in using himself at himself—and Reiser. The rain was still coming down. As I left Pasig on my fifteen-mile ride to El Deposito, I looked back and saw Reiser and a swarm of men, placing the big paulin where it should have been placed before the rains began."



## CHAPTER 18.

*Incidents, Personal and Otherwise. El Deposito. A Chinese Cook. The Estada Major. Tansan Lemonade. Chinese Litter Bearers. Rice Paddies. The Feast of Ceres. The Lunetta. A Chinaman's Family Dinner. Boatmen's Strike. Cock Fighting. River Floods. The Whistling Tram. Midnight Mass.*

During the last two or three months before sailing back to our own United States, quite a few thing occurred that might be told by your Historian in the first person, as these things were mostly personal in character and not exactly regimental matters. Probably a lot of stories could be told by our fellows along similar lines and of greater interest, but our fellows forgot to do so. But these stories will convey to our descendents a bit more information concerning our lives "over there," give local color to the incidents described, and help complete the mental pictures of our Philippine service.



COMPANY "H" FEEDING THE HUNGRY CHILDREN—ANTIPOLO  
Privates John H. Hartman and Thomas Mackin



El Deposito, as has been heretofore stated, was the residence at one time, of the Spanish Military Officer and his staff assistants in charge of the water supply for the City of Manila, which was pumped and piped to that point from the pumping station on the Maraquina river. It was situated on high ground about 500 feet above the city on a knoll of soft stone, carved and hollowed out into chambers and corridors to approximately forty feet below the natural surface of the rock. This rock was soft below ground, easy to cut, but became reasonably hard on exposure to the air. When this stone was taken from below the surface, an ordinary ten-penny American wire nail could be driven into it to the head without bending. The carved-out rock was arranged into numerous chambers divided by the natural stone, and watertight doors of wood, heavily ironed, formed communications between the chambers, permitting water to be held in any chamber at will. This gave opportunity for the water to settle and also to regulate its pressure in the event of a conflagration in Manila, when the barriers could be opened. Conflagrations were of common occurrence, particularly in the Tondo District where some ten acres of bamboo and nipa dwellings of the poorer classes burned down at comparatively regular intervals.

The chambers of the reservoirs at El Deposito were supplied by smaller pipes from the intake pipes coming from the pumping station, and also had pipes to the large mains going cityward. Sometimes these small intake and outlet pipes failed to function and the chamber concerned would be drained. Then we in the building above, would have fresh fish, that had come through the pipes when very small and had grown to eatable size in the reservoir. The "trouble" which caused the water supply to cease functioning was then always found to be a fish caught in a pipe joint or elbow section, and when this was removed, fish were taken out that nature would be ashamed of because of the queer cylindrical forms they had grown into. These fish came into their trap very young, and grew there until they stopped the flow of water. They were usually still alive but blind, with only rudimentary eyes. Most of the larger fish found at liberty in the chambers were also blind with rudimentary eyes, as the water chambers were almost entirely dark. Each chamber had its own ventilator which came above ground in the inclosed yard of the reservoir, but these were for air only and carefully screened against insects and foreign substances.

Tanay, during the Kautzman Administration of that station, was a typical Philippine town, with the usual large stone church and convent, on the plaza, or public square. Stopping there on a business call one day, I was put up for the night in a room of the convent, facing the plaza. Captain Kautzman was a good host—but bone dry—and the chow was good and the night and town quiet and peaceful enough until the first streaks of dawn. After that, until the noise subsided long enough to give one a chance to think, I didn't know exactly what was up—out in that plaza.

Looking out of my window through the first rifts of the night fog, I saw that the plaza swarmed with Filipinos, Chinos and Cariboa. All were talking and yelling at the same time, in their respective tongues, the bull's language carrying a distinctly cross bellow, at being obliged to labor at such an ungodly hour. Presently I noticed a great log that looked like mahogany, weighing many tons, on the far side of the plaza, and also that each bull had his own chauffeur, and was attached by a long chain to the great log, which had been rounded in front like the runners of a sled.

At regular intervals all the drivers yelled, and the Cariboa strained at the chain and snorted and said “dam” in the Cariboa language, and then relaxed again for awhile. It dawned on me that the noisy outfit was trying to move that log, on its way to a sawmill or the coast, and were struggling hard to obtain concert of action. (Whenever I think of the 42nd Inf. Association trying to do something, I am reminded of that thirty-bull team in Tanay.) Finally after one hour and fifteen minutes by my own watch, a native who looked intelligent, stepped out from the crowd of onlookers, spoke to the drivers, who seized their goads and stood by to move in concert, and at a rhythmic command from the intelligent native, all whacked at their respective bulls at the same time, gave the same kind of yell, and the log started and was dragged out of the plaza and out of sight. Watching that outfit get going was almost as great a strain as getting the dough for the Memorial, forty years later.

\* \* \* \*

During our stay at El Deposito, the Headquarters Mess was, by force of circumstances, host to many officers of our regiment and other commands from distant stations enroute to Manila on official business or leave, and our kitchen was an important part of our household. We attempted to make it pleasant there for every guest

and had a soldier cook and helper on detail from one or more of the companies. That cook and helper failed us dismally on several occasions and investigation resulted in their return to their respective companies. As I was mess officer, it was up to me to find another cook and the mess decided to try a Chinese cook and houseboy.

Early the next day I sat in the grateful shade of a lumber pile on the Quartermaster's Wharf in Manila, waiting for the time of an appointment on another matter, when I observed a naval cutter coming into the Pasig, smartly rowed in by Chinese sailors, from the direction of two Chinese cruisers anchored in the bay. In the stern of the cutter, with a snappy looking Ensign, sat a Chinese gentleman, wearing a black skull cap and the red button of Chinese Quality.

The cutter slid to the wharf, oars tossed up smartly, and the Chinese gentleman made some farewell talk to the Ensign and the boat's crew, came straight up to where I sat, stopped, smiled broadly, and in excellent English, said "Captain, I know you are looking for a good Chinese cook!" The good English and the correct definition of what was then uppermost in my mind, surprised and stunned me for a moment and I looked him over. He was of medium height, pleasant of feature and most immaculately clean. Below the black cap he wore five or six thin silk coats of a Chinese pattern, each of a different color, and lavender-colored silk trousers, with spotless white sox and the customary padded black silk shoes with very thick white soles. He carried a fine suitcase of English leather and pattern.

I answered him, "Yes, I am looking for a Chinese cook, but how did you know that? And who are you?" He laughed pleasantly and said, "Well, sir, I did not know that, but assumed that if *you* did not need a cook you might be able to tell me of some American Officers' Mess that needed or wanted one." We talked a bit more and I agreed to employ him. He knew the wages that were conventionally paid by officers' messes (\$20.00 gold per month), and we arranged to meet a few hours later, to start for El Deposito in my spring wagon.

He was on hand at the appointed time, loaded up with purchases in the city, and on the way out he told me a very remarkable story about himself. He was a well educated person and spoke English and Spanish fluently in addition to his native tongue. He had

received his discharge that morning as cook for the Rear Admiral commanding the Chinese fleet of two cruisers, after four years' service.

He told of coming to San Francisco three years before the Chinese-Japanese war of 1894. He was then the youngest of a family of four brothers. His father was a Mandarin of considerable wealth. In San Francisco our Chinaman, Yun H'su (I am not sure about the name after forty-one years), attended a night school for cooks and stewards, where he also took a course in English, working at anything to be found, during the days. After graduating as a cook and steward, he obtained a job as a waiter in the Palace Hotel and while waiting upon a man who he had learned was a miner, was asked by him how he would like to go into Nevada and become the miner's cook. The wages offered were more than Yun earned in San Francisco and he went out to the mine.

This man was pleased with Yun's service and cooking, and a month later offered to make him a partner in the one man silver mine, the American doing the mining and Yun cooking and keeping house. For several years they worked hard, soon striking rich deposits. Yun had applied for U. S. Citizenship almost as soon as he arrived in San Francisco. He had accumulated a bank account of twenty thousand dollars, when he opened a San Francisco paper one morning and read where our Congress had passed the Chinese Exclusion Act. Within a month Yun would have had his final papers and American Citizenship. Going down to San Francisco, he went on a protracted spree and in a couple of weeks was down to his last dollar. He applied at a Chinese recruiting office and enlisted in the Chinese Navy. As a cook in the Ward-room mess, the fame of his cooking spread to the Admiral's cabin, and promotion to cook and steward to the Admiral followed.

On the day before I met him his period of service expired. To El Deposito he brought a Chinese boy and they soon had everything in fine ship-shape, and spotlessly clean, and, in person and dress, he and the boy were alike. It was a pleasure to enter their kitchen at any time. Yun was an excellent cook and an economical one, cutting our expenses of operation to a bit less than half. Yun asked if he might do the buying in the city as he could get better stuff for less money than I could, and still earn a commission from the wholesale merchants of his own race, and he was given that privilege, for by that time we all had the utmost confidence in his honesty.

No matter at what time of day or night an unexpected, transient guest came to the mess, Yun would be ready in an incredibly short time to administer to his needs.

I recall coming into the kitchen one mid-morning, and seeing a couple of chickens lying in the sink, feathered, asked what they were there for. Yun said he had just killed them and that they would be dressed and chilled for dinner that night. I must have shown a puzzled look about the "killing" part of his answer, and he showed me a small trickle of blood from the beaks of the fowls running into the drain. Then he expanded a bit and said "Captain, your people generally look upon the Chinaman as a barbarian and never credit him with humane feelings toward a dumb creature. Take these chickens for example—your soldier cook or your farmer at home would wring their necks or chop their heads off, and throw the bleeding bodies into a barrel; blood would be spattered about outside and inside the barrel as the fowls gave their last flutter. The clothing of the person killing the fowls in that crude and barbarous manner would also be spattered with blood. The humane Chinaman takes a small penknife with a very keen blade (showing me his), and lays the fowls gently down where you see them, and cuts a small artery under their tongue and they quietly and painlessly bleed to death. What do you think about that?"

Yun remained with us until we left camp at Wallace Field to embark for home. We got him a job with the Headquarters Mess of the 5th U. S. Cavalry and presented him with a fine gold watch. I learned a couple of years later that Yun had returned to China to claim his ancestral estate near Tientsin. Two brothers had been killed in the Chinese-Japanese war and the other brother had died from natural causes. Yun H'su and his black cap and the red button had come into their own.

\* \* \* \*

We had been having a lot of bad weather in the rainy season of 1900—much high wind and drenching rains. Out on the Big Rock at TayTay, Captain Riley's Company were in tents. At 3 o'clock in the morning of a very bad night, the telegraph operator at El Deposito awakened me with a message from Captain Riley. (Captain Riley had gained a nickname at headquarters because of his over-time use of the telegraph and was there known as Peter Telegram Riley, his middle initial being T.) The message was addressed to the Chief Quartermaster, Sixth District Department of

Northern Luzon, and read "All tents blown down by storm, what shall I do. Riley."

As it was quite obvious what anyone over ten years of age would do in such circumstances, and being somewhat grouchy at being called up at that hour for a message like that, I answered briefly, "Put them up again. Herman."

That made Peter pretty mad and he complained to Colonel Thompson who could not see the strength of his argument.

\* \* \* \*



OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE OF THE REGIMENTAL  
QUARTERMASTER IN THE ESTADO MAJOR, MANILA

In the Botanical Gardens in Manila stood a fine old residence with wonderful marble tiled baths and marble floors, and a general air of comfort. It was turned over to me as a District Office and Q. M. storehouse. Regimental Quartermaster Sergeant Robert Wolters was installed there, in charge of the office. I do not recall all of the detachment, but that good old File, Sergeant Heinrich Gangnuss, was one of them. Here we furnished cots for officers and soldiers who had to come to Manila on official business or for a day or so of leave or furlough. It was a nice place and greatly appreciated by those who had opportunity to enjoy its hospitality.

Alongside of this old residence, once the official home of the Mayor of Manila, was an old Spanish Barrack, occupied by a company of Coast Artillerymen.

My office force had often reported the losses of office shears, small mirrors, odd coins, watches (one silver, one Waterbury), and

other small things having a bright or glittering surface. A Filipino employee said that monkeys steal such things and hide them. There were lots of monkeys in the Botanical Gardens, so we tightened up a lot about leaving things lie around.

One afternoon I was trying to get a little sleep in the cool and darkened interior of our "dormitory." I had just come off a long ride to town and was real tired. A rifle shot sounded just outside of my window and I slid the shell sash open in time to see a Sergeant of the Coast Artillery quartered near us, lower his rifle and walk



Office of the Q.M. 42  
PORCH OF THE QUARTERMASTER OFFICE  
Gangnuss, Quartermaster Sergt. Wolters, Lt. Powers, Capt. Herman

toward the base of a palm tree, where he picked up a large monkey, quite dead. I went out to learn more about it and the Sergeant said that this particular monkey had been seen scurrying out of the barrack carrying off trinkets belonging to the men. He would scoot up a palm tree to the roof and then disappear.

A ladder was brought and the Sergeant went up on the roof, and in an angle, sheltered by another section of the roof, he found about a peck of loot. There were many small mirrors, a silver watch and an American Waterbury, several dollars worth of coin, mostly silver, combs, scissors, our missing office shears, and numerous other things, all of them having at one time some bright and shining surface. The more important of the items were returned to owners who could identify them; the Sergeant was awarded the hoard of coin, and the monk was buried. There were no more reports of petty theft while we remained there.

One day the monotony of life at El Deposito was broken and the Headquarters Guard were greatly excited by the arrival of six very handsome Filipino girls in colorful garments of Pina and Jusi cloth, who wanted to see Captain Herman, who introduced them to Colonel Thompson and Major McCaw. They spoke no English and our linguistic, Major McCaw, who really knew his Spanish, interpreted for the party.

Their mission was to deliver the thanks of their little community—a small village on the island of Talim, which juts southward into the Leguna de Bey—to Captain Herman and to bring some gifts—a Philippine flag with gilt embroidered stars made by these girls, and a dagger (a fine piece of steel from an American buggy spring), sharp and keen of point, with a hand-wrought brass handle. The thanks and gifts were in recognition of Captain Herman's valorous services in routing some Ladrones who had been in the act of robbing them and abducting one of their school teachers, a very handsome girl, who was one of the party present.



FILIPINO BELLES

of Captain Herman's service in the Philippines in the Days of the Empire.

It seems that Captain Herman and a couple of soldiers were landing on the lower end of Talim from a small launch, with rifles ready—which was a usual attitude in coming ashore anywhere—when the Ladrones saw them and hastily sought their banca and paddled away to safety from the opposite side of the island. There was no fight nor a single shot fired, and the Ladrones were not recognized as enemies as they looked like all the fishermen on Talim. Captain Herman was overwhelmed at the time with the gratitude of the natives, for his "timely" appearance; his mission to Talim was a search for some chickens and fresh eggs for the Headquarters Mess. That flag and dagger are still among the trophies



While Headquarters was at El Deposito, an East Indian came in one day and engaging Major McCaw in conversation, offered to sell a lot of orientally cut jewels that he carried about in a bandana handkerchief. The man looked very intelligent and spoke excellent English, and Major McCaw and I bought a quantity of his loot, including four diamonds, two very good (almost flawless), emeralds, thirty blue sapphires, some sapphires of other colors and two large topaz, all for \$200.00. I would not have joined this venture alone as I had no technical knowledge of precious stones, but our genial Major certainly had, and I had much confidence in his judgment and great store of knowledge—always a marvel to me.

These precious stones, to reach full value in America would have to be recut. The East Indian said he had brought them from Ceylon, Borneo and India, with many other precious stones, but had bad luck and was dead broke.

We divided the purchase as nearly as we could and considered it a good investment.

Later on in a time of financial stress, I sold one diamond that had been set into an 18-K gold ring, at an expense of \$5.50 for \$150.00. Eight blue sapphires brought \$80.00 in San Francisco some years later and the Topaz went to Major McCaw for \$100.00 at a time when I thought I needed it terribly bad. This pair of topaz, recut and mounted into a brooch by Starr Frost & Co., New York jewelers and lapidarists, for Major McCaw, was valued by that firm at \$600.00. I still have a diamond, several blue sapphires, an emerald worth at least \$100.00 and a few lesser stones.

\* \* \* \*

Banking in Manila at the Bank of Spain was a different matter than in the States. Book accounts were similar but the handling of money was unique. Paper currency was not used to a great extent and deposits and withdrawals on checking accounts were usually in silver coin, embracing Spanish silver, Mexican pesos and media pesos, and the silver coinage of the Philippine Public Civil Funds in dollars, half dollars and lesser fractional money. In front of the bank stood Army Dougherty wagons, spring wagons and bull carts that brought in and carried away in stout soft reed sacks, the money required or brought in by merchants and constructing quartermasters, contractors and others. Inside the bank, instead of Tellers' windows, was a long counter, behind which stood large scales and back of

them bins, like those for nails and bolts in American hardware stores, in which the money was dumped like grain after being weighed, each class of money and each denomination having its separate bin. Shovels were used in handling the coin which was never counted but weighed. So far as my accounts were concerned, the weight always coincided with the face value of the funds concerned. The clerks handling this money were all Chinese who seemed to be implicitly trusted.

The last thing of importance to me occurred when I was closing my accounts of Public Civil Funds after withdrawing what I thought was my balance with the Bank of Spain. There seemed to be a shortage of \$200.00 Public Civil Funds. My pay check had been sent home in anticipation of my final pay in San Francisco. Regimental Q. M. Sergeant Wolters and I spent a whole night rechecking my P. C. F. account current and always there was \$200.00 short. So the next day I sold a beautiful topaz to Major McCaw for \$100 (gold), and went to the office of the Public Civil Fund and settled my account and obtained my clearance. Then to the Bank of Spain where the Cashier and I were well acquainted, and I had bid him farewell, when he said, "Captain, do you know that you still have a balance of \$200.00 here?" I thrilled with the shock of that remark, and said "Yes, I will draw that balance now!" The finding of the \$200.00 was a tremendous relief to me, not only for the sake of the money involved but for the satisfaction of knowing that my accounts had been accurately kept. I had bought a new uniform a short time before and folded up and packed away an older one, in the pocket of which was my deposit slip, which in the excitement of packing for home and moving to Manila, and the parades and ceremonies of Wallace Field, I had forgotten to turn over to Q. M. Sergeant Wolters for entry on my P. C. F. account.

\* \* \* \*

As Quartermaster of the Sixth District, I became, among other things, responsible for the supplies to two gunboats, the supply and operation of six steam launches and some fifty cascos.

Arriving one morning in the Depot Quartermaster's office (where I had desk room), I learned that the launches and cascos were all tied up and nothing moving, and a strike on. The cause of the strike was a change—by order from higher authority—of the lubricating oils used in the engines of the launches.

Cocoanut oil had been used as lubricant before I took charge and, I continued its use without giving it a thought. Some high-pressure salesmanship worked on the Chief Quartermaster of the Division, on the theory that a lubricating oil produced by the Standard Oil Company was less expensive and less injurious to the engines and machinery, caused the order for the change.

Now, cocoanut oil, to the engine room crew and other native employees of the launches and cascos harboring the best looking women, was a lubricant, of course, but also a great domestic necessity and prime stuff for frying and cooking, and as oil for the lamps and for hair-do, and that, cut out of their daily calculations was a calamity. No steam launch or casco with any self respect could be operated without cocoanut oil.

Personally, I did not think it economical to change oils and the crews did not mind the smell of it when the engines grew hot. The engines in use were all old, badly worn, and should have been replaced. But I could not get them condemned. I told the launch crews that I would try to get the cocoanut oil back, and asked them to go to work, pending the result of my efforts.

But they refused to move a single launch and the cascos wobbled sleepily at their moorings. A trip to the office of the Division Quartermaster produced no results, so I appealed to General McArthur, then in command. He called in the Chief Quartermaster and a comparison of costs resulted. The difference in cost was so slight, and the communal benefits to the native employees so important, that the General laughed and suggested we restore the cocoanut oil and give each employee a ration of it for domestic purposes. This was highly satisfactory and the strike dissolved.

Cocoanut oil recalls the Copra industry of that time. The most of the cocoanuts came from the country bordering on the Laguna de Bey, where the nuts were gathered, skillfully cut open by the natives with bolos and the meat piled four and five feet high in piles 8 to 10 feet in diameter and allowed to "ripen" in the sun. It was a most smelly proposition. Then the oily meat was compressed and rolled in banana leaves in bundles or cubes of about ten pounds each, loaded in cascos, and brought to Manila to "refineries" where the oil was tried out and shipped as oil used in the manufacture of fine soaps, toilet creams and other cosmetics. Much of it was used for domestic purposes in the native households in lieu of lard and butter. It has long

been one of the outstanding industries of the Islands, second only to its hemp.

The nuts were floated down the little streams in "rafts"—a few hundred nuts huddled together with a ring of bamboo floating around them. Before we left the Islands several "refineries" in and near Manila on the Pasig River and its branches had begun to tow larger "rafts" across the Laguna and to take the meat out of the shells near the trying vats, and here the "copra" as the cocoanut meat is called, was sunned in a more sanitary manner but no less odorous. In the modernized refineries copra was being worked into its commercial products and exported in more marketable forms.

\* \* \* \*

The time spent in Camp Wallace gave many of our officers and men alike a long delayed opportunity to look about a bit in Manila and its surroundings, and an invitation was accepted to join a party for a trip around the shores of Manila Bay, taking in Cavite, where stood the ancient stone fortress of the Spaniards, with rows of old Spanish guns dismounted, lying on the parapet and still showing the rusting cannon balls in its mortared joints, sent there by Chinese pirates three hundred years before. We sailed down past the Quarantine Station at Mariveles (re-equipped and used as a disinfecting and quarantine station some years later) and around Corregidor and

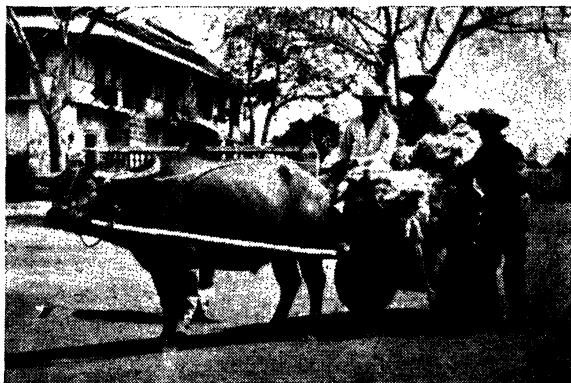


OLD SPANISH CANNON ON THE PARAPET OF CAVITE

its frowning walls and guns, and back by way of Cavite, over the graves of the Spanish fleet sunk by Admiral Dewey on May 1, 1898. The water was very clear and the hulks could be plainly seen resting

on the sandy and rocky bottom. They were small ships—not fair antagonists to the American Fleet. The “Olympia” could have whipped them all with one hand tied behind her back.

\* \* \* \*



A BULL-CART LOAD OF HEMP

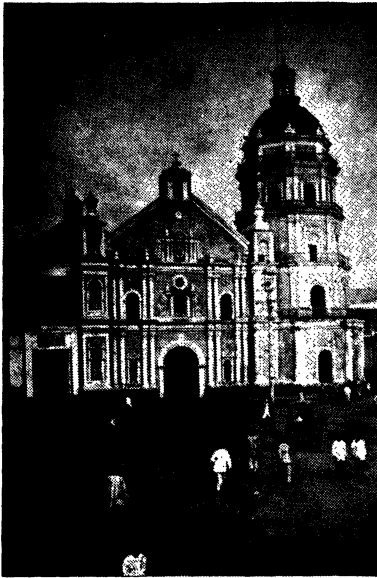
The English Hotel, on the Escolta in Manila, was an old-time institution, once noted for its good food. It was owned by a Spanish firm and served American and Spanish food, and was operated by a Frenchman. The piazza on the river side of the hotel was a particularly nice place for little dinner parties. In the Days of the Empire one could get a very good mid-day or evening meal with a large glass of Spanish wine for fifty cents. But the thing that made the English Hotel famous for Americans was its American bar. Coming in from the outer stations, hot, tired and thirsty, Americans entered its cool, restful shades and settled for a bit of heavenly relaxation. The floor was tiled and the ceilings high with plenty of punkas waving the air into pleasant commotion. One came up to a regulation American bar with mirrors, bottles, glassware and brass foot rail 'neverything, and behind it stood a typical American Barkeep, speaking real American and packing a smile that never came off. What that barkeep lad didn't know about American mixed drinks hadn't yet been thought of.

But the crowning glory of all hot weather and long thirst quenchers was one of his own invention, and it was surely good—so good that after 42 years I still have its concoction fresh in memory and in the fierce summer heat of Missouri, I always have one at

reasonable intervals. As a special favor to the survivors of the old 42nd Infantry who know what this is about, I will set down here the recipe:

Take one quart glass and put in a pint of shaved ice, plus the juice of two lemons; add three tablespoons of granulated sugar and nearly fill the glass with Chinese Tansan water, or a good brand of American mineral water, but shake it all up well. Add a round slice of lemon, one of orange, a generous piece of pineapple, one red and one green syrup-preserved cherry. Shake again, then add one-fourth inch of real Jamaica rum to float on top. Put in a couple of straws and hand it to the fortunate guest.

\* \* \* \*



BINANDO CHURCH  
Right Tower Destroyed in Earthquake

From the Quartermaster's wharf toward the Escolta, most persons passed through a street of Chinese shops in the Binondo section, nearly all open to the front, whose occupants lived in the rear parts with their families and ate and slept there. The shops were of a very mixed character; there were food stores and bakeries, clothing stores, shoe shops, wood workers and artisans in shell merchandise, iron, brass and copper, tin smiths and silversmiths whose work benches stood along the curbs and who worked half the night in the light of oil torches. From all these came an incessant chatter and smells and odors the American and European passer-by will never forget.

This short street was characteristic of similar streets our soldiers saw in San Francisco's Chinatown in 1899, and that your Historian has seen and smelled in Hong Kong, Shanghai and Peking, before Peking changed its name.

\* \* \* \*

Manila, in those days, was a depot for snakes for the circuses of the world. I have seen pythons, boa constrictors and many varieties

of the snake family, some 16 to 18 feet long, wound around bamboo poles, alive, with heads and tails firmly lashed to the poles, on sale in the Manila markets.

\* \* \* \*

Coming up the inlet from the Laguna to Morong one day in a banca I saw an Iguana (lizard) about five feet long, sunning himself on a sand spit, and took a shot at him with my revolver at about fifty feet. He must have been hit, for he came straight toward the banca, mouth opened wide, and hissing like a steam engine. My paddlers ceased paddling and as the reptile came near I sent four more shots into his mouth and he rolled over dead.

The firing brought out a crowd of natives and the Chinese keeper of a restaurant, who asked if he could have the Iguana. It seems that the flesh of the tail is edible, like that of an alligator, and the Chinaman dragged the reptile ashore.

That evening there was much feasting at the Chinaman's place of business, but I declined a portion of the stew.

\* \* \* \*

The Chinese coolies employed by the Army as "litter bearers" with the detachment of the 42nd Infantry under Col. Beacom in General Schwan's expedition into Southern Luzon, were a pretty good sort. I do not remember that they were ever used as litter bearers—they may have been—but they were willing and cheerful about carrying food supplies and ammunition, and behaved well under fire. And they often gave a hand at carrying the pack of some tired and footsore doughboy, exhausted during a weary march. They were very decent and courageous chaps. Several of these men were hit, but took it in their stride uncomplainingly.

\* \* \* \*

This story would not be complete without some mention of the favorite sport of the Filipinos, the cock-fights. Before we came, almost every town of any size had its cock-pit, where very fine birds were pitted against each other, fierce and well-conditioned. The fighting cocks were equipped with steel spurs, with razor-edged blades, strapped over the spurs provided by nature.

Considerable betting was indulged in at these fights and the natives wagered anything, and often everything they had on the outcome of a fight.

During the Spanish administration of the Island, cockfighting

was encouraged and licensed and provided considerable revenue for the towns where cockpits were operated. The cockpit was to those people at that time what the movie theater is to us today.

At Malabon, cockfighting was always well attended. I witnessed several such fights one evening at Malabon and it seemed to me a bloody and inhumane sport. Wherever our local military authorities suppressed it, however, such suppression proved a very unpopular measure. Our soldiers were not very thin-skinned about it and attended such fights whenever opportunity offered.

\* \* \* \*

Scurrying around a great deal between the stations of our companies there was ample opportunity for me to note agricultural activities of the natives, particularly in the Mariquina valley where much rice is grown. In the rainy season the rice paddies are prepared first by the construction or repair of the dykes or raised rims of earth and clay about the edges of the field, then by its plowing, which is done with a wooden plow fashioned like that of the Egyptians, five thousand years earlier. These plows (often with frames somewhat like our American plows) are comparatively frail affairs and are dragged through the thin oozy mud of the rice paddies by a cariboa. The earth is not turned as with us in plowing the rice paddies but rather is mixed and churned until it becomes a thick ooze. Then



PLOWING THE RICE PADDIES

after lying still a few days all the people of the village turn out for the planting of the green rice shoots, raised from seed rice in boxes. Rice planting is a communal affair and has a ceremonious aspect.



The young women and big girls, place themselves in line at one side of a field or paddy, the corners of the apron in the left hand and the rice shoots lying within. At every paddy being worked, two



PHILIPPINE TRACTOR, MODEL 1900—GRASS BURNER TYPE

or three young men with guitars and mandolin or fiddle, take post on the paddy rim. The other men of the community not at other work or with the Insurgents, find comfortable places and do the heavy resting. At a signal, the musicians sound off, something with a steady cadence, and the girls and young women step forward one pace, bend over and place the root end of the rice shoot into the mud, and in time with the music, straighten up, take another step forward, plant the next rice shoot, and so on until the paddy is completely filled. Then they move to another paddy and plant until all the area allotted to them has been planted.

After that there was not much to do but wash soldiers' clothes, trade eggs and bananas for "gold fish" to the Army, ride herd on the pigs and chickens, and gossip (and how!) . . . until the rice is grown.

A similar formation is made for harvesting the rice. The sickle moves in a rank, other women follow to garner the cut stalks and grain which is then carried in bundles on the head or on bull carts, to the threshing floors.

These floors, except in rare instances where wooden floors have been laid, were the bare earth trampled and beaten smooth shortly after the planting and covered with a roof of nipa thatch or bamboo poles, to allow the floor to become firm and dry.

When sufficient grain on the stalk was on the floors, it was

beaten with wooden flails to the sound and tempo of music after a method thousands of years old. When the rice was separated from the stalks and chaff, it was assembled and divided among the families of the community according to the number of persons in each.

Later (in early October), after the harvest of rice, hemp, tobacco or whatever the product of the soil was, came a celebration of the Feast of Ceres, their Goddess of Agriculture.

This feast began with Masses at the Churches, and in each community or several communities combined, according to the limits of the Church jurisdiction, there was a parade in each such territory, headed by the Priests and local bands of music, where brasses vied with bamboo instrument and whose drums were much in evidence. Women dressed in white, groups of children and men in various costumes, and very colorful, and young men marched in the parade carrying flags and religious banners and poles upon which Biblical symbols were carried, such as cocks, loaves, fishes, etc. At the termination of the parades, the natives gathered for feasts and native games. One feast (which I witnessed), began with the dawn and lasted well into the night.

\* \* \* \*

The old Lunetta is still in Manila doing business at the old stand, up to the time of the Japanese Invaders. The Constabulary



THE LUNETTA, 1900

Band or its successor, and occasional military bands still furnished music to the paraders, relaxing in their pleasure vehicles and enjoying the afternoon breezes from the Bay.

But the sea has retreated fully a quarter of a mile from the old Lunetta beaches and moved bayward. A new Lunetta has been built on the newly filled bay and the clip of pony hoof, the jingle of silver harness and the leathern creak of the Victorias were no longer heard. Instead came the quiet purr of the automobile engine and an occasional growl of gears as the chauffeur, drowsing at the wheel, caught his car before it rammed the car ahead. But the paving is better and the flower beds more gorgeous than in the Days of the Empire.

\* \* \* \*

Upon receiving orders to settle and close my money accounts as District Quartermaster, I called at the Manila office of a fine elderly Chinaman, whose name I do not remember, with whom I had had extensive dealings in lumber and building material in general and paid up the balances due him. He was the most honorable man engaged in business that I had ever known, abroad or at home, before or since that time. Always courteous and scrupulously honest as to amounts of money, quantity and quality of merchandise promised. He was equally dependable as to time of deliveries and kept all agreements to the letter.

When our business was settled and closed, he extended to me the signal honor of an invitation to dine with his family at his home, which I gladly accepted. I had never seen this Chinese home or entered a Chinese home of a person of quality and in order to be sure that I would be able to locate the place in a part of Manila with which I was unfamiliar, I drove past it the following day and found it to be a very beautiful house of Chinese architecture, set into the middle of a lovely park, gorgeous with flowers and tropical plants and shrubbery, equal in area to a city block, with a fine graveled drive leading under a porte-cochere.

On the appointed evening, I donned the best white uniform I had and drove to the Chinese home in all the state, pomp and circumstance I could muster.

At El Deposito we were caring for a number of very fine ponies and stylish harness and carriages that were the property of prominent Filipinos who were with the Insurgent forces, and a detachment of Filipinos, young stable boys, kept this transportation cleaned up and polished, so as to be available for high ranking civil and military officials in Manila on call.

Most of the vehicles were the comfortable Victorias, one of which I selected with the two best ponies and harness in the collection—and a driver and footman who had liveries. (For general officers and ranking civilians, four ponies were turned out as a team.) Arriving at my old friend's home, I was received by him, dressed entirely in black silk, with white stockings and padded shoes and the black cap and red button of the Mandarin.

Three Chinese ladies—his wife and two daughters—stood beside him, to whom I was introduced. The three ladies were beautifully gowned in gorgeously colored embroidered garments, all three alike. They seemed to be of the same age, perhaps 21 years—until the mother spoke, when a difference was noticeable.

Our conversation was in Spanish, except as to the mother of the girls, who apparently spoke only Chinese.

The dinner was beautifully served in the European fashion on splendid china and silver. Fine linen cloth covered the table. There was a profusion of flowers and all illuminated by many candles. Silent, soft footed young Chinese men served the many courses, not one of which was familiar to me except the thin shelled gummy pele nuts after the dessert. Every dish presented looked nice and tasted nice. Except for some ingredients, all were strange to me. Several wines were served.

The mother spoke little but the Mandarin and his two sprightly daughters did a lot of it, the girls chattering plenty, sometimes in Chinese, mostly in Spanish, when I was in on the talk. A most pleasant evening was spent and it was late when we arose from the table. I had intended to leave at that time because of the lateness of the hour, when one of the girls asked a question of the other, concerning me in the German language, which I answered in person, also in German. Whereupon both laughed heartily and talked to me in excellent American English, and I prolonged my visit to swap recollections of the good old U. S. A. Both these girls were graduates of Smith College at North Hampton, Massachusetts.

\* \* \* \*

The ex-company quartermaster sergeants and mess sergeants of the Forty-second Foot ought to have vivid recollections of the Quiapo and Tondo markets. Besides python snakes on poles, you could buy live monkeys and parakeets there—likewise live frogs whose legs were edible and queer repulsive looking snails and wiggly things between the garden variety of fat worms and baby eels; also grass-

hopper legs by the pint or quart measure, hard dried ducks and flattened and dried baby chicks, jerked monkey meat and dried puppy chops and wierd looking vegetables, very strange to us. Also rump roasts of cariboa too old for the bull cart service. "Them was the days!"

And do you all remember how, after a rainfall, the native women would go along the hedges or bushes with a stick and string on the end of which was—not a hook—but a piece of red flannel that the frogs would jump for and hold on to, until released and put in baskets enroute to the family pot?

\* \* \* \*

Major Brown was to make an inspection at Tanay, and I had business of supply at that station at the same time, so we rode together, without orderlies. On the way back to Pasig, we rode past some brush and timber and were fired on by an Insurgent patrol of ten or twelve men who did not see us until we were nearly opposite them, not over 100 yards away. We spurred away, down the road, and they came out to the road and continued shooting. About 500 yards from where we were fired on, we came to a small creek that was spanned by two smooth looking white oak logs about 6x6 inches flattened on the upper side, but not a bridge for a horse to take on a run. I was a length or two ahead of the Major's fat horse that was not fast, and I took the bridge and creek (about 12 feet), in a long jump. From the opposite bank I saw that the Major's horse had refused the jump and the Major was dismounting to lead across. The patrol was coming behind at a run. I rode back to the edge of the stream and carefully emptied my long Colt at the oncoming patrol which promptly scattered to the roadside and slowed up. The Major was then over the log bridge and mounting and we rode on, quickly leaving the Insurgents behind.

Major Brown was in the Adjutant-General's Office in Washington one day in the summer of 1901, when the papers of a lot of volunteer officers who had passed the required examination for commissions was under consideration, and the papers in my case came to hand. Some friend of Major Brown sounded off with "Major, do you know this chap Herman of your volunteer regiment?" The Major admitted the knowledge and asked why. "Well, he's had cavalry service—do you think he'd fit in the Cavalry?" "Sure," said

Major Brown, "he looked like a cavalryman to me!" And he told the story of the oak-log bridge. And that's how I joined the cavalry!

\* \* \* \*

But I was a web-footed doughboy one afternoon in the rainy season, near the lower Pasig ferry. Coming up from Manila, I found the Pasig so swollen from the heavy rains that the ferry had gone out of commission, so I "chartered" a banca and native paddler, at the stupendous cost of two pesetas.

Leaving the spring wagon and horses and driver on the side of the river opposite Pasig, I lashed my money bags filled with silver and fractional currency (it was payday for teamsters and packers), to the thwarts of the banca, took off all my clothes except a pair of shorts and my belt and revolver, rolled them in a bundle and tied them also to the banca and we embarked on our perilous crossing.

The Pasig was running backward toward the Laguna like a millrace, instead of the usual dignified flow toward Manila and the Bay, as the Mariquina was roaring out in spouting wrath.

In mid-stream, we were caught in an eddy and one arm of the out-rigger was broken. The banquero quickly tied it up with some small rope but we kept on spinning downstream, which was upstream toward the Laguna for the time being. In the excitement the banquero lost his paddle, and we were in a helluva fix. The current



THE BANCA

pulled us over toward Pateros through which the Pateros river runs with plenty of water in the rainy season only, and another banca with two paddlers came out and got us ashore. Our banca, by that

time, was flush to the gunwales with water, clothes and money bags soaked. I had kept on my belt and revolver, first removing a lot of cartridges from the belt, which were put into my clothing bundle.



THE LOWER FERRY—PASIG.

After landing at Pateros, about a mile from Pasig, towards the Laguna, I arranged with our rescuers to paddle me back to Pasig. Their price was two pesetos (20 cents, U. S. currency), and when I gave each a media peso Mexicano (worth 25 cents, U. S.), and told them each would receive another media peso when they delivered me and my freight at the door of our headquarters, their faces took on a determined look that assured me they would paddle to Hong Kong if I said so, and their "Si, Senor!" was very convincing. It was tough paddling against that current and we had to edge along the shore away from the full force of the current, and the natives of Pasig were treated to the startling sight of a white man dressed in a revolver and shorts, herding two Filipinos, bending under four heavy money bags, through the last daylight toward headquarters.

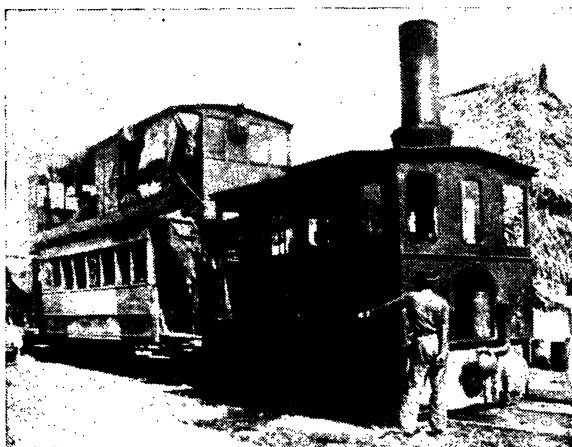
The Pasig, on that occasion, was the only river I ever saw that ran in two directions at the same time; unable to carry all the waters of the Mariquina at flood, towards the Bay, it poured its flood partly into the Laguna.

\* \* \* \*

On the Pasig-Malabon road near Caloocan one morning, our little spring-wagon loaded with a lot of useful things for Colonel Beacom's private mess, we came upon an escort wagon loaded with

stone, with four mules driven by a colored soldier of one of our colored Infantry regiments, either the 24th (Regular), or the 48th (Volunteer). We were making ready to pass the team, when, with a wild shriek of its infernal whistle, the tram, consisting of an engine and a passenger car, operating between Manila and Malabon, roared and rushed past us towards Malabon, frightening the team of mules, who reared and tore off toward the side of the road, ditching the heavily loaded wagon and throwing the driver under the front wheels.

Standing up in my wagon, I emptied all five chambers of my Colt .45 into the cab of the engine, shooting out a window or two,



THE MANILA-MALABON TRAM

but unfortunately not hitting the engineer, a grinning Filipino, who speeded on up the line.

My own team was very unsteady at the time, which deranged my aim to my everlasting regret. I think Dan Musselman was driving my spring-wagon that day.

We pulled our team down and went to the soldier's assistance. The mules had stopped. We unhitched them and used the wagon tongue as a lever to lift a wheel off the soldier's legs. When we laid him on the bank it was seen that both legs were broken four inches below the knees and the feet hung at right angles to the legs, held by muscles and skin.

The man's trousers were promptly cut off, and the edges of the wounds where the bones had protruded through the skin were



washed with iodine that I always carried in an emergency kit on the spring wagon, and I set the bones as best I could.

As we removed the injured man from the ditch, a native came up dragging a large bamboo pole that he had intended using as a corner post for a nipa shack. He also had a bolo, so I pressed him and the pole and bolo into service to make a couple of long splints. The bamboo, split lengthwise, made ideal splints, reaching from ankle to armpit. My driver and I each gave up a brand new muslin shirt just bought, coming up through Manila from the Depot Quartermaster, for use as bandages. For padding we found some nice soft withered grass.

Loading the injured man into my spring-wagon, we delivered him to Major Reno of the Medical Corps at the Caloocan hospital, who after looking at our first aid work, decided that the patient had been well taken care of for the time being. That colored soldier came out to Pasig some eight weeks later, traveling under his own steam, to thank me for the service I had rendered him.

Returning to Manila next day I reported the matter to the Adjutant-General at Division Headquarters, and learned a few days later that the native engineer had been discharged from his job.

\* \* \* \*

Lieutenant McAndrews was a devout Catholic and wanted to



THE CATHEDRAL IN THE WALLED CITY

attend the Midnight Mass at the Cathedral in the walled city either on Christmas Eve or New Year's Eve—I have forgotten which date it was—of 1900. He asked me to come along, and I went as a matter

of curiosity, although I often attended ordinary masses in the States, accompanying my wife. We used the sacred wagon and arrived as the bells tolled the midnight hour.

Within, the church was well illuminated with many candles and the worshippers came in great numbers, filling the great church. It was an inspiring sight, quiet and orderly. The church glittered with reflected light from the tinsel on the numerous images. There was a choir but no organ music, and the chanting of the numerous Priests and the responses of the congregation was impressive. There were no seats or pews, and all knelt on the marble tiles. The odor of incense pervaded the body of the church. I believe there were at least 1500 persons in the church, most of them women. There was a liberal sprinkling of officers of our Army. McAndrews was greatly pleased at having come, as he understood what was going on, but of that I had but a general idea.



## CHAPTER 19.

*The Water Cure. Alleged Tortures of Natives by American Soldiers. The Massacre at Balangiga. Captain Lang's Story of Native Cruelties.*

There was once a great ado in the United States immediately following the Filipino Insurrection because of the stories of torture of natives to extract information of a military character, and some of the good people over in the United States inside and outside of Congress sounded off "somethin' dredful" about the water cure and other species of torture without taking the trouble to hear both sides of the stories or to give the Army a chance to be heard.

The 42nd Infantry was never charged with torturing a native that I can remember and if any authenticated incident of that kind occurred there were ninety-nine chances out of a hundred that I would have learned about it.

And I want to assure the readers that Colonel Thompson or Colonel Beacom would have made it mighty hard going for any officer undertaking to practice the water cure or any other form of torture, upon a native.

As intimated above, there are two sides to every story and often more.

The Tagalogs of Luzon who were arrayed against us, were mild mannered, and preferred peace, differing a lot from the more savage and war-loving inhabitants of the islands lying farther South, whose blood was intermingled, more or less, with the Morros of the Mohammedan faith and who were influenced by those tribesmen.

We in Luzon, had not the problems that beset our Army nearer to the Equator. While we had plenty of treachery and cruelty to contend with, our efforts to establish peace and confidence in American Government, and a better civilization, and to carry on with mercy and tolerance, fell upon more fruitful soil. But we who took up the sword to promote these blessings, never knew from sun to sun, when native treachery and ignorance would be turned against us.

Your Historian does not recall any particular harsh measures directed against our native enemies other than such as would be

used between civilized nations at that time. That there were instances of "torture" used by our forces seems to be a fact, but justified by the circumstances surrounding each case.

Some extracts from Captain William Thaddeus Sexton's book "Soldiers in the Sun," are enlightening. His version of the alleged tortures practiced by our Army and the story of the massacre of American soldiers at Balangiga, while no part of the history of our own regiment, is told here, as its details were not generally known in the United States for a long time, or to many members of our regiment.

#### FROM "SOLDIERS IN THE SUN"

"Much has been written and said about the many 'cruelties' practiced by American soldiers on Filipino natives. In 1902 the Senate Committee on the Philippines, investigating the conduct of the Army, found plenty of witnesses who had seen what were termed atrocious practices.

"In defense of the soldiers, who were later pilloried for alleged cruel treatment of Filipino natives, it should be borne in mind that the situation had developed into a case of dog eat dog. The Insurgents possessed rifles which were hidden. As long as these weapons were in hostile hands, they represented a potential threat to lives of American soldiers. The Americans did not torture natives for sport. It was a matter of self-defense. In view of the type of warfare or mass assassination which the Insurgents were conducting, anything was considered fair.

"The so-called tortures were invariably used only to force natives to divulge the hiding place of arms or the hiding places of Insurgent bands. And as the casualty list was constantly mounting under the methods employed by the Insurgents, a tolerant view would indicate that under the circumstances the end justified the means.

"The most common torture used by the American soldiers was the so-called 'water cure.' This treatment consisted of laying a native flat on his back, his mouth pried open with a stick, bayonet or even a cartridge case. Large quantities of water, sometimes salty, sometimes dirty, were then poured down the victim's throat until his stomach became distended. When the stomach became so filled that no more water could enter, someone sat or stood on the victim's stomach until the water was disgorged, and the process was repeated. Never having received the treatment, the writer cannot adequately

describe the sensations of the victim. That they were painful is indicated by the fact that one native flattened out a brass cartridge case, attempting to close his mouth while water was being poured in. Apparently the water cure was efficacious, however, for the American troops employed, it to a great extent.

"The so-called 'rope cure' which appears to have been used rarely, consisted in wrapping rope around the victim's neck and torso two or three times until it formed a sort of girdle. A stick was then placed between the ropes and twisted until a combination of smothering and garroting effect was created. Sometimes the treatment consisted simply in giving an Insurgent a good 'beating up.' This method was not particularly effective. One soldier who was an ex-policeman on a large city force testified before the Senate Committees that he had never seen anything in the Philippines which would compare with the 'third degree' methods used by American police departments in dealing with criminals.

"The 9th Cavalry (colored), used a rather unique and harmless method. A native whom it was desired to 'interrogate' was taken into a semi-dark room and securely bound. Then a huge black, dressed only in a loin cloth and carrying a cavalry sabre, entered and danced around the victim, making threatening gesticulations with the sabre. To an ignorant Filipino he undoubtedly looked like the devil incarnate. Quite often the method made the victim talk.

"Other methods were unquestionably used. As a rule, a medical officer was present to prevent vital injury.\*

"The 9th U. S. Infantry had but recently returned from the China expedition. It had performed signal service there; had taken part in the capture of Tientsin, and had been among the first to rush the walls of the Imperial City at Peking. With the cessation of the Boxer activities in China, it had returned to the Philippines and had been scattered in small garrisons throughout the Islands. On August 11, 1901, Company C had been sent to Samar and had occupied without opposition, the small coastal village of Balangiga. The officials of the town professed friendship for the Americans. The company, whose strength consisted of seventy-four men, was housed in the public buildings. The company commander, Captain

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\*Historian's note: The story concerning the 9th Cavalry is not believed to have a single grain of truth in it. After eighteen years of service with colored troops of our regular Army, he has learned to know them. Their pride and dignity would not permit such antics.

Thomas W. O'Connell, was a West Point graduate in the class of 1894. Lieutenant E. C. Bumpus, second in command, had served throughout the Insurrection in Luzon and had accompanied the regiment to China. Major Richard S. Griswold, attached to the company as surgeon, had seen service throughout the Insurrection. The company itself consisted mainly of veterans; a few had gone through the campaign in Cuba—many through the Insurrection in Luzon, and all through the Boxer campaign. One man had been a member of the crew of the Olympia during the battle of Manila Bay.

"It was known that the die-hard leader, Vincente Lucban, was active throughout the Island of Samar, but since he had confined his activities to the regimentation of the hapless natives in the interior of the Island, or the attack of small patrols of American troops, no particular trouble was expected from him.

"Established comfortably in Balangiga, Captain O'Connell set out to clean up the town. He directed the local Presidente to assemble the citizens and put them to work sweeping up the years'-old accumulation of rubbish and trash scattered throughout the streets and clearing the underbrush which had been permitted to grow unrestricted under houses and in the streets. In response to a complaint from the Presidente that he was unable to get the people to volunteer for work, the company canvassed the town and forced some one hundred able-bodied men to work under guard. A short time later, the town Presidente and the chief of police suggested that since several natives in the hills close to the town were supposed to work out their taxes, that it would be a good idea to assemble them in Balangiga to assist in the work. O'Connell assented and a couple of days later, eighty natives were brought in and lodged in conical tents in the vicinity of the soldier's barracks. As was later determined, these men were picked bolomen from the guerrilla force of General Lucban.

"In the evening of September 27, 1901, Lieutenant Bumpus with a detail of men, returned from the town of Basey, some twenty miles away, with the company mail. Basey was just across the narrow Sanjuanica Straits from the larger town of Tacloban on the Island of Leyte. With Tacloban it contained a fairly large garrison. Company C of the 9th Infantry had received no mail for four months and the men were overjoyed at the large sack which Lieutenant Bumpus brought back with him. Also, they learned for the first

time of the assassination of President McKinley, some three weeks previous.

"By 6:30 the following morning, the company was up and about, the men anxious to read their mail. The native workmen were lining up near the barracks under the supervision of the civilian chief of police. On guard were three sentries. The remainder of the company was at breakfast at an outdoor kitchen about thirty yards from the barracks. The only time that the soldiers were permitted to move out of their barracks without a loaded rifle was while actually messing.

"While everything was apparently quiet and according to routine, the native chief of police walked up to one of the sentries and without warning snatched the rifle from his hands and felled him with the butt. Immediately the bells in the town church rang, conch shells blew from the hills, and the entire male populace of Balangiga, assisted by the bolomen from Lucban's force, rushed Company C.

"The few survivors of this massacre were able to give vivid details of what actually happened. The three sentries armed with rifles were dispatched in the twinkling of an eye. A native group hidden in the town church rushed the officers' quarters, which were in the convent across the street from the barracks. Captain O'Connell, caught in his pajamas, jumped from the second story window of his room, started to cross to the barracks, was beset by twenty to thirty bolomen, and hacked to death.

"Lieutenant Bumpus was surprised sitting in a chair in his room, his mail in his lap; a bolo cut on the bridge of the nose severed the entire front part of his head. He was found in this position by the survivors. The surgeon, Major Griswold, was overwhelmed and stabbed to death without having a Chinaman's chance.

"Across the street the majority of the company were seated at the mess tables and most of them were killed before they could get on their feet. The First Sergeant was caught in the act of washing his mess kit and had his head split in two by a blow from an axe. One Sergeant's head was completely severed from his body and fell in his plate. In his hands were grasped a knife and a fork. The company cook, one of the few survivors, had fortunately a few weapons at his disposal. He threw a pot of boiling coffee at the first group of natives who rushed him and then held them off by hurling all the canned goods he could reach. When these were

exhausted, he grabbed a meat cleaver and fought his way to the barracks where the rifles were located.

"The few men who had gained their feet and survived the first onslaught grabbed any weapon they could lay their hands on and tried to reach the barracks—picks, shovels, baseball bats, clubs, a bolo wrenched from a native's hand. Three men mounted a rock pile and defended themselves with rocks. Sergeant George F. Markley, a man of herculean proportions, though he was wounded, managed to reach the barracks by swinging his arms like a flail and kicking natives in the stomach. He obtained a rifle and began pumping Krag-Jorgenson bullets into the natives surrounding him. One soldier reached the barracks, but was grabbed by three natives who threw him down under a shower of bolo cuts. His arm reaching out in a last effort, touched a pistol thrown on the floor in the melee, and he was able to save his life by shooting his assailants.

"Hopelessly outnumbered, the Americans were butchered like hogs. American brains and entrails strewn the plaza and barracks. A few who sought flight in the water nearby were hunted down in boats and bled to death.

"Fifteen minutes after the attack started, all but five of the seventy-four men of the company had either been killed or wounded. Of those wounded, twelve were able to be on their feet, and under the protection of Sergeant Markley's fire had managed to unite and gain possession of rifles. This small group, despite the disparity in numbers, firing their rifles until they became too hot to hold, were finally able to drive the bolomen away from the immediate vicinity of the barracks.

"A quick check indicated that the small group could not expect to hold the town. So a decision was made to escape by boat to the nearest American garrison. Under fire from the natives who had retired to a respectful distance, the senior survivor, Sergeant Bentron, loaded the group on five barotas which were found in the vicinity, and started towards Basey. The dead, fifty-six rifles, and several thousand rounds of ammunition were left at Balangiga. Before leaving, at the cost of two more casualties, the survivors hauled down the American flag which flew over the city hall, and took it with them.

"The trip of the survivors to Basey was nearly as harrowing as the massacre itself. The barotas, small, narrow, canoe-like craft, whose equilibrium was maintained by outriggers, could be rowed



only at a snail's pace. A short distance out, one barota containing four men, filled up with water and slowly drifted back to shore. There two wounded men were boloed to death. The other two, by running for their lives and then hiding, finally managed to find another boat and put to sea where they were picked up the following day by a steamer.

"Another boat containing two men floated away from the rest and drifted into shore where its occupants were butchered to death. The other three boats contained enough unhurt men to row, and gradually worked their way along the coast toward Basey. At noon the water supply became exhausted and drinking salt water only increased the suffering of the wounded. Boats put out from shore containing natives armed with spears and bolos. They intended to board the barotas but were held off only by the rifle fire of the few who were able to shoot. Several attempts to land were prevented by the appearance of large numbers of natives on the shore armed with spears and a few rifles. A school of sharks, attracted by the blood dripping from the boats, followed the beleaguered fleet. With only one man able to talk, the survivors reached Basey at 3:30 the following morning. Of the twenty-six survivors, twenty-two were wounded. Two had died enroute.

"Company G of the 9th Infantry, under Captain Edwin V. Bookmiller, was stationed at Basey. Bookmiller obtained the services of the steamer 'Pittsburg,' which was at Tacloban, and with fifty-five men of his company, immediately proceeded to Balangiga, arriving there at noon the same day. The Insurgents were driven from the town without difficulty, but the sight which met Bookmiller's eyes was not pretty to see. The barracks were on fire, consuming the bodies of the American soldiers there. Other bodies had been thrown down a well. The body of a Sergeant and the company dog were found in the kitchen covered with flour. The eyes of the dog had been gouged out and replaced by stones. The body of Lieutenant Bumpus was found with his eyes gouged out and his face smeared with jam to attract ants. The bodies of American soldiers not burned in the barrack's fire were denuded of clothes and mutilated in one way or another.

Captain Bookmiller buried the bodies of the three officers and twenty-nine enlisted men in the plaza, burned the town and returned to Basey. Yet, surprised though they were, the Americans had sold

their lives dearly. Some 250 Filipinos had been killed in the massacre.

Company C's score was as follows:

Killed during the massacre .....	36
Wounded, died later .....	8
Wounded .....	22
Missing .....	4
Not wounded .....	4
<hr/>	
Total present during massacre .....	74"
* * * *	

There were many other instances of treachery on the part of the natives on other Islands, between the beginning of the Insurrection and its end, many after the surrender of Aguinaldo.

To a further understanding of the reasons for torture of occasional Filipino enemies, there is the story of one of our own officers, Captain Louis Lang, Adjutant of the 42nd Infantry until appointed Collector of Customs in Manila. Captain Lang remained in Manila after the regiment left, in a civil capacity, and while on leave in the United States gave an interview to the Buffalo (N. Y.) Express, on July 1, 1902, in connection with the talk about American atrocities rolling about the United States. The newspaper interview follows, with its headlines:

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### **LANG TELLS OF TORTURE**

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**Recites Atrocities Committed on Our Soldiers by Filipino Traitors**

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### **Like Indians in Cruelty**

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**Former Captain Says Americans Were Slow to Retaliate With the Water Cure**

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Captain Louis Lang, who was in the Philippines with the 42nd Infantry and after it was mustered out and became civil officer in the islands, arrived in Buffalo yesterday. He is on leave until August 15th, when he must report in San Francisco to return to the Philippines. He talked interestingly yesterday of the situation there and, incidentally, some of his revelations of Filipino methods of warfare are bloodcurdling.

"It was the best thing that ever happened for the Filipinos to have the United States undertake to establish free and stable government in the islands," said Captain Lang. "There has been steady progress and a spread of liberty and freedom that were unknown in that part of the world. The Americans, soldiers and civilians, are doing excellent work. The Filipinos themselves appreciate it and their spirit toward Americans is changing steadily."

"How about the tales of torture?"

"Let me tell you a few tales of torture that have not been made public in this country

generally," said Captain Lang. "They are tales of outrageous cruelty, of barbarous inhumanity, of savage brutality. They were the deeds of soldiers, of Filipino soldiers, and were inflicted on Americans. Take the massacre of Company C, 9th Infantry, at Balingiga in Samar, on September 28, 1901. I could give you a score of tales of treachery toward them by Filipino fighters. Do you know that American officers and men were taken by these Filipinos and while still alive were disemboweled, ripped open with rough knives or half-sharpened instruments? Do Americans know that the Filipinos after treating our officers and men in this manner, pried open their jaws and thrust down their throats the very contents of their own disemboweled bodies?

"It is not known here that American soldiers found their comrades and their commanders, who last were seen with Filipinos who vowed their friendship, lying slit open from chest to groin, the traitors using rough instruments to aid them in the awful atrocities. These things were done again and again before any American soldiers ever resorted to desperate tactics, now denounced, to put a stop to such treachery and savagery. These are facts. They seem not to have been sent abroad in this country. Instead, there have been stories of the alleged water cure, of American soldiers in whatever they may have been accused of doing.

"Americans would do well to learn of what the Filipino foes have done. The men of the Ninth Infantry can tell. They remember the massacre of Balangiga, when the padre and the presidente gathered the foe by night in the church and fell on a company of the Ninth, when they were at breakfast, and killed and tortured our men. Talk of torture! It is a pity that the full details of the revolting, horrifying torture of Americans by Filipinos cannot be given even a part of the publicity that has attended the efforts of those who seem determined to smirch our soldiers, regardless of the circumstances and full facts. The details of these Filipino torturings of Americans are too revolting for print."



## CHAPTER 20.

*Muster-out Rolls and Company Records.*

### REGIMENTAL ROSTER

42nd Regiment Infantry, U. S. Volunteers

1899 - 1901

AS TAKEN FROM THE  
MUSTER-OUT ROLL  
OF THE REGIMENT ON FILE IN THE  
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

AND

COMPILED THROUGH THE  
COURTESY AND COOPERATION OF  
BRIGADIER GENERAL A. B. WARFIELD  
QUARTERMASTER CORPS, UNITED STATE ARMY  
FORMERLY 2ND LIEUTENANT, COMPANY C

WAR DEPARTMENT

Office of the Quartermaster General  
WASHINGTON

March 6, 1939.

Dear Friends and Comrades of the Forty-second:

"I feel that this roster, taken from the official records of the War Department, will be appreciated more and more as the years go by — and there are so few of these years left to most of us — be a means of bringing to our minds many interesting events, pleasant and otherwise, of those past days of the Philippine Insurrection of 1899.

"We are soon to dedicate a monument at Fort Niagara in commemoration of the organizing of the Forty-second Regiment there. You have all been notified of this and it is hoped that as many as possible will contribute insofar as your means will permit. It is hoped that when the dedication ceremonies take place that as many as

possible of you will be present, and that the thought expressed below may be in the minds of all:

“When honored old age shall learn against this monument, and troops of youthful soldiers be gathered around its base, and when one shall speak of its object and the purpose of its construction, and of the events which its construction commemorates, there should be present in every breast a grateful prayer of—Thank God, I am an American.’”

Very sincerely yours,

A. B. WARFIELD,

Brigadier General, Q. M. C.

## RECORD OF EVENTS

The Field Staff and Band  
of the

Forty-second Regiment of Infantry, U. S. Volunteers

The Field Staff and Band were organized at Fort Niagara, N. Y., in September, 1899. On October 30th the Regiment left Ft. Niagara, N. Y., and proceeded by rail to San Francisco, California, arriving November 6, 1899. Distance traveled about 2,600 miles. Remained in Camp at the Presidio, San Francisco, California, until November 30, 1899, when the regiment left on the transports COLUMBIA and DALNY VOSTOK for the Philippines, arriving in Manila Harbor December 31, 1899; distance traveled about 6,400 miles. On January 2, 1900, the regiment disembarked at Manila and regimental headquarters took station at La Loma Church, Manila, P. I. On January 28, 1900, changed station to Camp Stotsenberg, P. I., on Mariquina river, remaining until February 26, 1900, when regimental headquarters was moved to Pasig, Rizal, P. I., at which place the Field, Staff and Band remained until June 1, 1900, on which date they changed station to El Deposito, Rizal, P. I., remaining until April 22, 1900.

The regiment assembled at Camp Wallace, Manila, P. I., on April 22, 1900, where the Field Staff and Band remained until May 28, 1900, on which date the Field, Staff and Band and 10 companies embarked on the transport OHIO for the United States, arriving at San Francisco on June 20, 1901, and in camp at the Presidio on the following day. The Field, Staff and Band remained in camp at the Presidio until date of muster-out June 27, 1901.

# Muster-out Roll of the Field, Staff and Band of the 42nd Regiment of Infantry, U. S. V.

J. Milton Thompson, Colonel

John H. Beacom, Lieutenant Colonel

Edward C. Carey, Major

Fred J. Herman, Captain, Quartermaster

Joseph R. McAndrews, 1st Lieut. Batt. Adj.

Robert K. Spiller, 1st Lieutenant and Battallion Adjutant

(Louis M. Lang, Captain Adjutant, mustered out in Manila, P. I., on Detached Service)

Henry J. Mahon, Regt. Sergt. Major

Truman W. Baker, Regt. Com'sy Sergt.

William H. Woodcock, Batt. Sergt. Major

George W. Racer, Hospital Steward

Nicholas W. Muller, Hospital Steward

William C. Brown, Major

John R. Prime, Major

Philip Powers, 1st Lieut. Commissary

William R. Molinard, 1st Lieut. Batt. Adj.

Robert Walters, Reg. & Q. M. Sergt.

Gustav V. Lang, Batt. Sergt. Major

Frank B. Blackman, Batt. Sergt. Major

Frank L. McMillan, Hospital Steward

Oscar F. Reed, Hospital Steward

## BAND

Saverio Simone, Chief Musician

Guiseppi Savoca, Principal Musician

Mike Henley, Drum Major

Joseph Luciano, Sergeant

Harry A. Mead, Sergeant

Sinabaldi D'Antonio, Sergeant

Frank Zangari, Sergeant

Fredder Neff, Cook

John D'Amato, Corporal

Ernest Visco, Corporal

Virgilio Sanna, Corporal

Hugh J. Williams, Corporal

Dennis T. Swihart, Corporal

Guieseppi Larvalle, Corporal

Samuel Rubin, Corporal

Frank E. Rymell, Corporal

Antonio Davanzo, Private

Martin F. McCarthy, Private

Clyde S. Shallabarger, Private

Vincenzo Spano, Private

Arthur E. Zuehlke, Private



CHIEF MUSICIAN SAVERIO SIMONI  
Band Leader

## DISCHARGED

Walter D. McCaw, Major, Surgeon

Lewie A. Griffith, 1st Lieut., Asst. Surg.

Louis J. Steuben, 1st Lieutenant, Assistant Surgeon

Walter W. Ramer, Regt. Sergt. Major

Louis C. Rhein, Regt. Com'sy Sergt.

Horace F. Sykes, Batt. Sergt. Major

James T. McCabes, Hospital Steward

William D. Bell, Captain, Asst. Surgeon

George S. Wallace, 1st Lieut., Asst. Surg.

Saverio Marasco, Corporal

Frank T. Albright, Regt. Sergt. Major

Charles C. Scudmore, Batt. Sergt. Major

Joseph Lafayette, Hospital Steward

Valentine Martone, Corporal

## PRIVATES

Guiseppi Napolitano Albano, Antonio Yengo Olindo

## TRANSFERRED

Louis M. Lang, Captain and Adjutant

## BATTALION SERGEANT MAJORS

Edward R. Goodwin

James H. King, Cook

Frederick Haines, Private

Charles H. Robertson, Private

## DIED

Gentilnomo Vincenzo, Principal Musician

✓ John McGinnis ✓  
Benjamin F. Kelly ✓

## RECORD OF EVENTS

### Company A, 42nd Regiment of Infantry United States Volunteers

Company "A" was organized at Fort Niagara, N. Y., September 23, 1899. Left Fort Niagara, N. Y., October 30 for San Francisco, California, arriving November 6. Left Presidio, California, November 30 on U. S. A. T. DALNY VOSTOK. Landed at Honolulu December 9 and marched six miles to "Punch-Bowl" and return. Arrived in Manila Bay 10:30 A. M., December 31, 1899. Disembarked January 2, 1900, and marched five miles to La Loma Church and went into camp. On the 19th company left for a scout to neighborhood of Novaliches and San Mateo, returning on January 21. March, 44 miles. on January 26 marched 7 miles to Camp Stotsenberg. On the 29th Lieutenant Abbot, Company "F," 42nd Infantry, with 30 men of Company "A" went to Antipolo and returned January 30. Distance marched, 16 miles. Marched to Antipolo and took station there February 26. Distance, 8 miles. During the next year the entire country in Morong Province was thoroughly scouted a number of times. On April 26 the company changed stations to Morong. Total distance marched during the two months about 120 miles. During May and June marched 50 miles. During July to August marched about 60 miles, and in September to October marched about 65 miles. From November 20 to 24, 51 men under 2nd Lieutenant Hackett accompanied an expedition to Pinauran, an Insurgent stronghold near Montalbo, P. I. On the 22d they participated in an engagement at Pinauran in which Private Kapper was killed. During the months of November and December the company marched about 215 miles. During January and February, 1901,



CAPTAIN GEORGE D. CATLIN

company marched about 66 miles and the mounted detachment about 25 miles. In March and April marched 8 miles and mounted squad rode 76 miles. Left Morong April 24, 1901, on Cascoes, landed same day in Manila, going to Camp Wallace to prepare for muster-out. Boarded the transport "Ohio" on May 28 and sailed direct to San Francisco, on the 29th. Arrived in San Francisco Bay about 10:00 P. M., June 20, and went into camp at the Presidio next day. The company was mustered out of the service June 27, 1901.

### MUSTER OUT ROLL OF COMPANY A

Henry F. McFeely, Captain

James H. Little, 1st Lieutenant  
Harry M. Ray, 1st Sergeant

Horace F. Sykes, 2nd Lieutenant  
Louis F. Martin, Quartermaster Sergeant

### SERGEANTS

William J. Bealer  
Cainss E. Weaver

Charles A. Richards  
George W. Freeman

### CORPORALS

Michael Burgey  
Robert P. Clark  
William H. Conniff  
James E. Cusick  
Charles H. Sawyer, Cook  
Ray L. Larson, Cook

Willbey G. Dick  
Martin Flom  
Louis B. Holt  
Sheridan Jumlin  
Cook  
Fred M. Weeks, Artifices

George E. LaFond  
Gust Mack  
John H. Maloney  
Fred E. Riley  
Fred R. Bentley, Musician  
Frank H. Coy, Musician

### PRIVATEs

George H. Anderson  
Joseph Armstrong  
James J. Bergen  
William Baisner  
Walter A. Brown  
William S. Carrol  
John F. Cooper  
William C. Decker  
Charles E. Darling  
Jerry Donahue  
Michael F. Dzozdzynski  
Herbert L. Flowers  
John Flynn  
William Ghormley  
William H. Granger  
William H. Gray  
Charles Green  
Mat Green

Frederick Haines  
James F. Henry  
Charles F. Hickox  
Louis Hirschberg  
Frank E. Jones  
James J. Kelley  
Albert Lemke  
Alfred Lenglis  
McNeill  
Arthur H. Meyer  
Edward J. Miller  
Lawrence H. Murphy  
Albert Norman  
Thomas Olcott  
Edward Petit  
Guy S. Price  
Michael Rizza  
William Rogers

William Rourke  
John Russ  
John R. Sample  
Jacob A. Schook  
Joseph J. Scott  
John M. Shelman  
John Singer  
Lee B. Simpson  
Harry A. Stanbridge  
William G. Stanbridge  
John Stiles  
Samuel A. Stroup  
William F. Teel  
Christopher A. Tucker  
Favor C. Wallace  
John H. Wallace  
John M. Watts

### RESIGNED

George D. Catlin, Captain



## DISCHARGED

Thomas Carl, 1st Sergeant  
 George E. Stewart, 1st Sergeant  
 Bertram F. Taylor, Sergeant  
 John B. Shuetz, Sergeant  
 Lillon B. Boyer, Corporal

Carlton Gruby, Corporal  
 Frank Blackman, Jr., Sergeant  
 Elmer O'Neil, Corporal  
 Harry J. Rubley, Corporal

## PRIVATES

William R. Butler  
 Clarence M. Downs  
 Gabriel Farah  
 Hugh Franklin  
 Joseph Fraser  
 Frederick Grant  
 Elmer E. Houghton  
 Frank Hooks  
 Charles D. Jett  
 Adna B. Johnson

Edward S. Johnston  
 William Jones  
 James J. McLean  
 Albert D. Mathews  
 Thomas Pantry  
 Henry Roberts  
 John H. Lerraio  
 Edward E. Lobey  
 George Wilson  
 Harry L. Wilson

Paul B. Mittig  
 Walter H. Johnson  
 Edward F. Hackett  
 Bruce N. Judd  
 LeRoy Adams  
 Clair D. Aldrich  
 Heinrich W. Gangness  
 Frank J. McGrath  
 John F. Murphy

## DIED (Killed in Action)

Lawrence P. Kappner, Private



## RECORD OF EVENTS

### Company B, 42nd Regiment of Infantry United States Volunteers

Company organized at Fort Niagara, N. Y., per R. G. O. 3, September 23, 1899. Left Fort Niagara, N. Y., for San Francisco, California, October 30, 1899. Arrived San Francisco, California, November 6, 1899, left San Francisco for Manila, P. I., November



CAPTAIN JAMES E. HILL

30, 1899. Arrived at Manila December 31, 1899. Disembarked January 2, 1900 and marched to La Loma Church January 26. Changed stations from La Loma to pumping station—distance marched about 10 miles. February 26: Changed stations to TayTay, P. I. (Event 1) March 4, 1900: Lieutenant Poillon and 30 men scouted to Angona and return; distance marched about 40 miles. (Event 2) March 29, 1900: Captain Hill and 41 men scouted to Binangonan and return; distance marched about 28 miles. (Event 3) April 23, 1900: Captain Hill and 29 men scouted to Binangonan and April 28 marched back to TayTay

and Cainta. Captured 15 Ladrones, rifles and 500 rounds of ammunition. Returned to Binangonan April 29, 1900, and took station there. (Event 4) May 8: Captain Hill and 20 men went to Island of Talim on scout. (Event 5) May 11: Captain Hill and 16 men scouted to San Guillermo and return; distance marched about 20 miles. (Event 6) May 16: Captain Hill and 15 men again scouted Island of Talim, returning to Binangonan night of May 17; distance traversed about 50 miles. (Event 7) July 2: Captain Hill and 27 men scouted to Pilapila and return; distance marched about 25 miles. (Event 8) November 8: Captain Hill and 43 men joined expedition under Major Carey in demonstration against Angona; distance marched about 25 miles. (Event 9) December 20, 1900: Insurgents fired 30 rounds into town, but were chased away by Captain Hill and 30 men. (Event 10) January 4, 1901: Captain Hill, with company, joined ex-

pedition under Captain Bjornstad against Angona; distance marched about 25 miles. (Event 11) January 8, 1901: Captain Hill and 37 men embarked on Gunboat Florida and Launch California and landed under fire of Gunboat and searched Barrios of Talim, and the Island, for Ladrones. (Event 12) January 13: Captain Hill and 30 men of Company B and 42 men from Morong Station, surrounded Cardone and scrutinized several thousand people, searching for Ladrones; distance marched about 25 miles. (Event 13) April 2: Captain Hill and five men went to Island Talim and captured 2 rifles and 1 revolver. During month of April, 1901, 51 rifles and 2 revolvers were turned in to Company at Binangonan. (Event 14) April 2, 1901: Captain Hill and 30 men went to Pilipila and captured four Ladrones. (Event 15) April 8, 1900: Lieutenant Judd and escort went to Pilapila and searched for body of Sr. Aralar; distance marched about 20 miles. Company left Binangonan, P. I., for Camp Wallace, Manila, P. I., April 24, 1901, arriving same day; distance traveled about 35 miles. Left Camp Wallace, Manila, P. I., and marched to Andra Monument and embarked on U. S. C. T. "Kintuck" May 25, 1901. Sailed from Manila, P. I., for United States May 26, 1901. Quartered at Nagasaki, Japan, from June 3, 1901, to June 12, 1901 inclusive. Left Nagasaki June 13 1901. Arrived at Port Townsend, Washington, June 29, 1901. Arrived at San Francisco, California, July 3, 1901. Mustered out at Presidio of San Francisco, California, July 8, 1901.

#### MUSTER-OUT ROLL OF COMPANY B

James E. Hill, Captain

Arthur Poillon, 1st Lieutenant  
Harry C. McCool, 1st Lieutenant  
Bruce Judd, 2nd Lieutenant

Philip Henderson, 1st Sergeant  
William H. Crowell, Quartermaster Sergt.

#### SERGEANTS

Christopher Garrity  
Frank J. Davis

Samuel Ira Lyons  
Edgar T. Trotter

Fred Herold

#### CORPORALS

George T. Blakeley  
Hartman L. Bittler  
Harry Book  
Henry F. Bredi  
Bert Burge

John W. Connell  
Jenkin A. Cranage  
John French  
John B. Hill  
Edward Hughes

Frank A. Loomis  
John McGinness Maloney  
Ezra Roberts  
Castellar M. Simonson  
Roscoe Wood

Ferdinand Hauser, Cook  
George Jones, Musician

Otto Vass, Cook  
Albert Boismeier, Artificer

Joseph W. Parker, Musician  
Charles N. Mallan, Artificer

## PRIVATES

Burt K. Aiken  
 William C. Alheith  
 William Beatty  
 Frank Brownley  
 Edward J. Briger  
 Harry E. Burge  
 Joseph M. Calahan  
 Daniel Chilson  
 James J. H. Chango  
 John Clark  
 Timothy Cullinene  
 John Hansen  
 Charles W. Hott  
 Thomas Johnson  
 Howard Kisbaugh  
 Arthur McCarty  
 John McEvoy  
 Edward Monahin  
 Vance A. Ozburn  
 Eugene A. Quackenbush  
 Garrett P. Ransom  
 Mathew Rains  
 John Riedlinger  
 Lewis J. Rosenbloom  
 Floyd E. Second

Lester J. Thompson  
 Montgomery A. Trout  
 Edward D. Turner  
 Frank J. Venable  
 Arthur F. Wentworth  
 Luthan Wilcox  
 Samuel Glecklen  
 John Ross  
 Michael Sweeney  
 Albert Dillon  
 Joseph Chisholm  
 Arthur Sink  
 Edward Bunz  
 Luther L. Osbonnr  
 Edwin T. Rackham  
 Paul Sonak  
 Charles W. McLaughlin  
 David C. McClymonds  
 Cecil A. Graham  
 Samuel U. Custer  
 Stephen Walkowak  
 Otto Hildebrandt  
 James E. Lambert  
 Johny Martin  
 John A. Sickler

James H. Hafey  
 Albert S. Jenkins  
 Ira G. Smith  
 John W. McFerran  
 James B. Smathers  
 Clarence L. Fyffa  
 William Newman  
 Carl F. W. Kersting  
 Charles Angel  
 Robert Duncan  
 James R. Lilly  
 Warren H. Moore  
 James B. Freeman  
 John G. Hunt  
 Harry M. Dillon  
 Janus W. Pease  
 John G. Entwistle  
 Ernest Carr  
 William M. Sharr  
 Henry M. Cochran  
 Homer H. Haydock  
 Albert Gittings  
 David H. Osterhont  
 Matthew Heeney

## TRANSFERRED

Edward F. Hackett, 2nd Lieutenant  
 Joseph White, Private

Charles C. Scudamore, 1st Sergeant  
 Harry G. Mahon, Corporal

Arthur E. Zuelke, Private

## DIED

Addison E. Kniffen, Private  
 John Mayes, Private

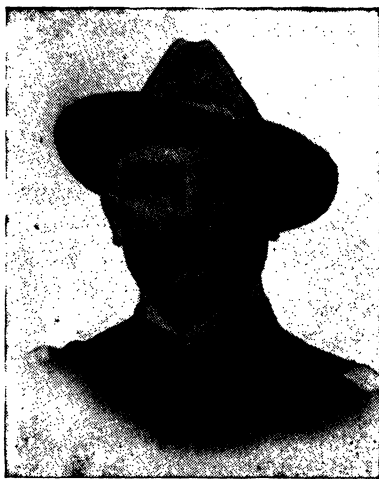
Henry G. Sullivan, Private  
 Morton Rastall, Private



## RECORD OF EVENTS

### Company C, 42nd Regiment of Infantry

Company C, 42nd Infantry, U. S. V., was organized at Fort Niagara, N. Y., September 24, 1899, and mustered into the service of the United States October 29, 1899. The Company remained in camp with the Regiment at Fort Niagara until 9:00 A. M. October 30, 1899, when with Company A, 42nd Infantry, U. S. V., it proceeded by rail to San Francisco, California, arriving at San Francisco at 9:30 A. M. November 6, 1899, and was then marched to Presidio, San Francisco, and went into camp where it remained until November 30, 1899. At 11:30 A. M. November 30, 1899, the Company marched to the Government Dock and embarked on U. S. A. T. "Dalny Vostok" enroute to Manila, P. I., via Honolulu, H. I. Arrived at Manila, P. I., at 10:35 A. M., December 31, 1899. The Company disembarked at 9:00 A. M. January 2, 1900, and marched to La Loma Church and went into camp in a part of the trenches constituting the north line of defense of Manila, P. I. January 14, 1900, the Company took station at La Loma Church as Headquarters Guard. From January 20, 1900, to February 23, 1900, the Company participated in expedition to Morong and Laguna Provinces, P. I., and in skirmish with Insurrectos February 3, 1900, near San Juan, Laguna Province, P. I. Distance marched about 250 miles. February 23, 1900, the Company took station at camp "Stotsenburg"; February 25, 1900, near the pumping station on the Maraquina River. February 27, 1900, marched to Pasig, P. I., and became part of garrison at that station. April 28, 1900, the Company marched to and took station at Tay Tay, P. I. May 9, 1900, a detachment of one officer and seventeen enlisted men participated in skirmish with Insurrectos at Angona, Morong Province, P. I. A detachment of one officer and thirty enlisted men participated in expedition to Pinauran,



CAPTAIN PETER T. RILEY

P. I. November 21 to to November 24, 1900, in an engagement at Pinauran November 22, 1900. The Company in garrison at Tay Tay, P. I., scouting and patrolling surrounding country until April 21, 1901, when it marched to Manila, P. I., and went into camp with the Regiment at Camp Wallace, May 28, 1901, at 10:00 A. M. The Company, as part of the Regiment, marched to the Pasig River and embarked on U. S. A. T. "Ohio" enroute for San Francisco, California. Arrived at San Francisco, California, June 20, 1901, and proceeded to the Presidio and mustered out of the service of the United States June 27, 1901.

The foregoing is an except copy of the "log" of Company C.

### MUSTER-OUT ROLL OF COMPANY C

Peter T. Riley, Captain

Charles H. Roessing, 1st Lieutenant

Augustus B. Warfield, 2nd Lieutenant

Willie W. Weld, 1st Sergeant

John J. McDonald, Quartermaster Sergt.

### SERGEANTS

Charles W. Fuell  
Humphrey Sullivan

Andrew F. Brennan  
Alois Weigel

### CORPORALS

Marion M. Blair  
Edward Brand  
William N. Burdick  
John H. Chambers

Fred Carron  
Thomas E. Cartwright  
Gilbert B. Meredith  
Thomas C. Whitman

John H. LaFave  
William Martin, Jr.  
Frank McGowan  
Felix Wiczorek

Joseph Goodhue, Cook  
John Taylor, Cook

Mont. C. Goodwin, Musician  
Wilbur F. Whitten, Artificer

### PRIVATES

Henry W. Benjamin  
Frederick Bissett  
Mark Bon  
Joseph F. Callahan  
William A. Canhum  
Clyde E. Cathers  
George W. Chambers  
Bert Dakens  
Arthur Davis  
Charles W. Dixon  
Floyd Doan  
Isidore Doucette  
Philip Fay  
Andrew Felder

Elmer E. Gallion  
Hall Greer  
Charles Hill  
Frederick R. Ivory  
Gustav Kowalski  
David Labeau  
Oscar Leburg  
Joseph Liptak  
John P. Maile  
Robert Moore  
Edward P. Moorehead  
John P. Murphy  
John H. Norton

Charles B. Ozmer  
Mourice M. Palmer  
Earl A. Pearson  
William Pollock  
Edward Ranies  
Raymond Ruger  
Patrick Shallow  
Frank B. Starks  
Edward Thom  
Francis D. S. Tremaine  
Thomas M. Turley  
George H. Vanderslice  
Albert S. Wolstencroft  
Russell Younger

### DISCHARGED

Louis Bourque, Quartermaster Sergt.  
Michael Callaghan, Corporal  
James C. Robinson, Musician  
Edgar L. Mitchell, Sergeant

Harry S. Hall, Corporal  
David Zook, Corporal  
Frank E. Barth, Corporal  
Charles E. Manison, Corporal

Louis Seyler, Musician

## PRIVATES

Anton Anderson  
 Christian Angerer  
 William H. Bennett  
 Nicholas Black  
 Otto H. Brandt  
 Ernest Brown  
 Charles Carney  
 Garfield Case  
 Allie Chambers  
 Wayne E. Covington  
 Albert S. Cox  
 Thomas H. Cullen  
 William Dixon

Robert Eagan  
 William E. Elmore  
 Charles Fraser  
 Henry M. Gandar  
 Hiram J. Goodsell  
 David E. Grafius  
 Frank Hall  
 Henry B. Hamilton  
 Herbert W. Hitchcock  
 Charles J. Keegan  
 Michael F. Lavin  
 Peter S. Loughlin  
 James McGraw

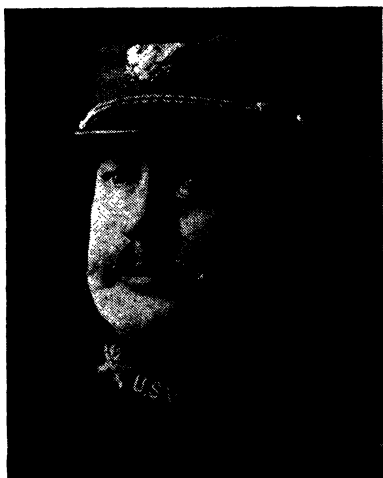
William Nash  
 Jesse R. Northrup  
 James S. F. Shisley  
 Henry Price  
 George G. Snyder  
 Edgar A. Smith  
 Thomas Tobin  
 Clarence A. Ryant  
 John H. Wheeler  
 Artley Wilson  
 Herman Boehler  
 Henry A. Sandman



## RECORD OF EVENTS

### Muster-out Roll of Company D 42nd Regiment, United States Volunteers, Spanish-American War

This Company was organized at Ft. Niagara, N. Y., September 23, 1899. Captain Frank Keck assigned to Company on the same date. Subsequently Lieutenants Reiser and Williams were assigned to the Company in the capacity of 1st and 2nd Lieutenants,



CAPTAIN FRANK KECK

respectively. This Company left Ft. Niagara, N. Y., on the 30th of October, 1899, taking the second section of trains at Niagara. Detachment of Regiment on second section consisted of Companies B and D respectively in command of Captains Hill and Keck. Captain Keck in command of train section—Company arrived at Presidio of San Francisco, November 6, 1899. Left Presidio for Philippines November 31, 1899, stopping at Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, December 8 to 11, 1900, arriving in Manila Bay, P. I., December 31, 1899. Voyage made on "Dalny Vostok." This Company disembarked January 2,

1900, in Manila, marching to La Loma Church, P. I., at 3:30 P. M. of that day. Stationed at La Loma Church, January 2 to January 13, 1900, at Blockhouse No. 5 from January 14, 1900, inclusive. In expedition in Morong and Laguna Province, P. I., January 20 to February 23, 1900. In skirmish near San Antonio, January 24, 1900; Paguil, February 5, 1900; Pangil, February 7, 1900; and Lumbong, February 13, 1900; all on Luzon Island and in Laguna Province. Stationed at Powder Magazine near Manila, P. I., September 23 to February 26, 1900. Stationed at Pasig, P. I., February 27 to November 3, 1900, inclusive. Stationed at Sunken Road near Manila, P. I., November 4, 1900, to January 25, 1901, inclusive; at Mariquina January 26 to April 22, 1901, inclusive. Forty men of this command and our officer took part in expedition against General



Geronimo November 20 to 25, 1900, and in engagement at Pinauran, November 22, 1900. Stationed at Camp Wallace from April 22, 1901, to May 28, 1901. Embarkment on U. S. C. T. "Ohio" May 28, 1901. Sailed for United States on said transport May 29, 1901, arriving in camp, Presidio of San Francisco, June 21, 1901. During its services on the island of Luzon, P. I., frequent scouting parties were sent out by this Company from the various stations occupied by it. Also the roads in neighborhood of stations occupied by this Company were patrolled by detachments of this Company. A number of surrenders of Insurrectos and arms were made to this command while it was stationed at Mariquina. Prominent among the Insurgents who surrendered there being Henuogena Baunrata.

### MUSTER-OUT ROLL OF COMPANY D

Frank Keck, Captain

Theodore Reiser, 1st Lieutenant  
Acuff Cub, 1st Sergeant

Frank T. Allbright, 2nd Lieutenant  
Robert M. Vail, Quartermaster Sergt.

### SERGEANTS

Thomas F. Chrisman  
Jay E. Bigham

Alexander K. Craig  
Isaac M. Morrow

### CORPORALS

David Jones  
James T. Swords  
William A. Letty  
Hugh Ogelvie

Isaac Price  
David Hill  
John Boyd  
Jeremiah Sullivan

Wallace W. Wood  
Walter R. Clark  
John J. Haley  
William E. Yando

William H. Kempon, Musician  
Edward J. Wright, Artificer

William B. Putnam, Musician  
James J. White, Cook

William L. Stamper, Cook

### PRIVATES

Wesley Abbott  
John Allen  
John J. Bowes  
James M. Buckner  
Fred H. Campbell  
Charles Cline  
Olien A. Collins  
John J. Conway  
Monroe E. Cook  
James Cornell  
Harry Coulson  
John E. Deacon  
George Dobson, Jr.  
Howard M. Drake  
Edward Fradey  
Henry B. Goetchius  
Leon Gumpert

Frank Hamilton  
Basil L. Haynes  
Charles A. Hays  
William H. Hooppell  
Lewis Koch  
Archie B. Laycock  
Leon M. Lowery  
Edward J. McCarthy  
Alonzo McNeil  
Luie M. Mariacher  
William Mills  
George T. Matteson  
John H. Miller  
Thomas W. Nethercoff  
Collins Nichols  
William Palmer

John Payne  
Fred W. Peacock  
Solomon Price  
Jesse Rice  
Arthur P. Ross  
William Rogers  
William J. Scanlon  
Arthur H. Sheffield  
David Simpkins  
James A. St. John  
Marvin M. Stringer  
James A. G. Swartz  
Frank Swords  
Henry C. Waller  
William Walsh  
Harry I. Waterman  
Frank Withers

## DISCHARGED

Austin M. Pardee, Sergeant

Bert Boydston, Corporal  
Frank J. O'Malley, CorporalGeorge F. Straight, Corporal  
Ferdinand B. Rohlfing, Corporal

## PRIVATEES

William J. Atkinson  
Bart Barton  
Archibald Cameron  
John Cameron  
Charles H. Collier  
George Cartwright  
Michael J. Daly  
William H. FosterEdward J. Francis  
Louis Graffe  
Albert Hinkle  
Gordon Hinton  
Michael Kenney  
Herbert W. Love  
Thomas W. Lynch  
David MacManus  
Harry B. McGraueJohn P. Murphy  
Evert Pesonuis  
Claude Phillips  
Edward E. Polk  
Albert N. Liebert  
Hardy Ware  
Kenneth M. Wheat  
Charles F. Wilson

## TRANSFERRED

R. Howard Williams, 2nd Lieutenant  
Frank Blackman, SergeantNicholas M. Miller, 1st Sergeant  
Mike Henley, Private

John McGinnis, Private

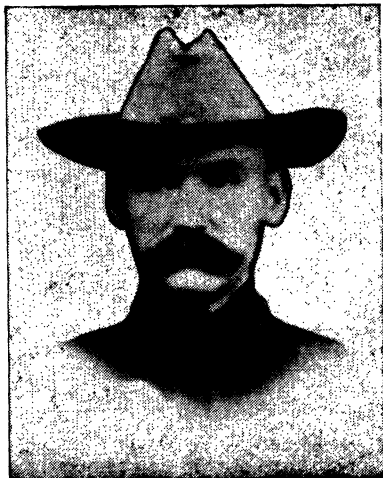
## DIED

James Jackson, Cook  
Thomas Carroll, PrivateIrving W. Hale, Private  
Christopher Moring, Private

## RECORD OF EVENTS

### Company E of the 42nd Regiment of Infantry United States Volunteers

The Company was organized per RSO No. 30 as provided for in GO No. 122 AGO 1899, and mustered in with full strength October 25, 1899. It was engaged in drilling, target practice, practice marches and so forth until October 30, when it proceeded to San Francisco, California, with its regiment, where it remained until November 30, embarking on the latter date on Transport "Dalny Vostok," enroute to Manila, P. I., via Honolulu, arriving at Manila, December 31, 1899. January 2, 1900, proceeded to La Loma Church and went into camp on a line known as the north line of defense around the city of Manila. January 20, 1900, the Company as part of a column under command of Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Beacom, proceeded on an expedition through Morong, Laguna and Batangas Provinces. Distance marched 275 miles. During this expedition, detachments of Company participated in five skirmishes. The Company was stationed at Paete, Laguna Province as part of a detachment commanded by Major John R. Prime from February 20 to June 7, 1900. During its service at this station, detachments of the Company participated in five skirmishes and the Company in one engagement. On June 7, 1900, it proceeded to Malabon, Manila Province, P. I., and there took station as part of a detachment commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Beacom, remaining there till January 26, 1901; while at this station a detachment of 19 men took part in an expedition to Pinauran, November 20 to 24, and participated in an engagement at that place November 22, 1900. January 26, 1901, the Company received orders to proceed to San Mateo, Manila Province, to relieve a garrison of the 27th Infantry, U. S. V. While



CAPTAIN DUNCAN HENDERSON

at this station the surrender of General Licerio Geronimo, 40 officers and 83 men and 95 guns were received by Colonel J. Milton Thompson, 42nd Infantry, commanding the district. During its service at this station the command was highly commended by the District Commander for its good conduct and the excellent work accomplished. On April 21, 1901, the Company received orders to proceed to Manila to return to the United States. Arrived at Camp Wallace April 22, and remained in Camp until May 28, when it embarked on the Transport "Ohio" with nine other companies of the Regiment under command of Major John R. Prime and proceeded on May 29th to San Francisco, direct, arriving at the latter place June 20, 1901. June 21st, went into camp at the Presidio of San Francisco, remaining there until mustered-out June 27, 1901. During its service in the Philippines one officer and seven enlisted men died from disease, and two enlisted men were wounded.

#### MUSTER-OUT ROLL OF COMPANY E

##### Duncan Henderson, Captain

Robert Hargis, 1st Lieutenant

Thomas Carl, 2nd Lieutenant

Francis M. Anderson, 1st Sergeant

Everett J. Garlock, Quartermaster Sergt.

Fred Huntoon, Sergeant

Bert McKercher, Sergeant

#### CORPORALS

Chester Bachalder

Delbert Deal

Arthur O. Middaugh

Daniel W. Casey

Benjamin G. Eberly

Dewitt C. Peters

Richard D. Cleaver

Samuel Gilbert

Charles J. Weaver

Henry Henderson

Frederick Ford, Cook

Omar Bowen, Cook

Samuel H. Glover, Musician

Lawrence Lindsay, Musician

Harry H. Treese, Artificer

#### PRIVATES

Semuel P. Burns

Anthony F. Hayes

Oscar Pharo

Elmer T. Bults

Adolf Hemrig

George Pitchford

William M. Caldwell

Bernard D. Iniks

Michael F. Rogers

Thomas Campbell

John F. Johnson

Martin F. Ryan

Augustus Clark

Phillip Scott Viser

Rudolf E. Schaffer

John William Coulter

Daniel Lafantsee

Abijah Simmons

Bert M. Drew

Warren Leatherman

Charles E. Smith

Raymond L. Dufresne

James A. Lee

James Smith

John Finegan

Dennis J. Mahany

Tully C. Smith

Fred L. Francis

James Manning

Lewis H. Teibell

Patrick Flynn

Joseph M. Mejaire

Harry Thomas

Christopher J. Gerding

Owen Monroe

Henry Vollbing

George Gunkel

Iring Moss

William West

Frank T. Harrington

James McNally

Thomas Wilson

John Nelson

## DISCHARGED

Francis M. Prinzn, 1st Sergeant  
Claude A. Bement, Sergeant

Heinrich W. Gangnuss, Sergeant  
Wm. P. Thater, Sergeant

## CORPORALS

Charles L. Fass  
William McKinna

Walter E. Griffin

George A. McCabe  
Joseph C. Tommey

## PRIVATES

Charles Baker  
Adam V. Barnholt  
George W. Brown  
Patrick Brown  
Charles T. Burt  
George W. Cooke  
Charles Daggett  
Charles F. Doan  
Charles Frugel  
Trull C. Guster

Otto Heine  
Anthony Hereith  
Joseph B. Holley  
Nelson Jasmine  
Wade H. Joyce  
Frank H. Lamb  
Robert E. Lindsay  
Lafayette Livesay  
Gus Lysett

George A. McIntosh  
Walter B. Ober  
Abner T. Seals  
Charles H. Smith  
Ellsworth L. Souder  
Benjamin I. Sparks  
Otto W. Timelin  
Michael A. Troy  
Joseph White  
Charles H. Baker

## TRANSFERRED

Frank E. Rymell, Musician  
Robert Wolters, Private

✓ Benjamin F. Kelley, Private ✓

## DIED

Louis P. Weber, 2nd Lieutenant  
Frank Bauer, Private  
George I. Reisner, Private

William Knuckles, Private

Frank Lange, Sergeant  
William J. Reynolds, Private  
Hardie M. Wanning, Private



## RECORD OF EVENTS

### Company F, 42nd Regiment of Infantry United States Volunteers

Company F, 42nd Infantry, U. S. V., was organized at Ft. Niagara, New York, September 23, 1899. Changed stations to Presidio, San Francisco, California, October 30, 1899, and arrived at San Francisco on November 6, 1899. Sailed for Manila, P. I.,



CAPTAIN EDWARD DuBOIS

November 30, 1899. On Transport "Dalny Vostok," arrived at Manila, P. I., December 31, 1899. Disembarked January 2, 1900, and marched to La Loma Church and remained in Camp until January 14, 1900, when it changed stations to about one mile east of church. On January 20, 1900, on expedition to Santa Cruz and returned to Regimental Headquarters, at Camp Stotsenburg, February 23, 1900. Changed station to Tanay February 26, 1900, arriving there February 27, 1900. On March 27, changed station to Siniloan, P. I., May 31, 1900, changed station to Paete, P. I., June 5, 1900, changed station

to Malalos, P. I., arriving at Malalos, June 7, 1900, where it remained doing scouting and outpost duty. April 22, 1901, it changed station to Camp Wallace, Manila, P. I., awaiting transportation to the United States. On May 28, 1901, embarked on the Transport "Ohio" and sailed for the United States on May 29, and arrived at San Francisco June 20, where it remained until Muster-out of Service June 27, 1901. They participated in the following engagements: At Siniloan, P. I., May 30, 1900; at Pinauran, P. I., November 22, 1900. In skirmishes near San Antonio, P. I., January 24, 1900; near Paquil, P. I., February 5, 1900; near Pangil, P. I., February 7, 1900; near Lumbong, P. I., February 13, 1900; near Balian, P. I., February 19, 1900; and at Farny, P. I., April 20, 1900.

## MUSTER-OUT ROLL OF COMPANY F

Edmund DuBois, Captain  
 Edward F. Hackett, Jr., 1st Lieutenant  
 James E. Abbott, 2nd Lieutenant

## SERGEANTS

Chas. W. Clark, Sergeant      John Powell, Sergeant      James E. Fleetwood, Sergeant

## CORPORALS

Philip F. Cashin      Frederick A. Greening      Robert B. Meeks  
 Frank Cramer      Edward E. Harmon      Walter H. Streevy  
 Cornelius J. Daley      Frank A. Hogan      Wm. T. FanWinkle  
                                  John H. Kelly

Charles Miller, Cook      George L. King, Musician  
 George Vernon, Cook      Thomas Germani, Musician

Edward Furlong, Artificer

## PRIVATES

Henry Boudrie	Frank W. Greer	Peter M. Murphy
Daniel Boyle	William E. Grogson	Elmer A. Nicholas
Elbert Brown	Adelbert S. Grey	Charles E. Nutter
Anthony J. Budwick	William T. Hanley, Jr.	Emmett Pander
Henry F. Byrne	Ezra D. Hamilton	William Rose
Oliver J. Cady	Edward E. Hanson	David Russell, Jr.
William H. Castor	Alford G. Hendrickson	Albert F. Smith
Joseph Christopher	Albert W. Herrmann	William H. Scott
Robert W. Currie	John R. Holt	Walter R. Smith
Bernard W. Lever	Clifford L. Hughson	Jahugh H. Smart
William F. Egan	Charles P. Johnson	Joseph Schriel
John L. Felton	Peter M. Knapp	John Urban
William Franck	Richard F. McCarthy	William Vance
Albert Frisk	John J. McGarl	John Wander
Arthur Garlick	Thomas McGarry	Harry Weinheimer
Joseph D. Gibson	Wallace Miller	Galvin A. Westcott
Pink Gray		Charles J. Wurz

## DISCHARGED

Otis V. O'Neal, Quartermaster Sergt.	Wilbur N. Younglove, Corporal
Chas. W. Rogers, Sergeant	Jess O. Hinebrenner, Cook
John McConnell, Corporal	Thos. A. Upton, Sergeant
August Schrodt, Cook	Julius G. Killmar, Sergeant
Claude O. Bancroft, Sergeant	Clyde R. Schoomaker, Corporal

Thos. L. Sweeny, Cook

## PRIVATES

Walter Q. Ashley	Charles Kissinger	Eynst Schmid
James Corrigan	Thomas Lee	Fred E. Semon
Charles N. DeCoster	George J. Lennon	John H. Still
William H. Hamilton, Jr.	Thomas Leonard	Chester Ventress
Frank W. Flanders	Washington Padgett	Louis Webber
Hans C. Jansen	William F. Patton	Fred J. Wild
Mack L. Joyner	Frederick A. Peart	Walter B. Yearick
	Edward H. Richards	

## TRANSFERRED

Fred J. Herman, Captain  
 Henry F. McFeely, 1st Lieutenant      Frank L. McMillen, 1st Sergeant

## DIED

Henry F. Hart, Corporal (Killed in Action)	Charles O. Hall, Private
John O. Russell, Corporal	Charles W. Sutton, Private
Robert Messer, Private	Clayton S. Weed, Private
Edward M. Pearson, Private	George Staneart, Private

## RECORD OF EVENTS

### Company G, 42nd Regiment of Infantry United States Volunteers

Company was organized at Fort Niagara, N. Y., September and October, 1899, by Captain Worthington Kautzman, 42nd Infantry, U. S. V., per G. O. No. 3, Headquarters 42nd Infantry, U. S. V., Fort Niagara, N. Y., September 23, 1899. October 31 Company



CAPTAIN WORTHINGTON KAUTZMAN

changed station, going to Presidio, San Francisco, California, arriving November 6, 1899. Sailed for the Philippine Islands November 30, 1899. Arriving at Manila, P. I., December 31, 1899. Took station on "North line" January 2, 1900. On expedition under Lieut.-Col. John H. Beacom from La Loma Church to Santa Cruz, Laguna Province, P. I., and return to Regimental Headquarters January 20 to February 23, 1900.

Stationed at Pagsanjan, Laguna Province, P. I., February 4 to 19, inclusive. In skirmish near San Juan February 4, 1900. Stationed at Tanay, Morong Province, P. I., from February 27, 1900, to April 24, 1901.

Expedition to Pinauran, P. I., November 22, 1900. Camp Wallace, Manila, P. I., April 24 to May 28, 1901. Sailed for San Francisco, United States, May 29, 1901. Arriving there June 20, 1901.

Mustered out at Presidio, San Francisco, California, June 27, 1901.

### MUSTER-OUT ROLL OF COMPANY G

#### Worthington Kautzman, Captain

George H. White, 1st Lieutenant  
Floyd Bishop, 1st Sergeant  
Hugh Yearwood, Sergeant  
Frank McCulley, Sergeant

Robt. A. Caldwell, 2nd Lieutenant  
Abram L. Miller, Quartermaster Sergt.  
George I. Wagner, Sergeant  
Harry A. Parsons, Sergeant



## CORPORALS

Alois Bassert	Wm. Kline, Jr.	David Sweeney
Wilbert Force	Fred R. Powers	Harry G. VanBurger
Clayton F. Greene	Ernest L. Prime	Edward Wansor
Gustav T. Gustafson	Fred H. Rose	William I. Yarger
Louis H. Ruedisueli, Cook		Harry F. Watkins, Musician
George W. Hickox, Cook		Albert H. Stillman, Musician
	Fred Schultz, Artificer	

## PRIVATES

Arthur H. Agner	Jesse Grindod	Thomas Malcomson
George L. Adkins	Joseph Hall	Wallace P. Moix
Ashley Beck	Chas. O. Harper	William O'Connor
James A. Browning	Veaze E. Hawkins	James Roberts
Charles Carpenter	Fred Heisel, Jr.	John W. Russell
James Casey	Charles M. Hill	Townsend E. Sharpless
Edgar P. Cherry	Eugene D. Humphreys	Edward W. Shreve
Garfield Chew	Richard Hurley	Columbus Smith
Edward J. Conley	George Jefferson	William Smith
John Connery	Benjamin B. Johnson	George F. Spence
William H. Crowley	Bernhard H. Koars	Norman N. Stanley
William H. Doran	John Lane	Michael Sweeney
George D. Eastman	Thomas Ledwith	Allen C. Streevey
George S. Ellis	Richard Loarch	Columbus L. Tedder
Albert E. French	Harry Lore	Oscar L. Thrash
William P. Furlong	Daniel McCann	Ignatus A. Travers
Wm. Glazier	James F. McGowan	Edward Turner
Edward Green	Robert J. McLaughlin	

## DISCHARGED

Anthony R. Tuohy, Sergeant	John G. Seeberger, Corporal
Harry A. Mallory, Corporal	Richard W. Alovey, Corporal
Henry C. Lamaire, Corporal	Charlton M. Graham, Corporal
Ernest A. Cable, Artificer	

## PRIVATES

John H. Bover	Thomas C. Gorman	Ollie B. Parker
John H. Combs	Harry J. Joslyn	Hans P. Peterson
John L. Congdon	Val Kirchner	Fred J. Rew
Frank J. Davis	Frank Mason	Wilfred J. Varrier
John Donohue	George Padget	James M. Wynn
Benjamin J. Flanders		

## TRANSFERRED

Wm. R. Molinard, 1st Lieutenant	James H. King, Private
Horace F. Sykes, 1st Sergeant	Clyde F. Shallabarger, Private
Edwin R. Goodwin, Corporal	

## DIED

Henry Weibner, Cook (Killed in Action)	Wm. Schultz, Private (Killed in Action)
Wilfred Beaulieu, Private	John T. Larkin, Private
	George L. Norton, Private

## RECORD OF EVENTS

### Company H, 42nd Regiment of Infantry United States Volunteers

The Company was organized at Fort Niagara, N. Y., per G. O. No. 3, September 23, 1899, upon which date one 2nd Lieutenant and 49 enlisted men were assigned to it. All these having been previously temporarily assigned to provisional companies of the 42nd

Infantry, U. S. V. On September 27, 1899, a 1st Lieutenant was assigned and October 24, 1899, a Captain was assigned, while enlisted men were being constantly assigned until on October 30, 1899, the Company reached its full authorized strength of three officers and 106 enlisted men. On this same day the Company left Fort Niagara with Regiment and arriving at San Francisco, California, November 6, 1899, it went into camp at the Presidio. Embarked on Transport "Columbia" November 30, 1899, and sailed for Manila on same date.



CAPTAIN ALFRED W. BJORNSTAD

Arrived in Manila Bay, December 31, 1899. Disembarked and

went into camp near La Loma Church, Manila, January 2, 1900. Thence to camp near El Deposito, P. I., January 13, 1900. The Company was attached January 20, 1900, to a column consisting of six Companies of the 42nd Infantry, U. S. V., commanded by Lieut.-Col. Beacom. This column leaving that day on an expedition during which the Company marched and were engaged as follows: January 20 marched to Mariquina Valley. January 21 to Candona via Binangonan; January 22 to a point east of Pililla via Tanay; January 23 to point between Paete and Longos, Lagune Province. January 24, skirmish at San Antonio, P. I., and marched to Pagsanjan. January 25 to Santa Cruz, Laguna Province. January 28 to Tuc, Laguna Province. January 29 to Aliminos. January 30 to Calamba, P. I. Thence to Casco. Returned to Santa Cruz and marched to Pagsanjan. Thence to Cavite, San Antonio and Paete. February 5, 1900, Lieuten-

ant Novak and 15 men in skirmish at Paguil, P. I. February 7, 1900, Lieutenant Little and 39 men in skirmish at Lombong, P. I. February 13, 1900, Lieutenant Little and 40 men in skirmish at Lombong, P. I. February 23, 1900, Captain Bjornstad, Lieutenant Little and 46 men in skirmish at Paguil, P. I. March 7, 1900, Captain Bjornstad and 17 men in skirmish at Paquil, P. I. March 8, 1900, Captain Bjornstad, Lieutenant Little and 46 men in skirmish at Paquil, P. I. March 21, 1900, Captain Bjornstad, Lieutenant Little and 75 men in skirmish at Paete, P. I.

March 28, 1900, Company proceeded via casco to Morong, P. I., for station. April 26, 1900, Company marched to Antipolo, P. I., for station. While stationed at Morong and Antipolo the Company engaged in frequent scouts of two, three, four or five days' duration, but the enemy was never encountered except on one occasion when Captain Bjornstad, and one officer and 40 men accompanied an expedition to Monte De Ore, November 21, 1900, and participated in an engagement at Pinauran, November 22, 1900. January 26, 1901, the Company marched to Pumping Station, P. I., for station. April 21, 1901, the Company marched to Camp Wallace, Manila, P. I., arriving at camp April 22, 1901. Embarked on U. S. A. Transport "Aztec" May 17, 1901. Arrived at San Francisco, California, June 19, 1901. Disembarked same day and went into camp at Presidio where the Company remained until mustered out June 27, 1901.

#### MUSTER-OUT ROLL OF COMPANY H

Alfred W. Bjornstad, Captain

Welter H. Johnson, 1st Lieutenant

Joseph P. Noon, 1st Sergeant

Ned Riley, Quartermaster Sergeant

#### SERGEANTS

Joseph B. Taylor

Joseph D. Robertson

David J. Eichenger

William O'Rourke

#### CORPORALS

John P. Ahern

Clarence L. Coblentz

Thomas W. Goggin

Floyd Eards

Harry S. Grindrod

Chas. E. Hovis

Samuel Milbourn

Guy McGahen

George Miller

James I. Morris

Wm. B. Peter

Bernard O'Boy, Cook

John J. Ross, Cook

Wm. R. Stone, Musician

Herman Bindner, Musician

Frank F. Dunning, Artificer

## PRIVATES

William S. Anderson	Joseph A. Farley	Lee McLain
Harry Arnold	Patrick A. Feeney	Thomas B. McNeary
Louis Bauer	Louis G. Frederick	Fred E. Pitcher
Edward J. Bieber	Cooper Hall	Robert B. Rees
Edward A. S. Bowdoin	John Henry Hartman	John B. Richart
William Cady	Henry J. Hebert	Patrick Robinson
Walter S. Collins	Emil Heinrichs	Charles R. Rowe
Cote Fli	E. Kellenberger	Edward Russell
Robert D. Cuddy	Peter Korth	Burr Sanders
Lawrence Doucette	Richard D. Lynch	George E. Siebert
Henry F. Doyle	Thomas Mackin	John Valleau
George P. Dunning	Dan C. Musselman	Henry Walsh
William Erskine	Frank J. McGrath	Robert L. Welch
James C. Everhart	Peter McKenna	Frank R. Williams

## DISCHARGED

Martin Novak, 2nd Lieutenant	
Walter H. Holt, Quartermaster Sergt.	Wm. S. Kennedy, Corporal
James C. Reynolds, Sergeant	Henry E. Metcalf, Sergeant
Chas. A. Padget, Corporal	Edw. L. Mosure, Corporal
Willis Hausner, Sergeant	Thos. J. Irvin, Musician

## PRIVATES

George M. Almy	Alfred B. Francis	Frank Norton
Joseph Bauer	Charles Harris	James H. Overbaugh
Frank E. Boyer	Ross W. Harrison	Chas. Scranlon
Harry J. Bramble	Chas. A. Hartzel	John Seibert
Bert Bruin	James Hesson	Thomas Shanan
John R. Callahan	Milton Lane	William G. Small
Chas. F. Carlson	James H. Madison	Robert H. Smith
Samuel W. Cline	Walter G. Miller	James J. Sullivan
Thomas Cooney	Ford Morincy	William Whitney
Joel Faulkner		

## TRANSFERRED

James H. Little, 1st Lieutenant	
Truman W. Parker, Corporal	Martin F. McCarty, Private      Alfred Williams, Private

## DIED

George N. Baggerly, Private	Jacob Fuesguss, Private
Robert M. Bartlett, Private	William H. Muth, Private
Clause A. Burke, Private	Harry J. McCloy, Private

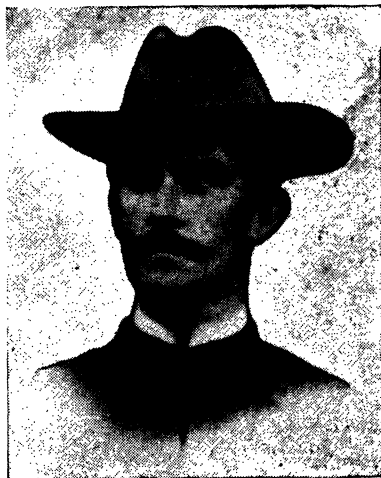


## RECORD OF EVENTS

### Company I, 42nd Regiment of Infantry United States Volunteers

Company completed its organization at Fort Niagara, N. Y., October 25, 1899.

Moved with the Regiment for Presidio, San Francisco, California, embarking October 30, and disembarking on November 7, 1899, camping at Presidio until November 30, when embarked on U. S. A. T. "Columbia" for Philippine Islands, arriving at Manila December 31, 1899. Disembarking, marching eight miles, taking station at Calocan, P. I., January 2, 1900. Moving from that station, marching 11½ miles to La Loma, January 14, 1900, changing from here to camp at San Felipe Neri, near Pasig River, marching seven miles, relieving Company B, 40th Infantry, U. S. V. January 21, 1900, moving from this station by Cascos to Morong, embarking February 26, arriving February 27, 1900, relieving Company G, 27th Infantry, U. S. V., at this point.



CAPTAIN FREDERICK W. STOPFORD

A detachment of this Company was constantly in the field and in April, 1900, one half of the Company under Lieutenant Horace Webster captured seven Philippine insurgents and destroyed a large quantity of insurrecto uniforms as well as arms and some ammunition, releasing one American private soldier named Murray of the 9th Infantry, who had been a prisoner five months. Took part in Monte Daveo expedition and in action of the regiment at that point.

Company changed station from this post by casco, leaving January 24, 1901, arriving at San Felipe January 25, 1901, taking station at El Deposito January 31, 1901, again relieving Company G, 27th Infantry, U. S. V. On April 22, 1901, Company moved

from this station to Camp Wallace, Manila, P. I., preparatory to taking transport for San Francisco, embarking on U. S. A. T. "Ohio" May 28, 1901. Sailed from Manila May 29, 1901, arriving at San Francisco June 20, 1901, disembarking and camping at Presidio June 21, 1901.

Mustered out of the service on Thursday, June 27, 1901.

### MUSTER-OUT ROLL OF COMPANY I

Frederick W. Stopford, Captain

R. Howard Williams, 1st Lieutenant

Walker W. Hamner, 2nd Lieutenant

Luther D. Burnett, 1st Sergeant

Luther D. Buxton, Quartermaster, Sergt.

### SERGEANTS

Geo. Roth

Frederick Herder

Eugene V. Trace

William A. Wein

### CORPORALS

Charles Carlett

Edward L. Forker

Herman Herzog

Clarence Hetthey

William L. Killoren

David Kirker

Fred J. Nichols

Ambrose L. Plimons

Frank E. Reep

August W. Stiller

William C. Templin

Gustave Verdtriede

Otto R. Shuyart, Cook

Edwin W. Renshaw, Cook

Wm. O. Hendley, Musician

Lynn A. Burr, Musician

George Hartlang, Artificer

### PRIVATEES

Russell A. Anderson

James Boyce

James Brady

Mark A. Brennan

Thomas B. Brennan

Harry Buckley

Joseph W. Bristow

Martin Cavanaugh

Frank L. Claypool

Charles A. Calcord

Edgar Combs

Thomas B. Dial

George L. Dickel

Harry A. Ellsworth

Ambrose E. Fredirici

Matthew F. Gilney

Tead Hall

Clifford A. Harper

Walter I. Harris

James B. Harrington

Thomas B. Hinton

John Holliday

Charles E. Hummel

Edward Jackman

George Jackson

George W. Johnson

George Kirker ✓

Herman L. Lanphere

Frank P. Lindel

John A. Lidhner

William E. Marley

Jacob L. McClymonds

William McKinney

Charles P. McNulty

Fred Mibaum

Fred Miller

Festus M. Moody

James W. Neuman

Cornelius D. O'Connell

James O'Connell

Arthur Oakes

Warren Oliver

John H. Parker

George W. Pruiett

David S. Rhymes

Joseph E. Sherman

Joseph F. Smith

Harry Steine

Norman E. Sawyer

Markey Sykes

Walter C. Snyder

Horner F. Thomas

Charles A. Vogel

Alfred Weindorf

Burton S. White

Bret W. Wimer

Charles Whitney

William A. Warthen

### DISCHARGED

Harry W. Hamilton, Captain

James H. McGinn, Sergeant

Albion L. Rich, Sergeant

John M. Derrick, Corporal

William E. Reed, Corporal

Otho W. Wimer, Corporal

# PRIVATES

Thos. H. Austin  
 William Bennett  
 Chas. M. Cowart  
 Mike Czarnicki  
 Alden B. Frost  
 John J. Gilmartin  
 Harold F. Hanscon  
 William Hart

Thomas Howe  
 Joseph E. Hill  
 Walter S. Jackson  
 Emil Keller  
 John Lang  
 Charles McCarely  
 Charles McKinney  
 William McNally  
 Robert F. Moore

John Moghan  
 Walter G. Newcomb  
 Howard H. Norman  
 James B. Perdue  
 Randal O. King  
 Chas. H. Robertson  
 Frederick G. Smith  
 Wm. J. Smith

# TRANSFERRED

Robert K. Spiller, 1st Lieutenant  
 Harry Burge, Private Robert V. Rohr, Private

# DIED

Horace Webster, 1st Lieutenant

Ezra W. Williams, Private



## RECORD OF EVENTS

### Company K, 42nd Regiment of Infantry United States Volunteers

Company K, 42nd Infantry, U. S. V., mustered into the service of the United States October 28, 1899, per G. O., 150th Headquarters of the Army, Washington, D. C., August 17, 1899. Company left Fort Niagara 12:30 P. M. October 30, 1899, for San Francisco, California. Arrived at San Francisco, California, November 7, 1899. Left Presidio of San Francisco, California for Manila November 30, 1899. Arrived at Honolulu December 8, 1899. Disembarked from U. S. Transport "Columbia" in Manila Bay for Caloocan, P. I. January 2, 1900. Took up position in the line of defense about Manila, P. I.



CAPTAIN JAMES M. SHALLENBERGER

Left Caloocan, P. I., for San Juan del Monte, P. I., January 26, 1900. Marched about nine miles that day. Left San del Monte, P. I., for Pasig, P. I., February 26, 1900. A march of about nine miles. During the months of March, April,

May and June, 1900, the Company was out on several scouting expeditions.

During the month of August, 1900, the Company scouted the mountains northeast of Tay Tay and Antipolo, P. I. During the month of September, 1900, scouting in the vicinity of Ilo and Pasig Rivers. During the month of December the Company did a great deal of scouting and scout duty. On December 12, 1900, the Company joined and formed a part of Captain Bjornstads Battalion in the marches and scouts made during five days. The Company marched through the Barrios of Pantay and Pinopeg, Luzon, P. I. The entire distance being 86 miles.

The Company performed regular garrison and scout duty during the months of January and February, 1901. On April 22, 1901,



pursuant to telegraphic instructions from Headquarters, 42nd Infantry, U. S. V., the Company was relieved from duty at Port of Pasig, P. I., and proceeded to Camp Wallace, Manila, P. I., a distance of about nine miles. The Company started at about 7:00 o'clock A. M., and arrived at the camp about 9:45 A. M., and went aboard U. S. A. T. "Ohio" May 28, 1901.

Sailed for United States direct, May 29, 1901; arrived at San Francisco Bay, June 20, 1901. The Company disembarked June 21, and proceeded to the Presidio, where it remained until muster-out with Regiment June 27, 1901.

### MUSTER-OUT ROLL OF COMPANY K

James M. Shallenberger, Captain

Charles T. Beale, 1st Lieutenant  
Robert Robinson, 1st Sergeant

Franklin P. Jackson, 2nd Lieutenant  
Hardie Daigh, Quartermaster Sergt.

### SERGEANTS

George J. Lukes  
Herbert D. Lockhart

Thomas E. Donnell  
August W. King

### CORPORALS

Frederick A. Beaumont  
Emile C. Dupreis  
Clarence H. Humeston  
Joseph H. LaRiviere

Ernest Lachance  
William J. Lamb  
R. Leavenworth  
Jacob Myers

Andrew W. Rose  
Henry J. Stewart  
John C. Syfert  
Willard Denning

Frank Wisemand, Cook  
James Spain, Cook

Jasper T. Lighter, Musician  
Henry Broadhurst, Musician

Arthur Cote, Artificer

### PRIVATEES

Gioconto M. Anunziato  
John Baxter  
Henry Brink  
William H. Broman  
Len C. Brown  
Terrence Burke  
Joseph P. Cassidy  
Herbert D. Chambers  
George A. Cramer  
Charles C. Crosby  
James Fay  
Charles A. Garland  
William W. Girard  
William E. Groft

Charles H. Harris  
Frank B. Huffman  
John J. Kelly  
Robert L. Lamb  
Walter G. Martin  
Robert Matthews  
Henry McCarty  
Martin V. Miller  
Joel R. Mooney  
LeClair Morris  
Arthur G. Morse  
Henry Murray  
Myron Nimkin  
George W. Pennel  
John F. Pitts

Frank Prater  
John Rice  
James Ringwood  
Henry Robinson  
William N. Rose  
William H. Rusert  
Michael F. Sheehy  
Thomas F. Stafford  
Eugene S. Staub  
Patrick J. Sweeney  
Lloyd H. Taylor ✓  
James Williamson  
James W. Wilson  
Albert D. Winslow

### DISCHARGED

John W. Green, 1st Sergeant  
George Bierman, Corporal

John F. Hall, Corporal  
James G. Thompson, Corporal

## PRIVATES

William Becker  
 William A. Bowens  
 John F. Brake  
 Silas T. Breitmayer  
 William P. Brumm  
 Bert C. Carpenter  
 Frank Casey  
 Arthur W. Conway  
 John Couse  
 Charles W. Cowart  
 Henry R. Dunlap  
 John L. Evans

Henry E. Fick  
 William F. Hague  
 Bryson Hensley  
 Martin D. Hogan  
 Thomas L. Hunt  
 Frank Johnson  
 Oscar Keriker  
 Clarence B. Lindsay  
 John Mehegan  
 John Morrow  
 David Murray  
 Philip Muskat

Arthur A. Moore  
 Thomas Nolan  
 Chapel Norton  
 Edward J. O'Neill  
 Presley V. Ryhal  
 James E. Sherman  
 Joseph W. Strain  
 George S. Tingle  
 Theodore Von Minden  
 John E. Wilcox  
 Joseph S. Woodward

## TRANSFERRED

Wm. H. Woodcock, Sergeant   Walker W. Hamner, Private   Louis C. Rhein, Private

## DIED

Thomas A. Ehrehart  
 Edward P. Miller

Ira A. Stevens  
 William H. Howard

James A. Hurley  
 Michael O'Donnell



## RECORD OF EVENTS

### Company L, 42nd Regiment of Infantry United States Volunteers

Company was organized September 25, 1899, at Fort Niagara, N. Y., where same was drilled and taught the use of the rifle, manual of arms and target practice with marked success. Company left Fort Niagara, N. Y., October 30, 1899, for Presidio of San Francisco, California, a distance of 3160 miles.

This journey was made by rail without a single mishap to anyone, arriving at Presidio of San Francisco, California, November 7, 1899, where drill and target practice were pursued with earnestness. Sailed from San Francisco, California, November 30, 1899, on Transport "Columbia" for Manila, P. I. Arrived December 31, 1899; disembarked January 2, 1900, marched to Caloocan, P. I., where outpost duty was performed and scouts made north and east. January 26, 1900, Company changed station to San Felipe Neri, where garrison and scouting duty was performed;

changed station February 27, 1900, to Morong, P. I., via Cascoes on Pasig River and Laguna de Bey. At this station scouts were made in the mountains of Morong Province, men being required to carry rations for three days, 100 rounds of ammunition each, and poncho. Second Lieutenant Kitts and 25 men of Company L, and Lieutenant Webster with 25 men of Company I, 42nd Infantry, U. S. V., while scouting northeast of Tanay, P. I., struck Headquarters Morong Battalion of Insurgents, captured 115 rifles, 1000 rounds of ammunition, five Insurgents, and released one American prisoner, James Murray, Company K, 21st Infantry; barracks and stores destroyed; returned to Morong March 11, 1900. First Lieutenant McCool and 25 men, Company L, and 25 men of Company I, scouted next day in same vicinity; after being out three days returned to camp; distance marched about 45 miles; three insurgents captured. On March



CAPTAIN JOSEPH V. CUNNINGHAM

17, 1900, Captain Cunningham and 50 men of Company L made scout to Santa Maria, Laguna Province, P. I. Was fired on by insurgents at 9:00 P. M. At daybreak town was entered, capturing two insurgents, military papers and uniforms; returned to Morong, P. I., March 20, 1900; distance marched 38 miles.

Company changed station to Paete, Laguna Province, P. I., March 27, 1900, being enroute all night of March 26, 1900, on cascoe towed by Gunboat "Florida" landed under fire of enemy, which was repulsed by troops and Gunboats "Florida" and "Oesta." Scattered firing was kept up by Insurgents during night of March 27 and 28, 1900, from top of mountains lying East of town. At noon of March 29, 1900, a strong force of Insurgents attacked town from the aforesaid position, well entrenched and fortified. Captain Cunningham, 1st Lieutenant Molinard, 2nd Lieutenant Kitts, with 98 men of Company L attacked their position taking same after one hour and 35 minutes engagements, killing 1, wounding 3, completely routing enemy; returned to Paete same day. Company made scout to Paquil and vicinity March 30, 1900; returned to camp same date. March 31, 1900, Company joined Lieutenant-Colonel John H. Beacom's command in General Schwan's Expedition against Insurgent General Cailles. This expedition lasted until April 8, 1900, during which time slight skirmishes were had with the enemy; day and night marches were made; marching in all about 100 miles. April 8, 1900, captured Musician Henry Vance, a deserter, from the 37th Infantry, U. S. V., and who was operating in conjunction with Insurgents, he being surprised by advance guard under 2nd Lieutenant Kitts, and after a short skirmish was captured with 3 Insurgents. On night of April 13, 1900, Captain Cunningham with 23 men marched northeast of Paquil, P. I., on Siniloan Trail, where Insurgent quartel was attacked, results: Wounded 2, captured 2, with ammunition and uniforms, Insurgent Lieutenant and 20 men escaping through darkness; distance marched 10 miles. April 23, 1900, Captain Cunningham and 25 men, while scouting near Santa Anna, Laguna, Province, P. I., engaged the enemy three times during day, the last of which Insurgents held excellent position and heavy fire was kept up until charge was made upon them, and although greatly outnumbered, our troops dispersed the enemy in every direction. Results: Captured 3 Insurgents, wounded 1, captured 3 rifles, 25 musical instruments, \$47.50 Mexican currency and important Military papers. Returned to Paete same

date; distance marched 8 miles. April 24, 1900, Captain Cunningham and 28 men of Companies L and E, 42nd Infantry, struck Insurgent outpost near San Antonio, P. I., killing 2 and wounding 1, 1st Sergeant Barrett being in command of advance guard. April 25, 1900, Sergeant Williams with 9 men of Company L, escort to United States property for troops at Siniloan, P. I., was attacked near Paquil, P. I., by Company of Insurgents well under cover. After a brisk skirmish enemy was driven from their position without loss of life or property of escort; Sergeant Williams recommended by Regimental Commander for his action in this skirmish. Captain Cunningham, 2nd Lieutenant Kitts and 80 men of Company L, while scouting east of Paquil, P. I., April 28, 1900, had slight skirmish with the enemy, killing one Insurgent, captured 1 rifle. On May 9, 1900, Captain Cunningham and 25 men made expedition to Pacific Coast, returning to Paete May 12, 1900, distance marched 45 miles. This expedition was made through mountainous country, covered with land leeches, which were a great annoyance to troops. On May 26, 1900, Captain Cunningham with 60 men made night march to Tolongas, P. I., struck enemy at daylight, retreating north followed by American troops from the south. Results: Killed 4, captured 5 rifles, stores and ammunition. June 1, 1900, Lieutenants McCool and Kitts with 50 men of Company L made scout north and east of Paquil, P. I., returned June 2, 1900, distance marched about 20 miles.

(Changed stations), left Paete, P. I., June 5, 1900; arrived at Malabon, P. I., June 7, 1900, via Cascoes, distance 80 miles. June 7, 1900, Lieutenant Kitts and 20 men sent to guard the Tilison Bridge northeast of Caloocan, P. I., June 15, 1900. Company changed station to Tondo Manila, P. I., to perform duty as Train Guard on M. & D. Railroad. Changed station to Caloocan, P. I., August 9, 1900, performed same duty on trains.

January 15, 1901, scout was made by Lieutenant Kitts and 25 men of Company L in vicinity of Bagbag, P. I., distance 8 miles. Captain Cunningham and 20 men of Company L on night of April 19, 1901, while scouting near Novaliches, P. I., captured 2 Insurgents, 2 revolvers and 2 native ponies; distance marched 8 miles.

Changed stations April 22, 1901, to Camp Wallace, Manila, P. I.; joined Regiment and sailed to United States May 29, 1900,

on Transport "Ohio." Arrived in Presidio, San Francisco, California, June 21, 1901; was mustered out of service of the United States June 27, 1901.

### MUSTER-OUT ROLL OF COMPANY L

Joseph V. Cunningham, Captain

Harry C. McCool, 1st Lieutenant

Will L. Barrett, 1st Sergeant

William A. Biggerstaff, Quartermaster Sergt.

Walter Beccue, Sergeant

William P. Kitts, 2nd Lieutenant

Alfred Williams, Sergeant

William C. Martin, Sergeant

Frederick Hinkey, Sergeant

### CORPORALS

Samuel R. Anthony

Charles B. Ayers

Fred O. D'Entremont

Nelson E. Dickenson

Philip G. Haid

Harry C. McFarland

Eberhard Popp

John M. Pruyn

Clarence Redfield

John F. Stein

Harry J. Wilson

Louis F. Wood

### PRIVATES

Sante A. Adams

Reuben Alexander

George B. Angel

Pearl F. Atha

Virgie P. Brittingham

William Butler

Arthur H. Conklin

Michael F. Conway

Thomas Conway

Milton Crabtree

William C. Crumpton

Joseph Danjou

Joseph Dilling

Garfield H. Donaldson

Thomas J. Ellis

Euel C. Farlow

Charles S. Fishel

James P. Fouhey

John G. Freeman

Charles Gieshe

Joseph Goodman

Herbert E. Graves

Nehemiah Harvey

Homer S. Heal

Frank A. Herman

William B. Hewett

Jacob B. Hoschar

Charles C. Irvin

Henry Jager

Ernest Kaingdon

Fred Kitch

George J. Kissle

Thomer D. Knapp

Dennis Lavalie

James I. Little

Townsend Lore

Arthur G. Maggs

Evard W. Maggart

Robert McDowell

Robert J. Meigh

Robert R. Montgomery

Joseph Manahan

Mordchi Panett

James B. Reaston

Robert V. Rohr

Robert H. Ruddy

Thady Sanders

William Sanders

Charles Schaufler

Eugene Schaufler

John F. Stanley

Gustav Schmitz

Walter Scott

John W. Terry

Alexander A. Walker

John J. Walsh

John H. Wheeler

Lewis N. Whitney

Karl Wooster

George H. Young

### DISCHARGED

Charles A. Clark, Corporal

Michael J. Tooney, Sergeant

Oscar L. Gatlin, Corporal

William D. Smith, Artificer

Edward Moran, Corporal

### PRIVATES

Arthur L. Dustin

William Fitzgerald

Edgar J. Foster

James L. Ferguson

Michael C. Gubbins

Louis Goldberger

✓ Frank Huck, Jr. ✓

Benjamin F. Kelley ✓

Usual Lemin

Charles J. LeRoy

Martin F. Melia

Albert E. Norton

August Nelson

Charles H. Plott

John H. Sheehan

Charles Smith

Willard S. Warner

### TRANSFERRED

Louis M. Lang, Captain

Harry A. Meade, Musician

Joseph R. McAndrews, 1st Lieutenant

Frank T. Allbright, Private

Charles H. Robertson, Private

### DIED

Walter Corlies, Corporal

Page K. Clausen, Private

Curt E. Hall, Private

## RECORD OF EVENTS

### Company M, 42nd Regiment of Infantry United States Volunteers

Company organized September 25, 1899, at Ft. Niagara, New York. Left Ft. Niagara for San Francisco, California, October 30, 1899, arrived in San Francisco, November 7, 1899. Embarked on Transport "Columbia" for Manila, P. I., November 30, 1899. Arrived at Honolulu, H. I., at 9 A. M., December 8, 1899. Left Honolulu at 4 P. M., December 11, 1899. Arrived in Manila at 10 A. M., December 31, 1899. Disembarked January 2, 1900, and marched to camp at Caloocan, P. I., relieving Company C, 45th Infantry, U. S. V., at 4 P. M., January 26, 1900. Company relieved by Company M, 48th Infantry, U. S. V., and left Caloocan at 2:15 for Camp Alva, P. I., relieving Company K, 40th Infantry, U. S. V., January 27, 1900. Distance marched 10 miles. Company relieved by Company C, 42nd Infantry, U. S. V., and marched 4 miles to Santa Mesa Hospital February 24, 1900, relieving Battery H, 3rd U. S. Artillery, February 25, 1900.



CAPTAIN CHARLES S. BURNS

Company relieved by Company D, 48th Infantry, U. S. V. Bivouaced corner Mariquina Road near Deposito, P. I., night of February 25, 1900. At 9 A. M., February 26, 1900, marched 12 miles to Taging, P. I., relieving Company A, 29th Infantry, U. S. V. From February 26, 1900, to June 13, 1900, Company performed ordinary Garrison duty at Taguig, P. I. March 29 to April 5, 1901, 2 officers and 51 men on scout to Napindan, P. I., distance marched 10 miles.

On June 13, 1900, left Taguig for San Felipe, Neri, arriving same date, relieving Troop "E", 4th U. S. Cavalry. From June 13, 1900, to April 22, 1901, Company performed garrison duty at San Felipe, Neri, P. I.

April 22, 1901, Company left San Felipe, Neri, for Camp Wallace, Manila, P. I. Distance marched six miles. In camp at Camp Wallace from April 22 to May 28, 1901, awaiting transportation to United States. Embarked on Transport "Ohio" May 28, 1901. Sailed for San Francisco at 4:26 P. M., May 29, 1901. Arrived in San Francisco Bay, June 20, 1901. Disembarked June 21, 1901, and went into camp at Presidio, San Francisco, California, and awaited muster-out. Mustered out at Presidio, San Francisco, California, June 27, 1901.

### MUSTER-OUT ROLL OF COMPANY M

Charles S. Burns, Captain

Francis H. Lomax, 1st Lieutenant

Morris M. Keck, 2nd Lieutenant

Asa B. Hudson, 1st Sergeant

Charles C. Soudmore, 2nd Lieutenant

Fred A. Moore, Quartermaster Sergeant

### SERGEANTS

Charles H. Hall  
Grant Irving

James Kimball  
Fred E. Smith

### CORPORALS

Lawson W. Cook

Henry David

Wade H. Polk

Jesse Day

Henry W. Ernewein

James J. Smith

Roscoe M. Demarest

Ernest Lewis

John C. Watts

Charles F. Duff

John F. Murphy

Ernest Withrall

William W. Fry, Cook ✓

Albert B. Bailey, Musician

Luther Moore, Cook

William H. Bloomingdale, Musician

George Parker, Artificer

### PRIVATES

Peter Ambozatic

Charles C. Head

Edw. J. Poissant

John Arnet

James D. Hostatle

James J. Portwood

John H. Broughton

John Helf

William J. Pusey

Edward J. Bateman

Daniel A. Hill

Frank P. Ray

James E. Bryson

Lester C. Hill

John Reagan

Albert E. Bishop

Lewis Heberly, Jr.

Leigh H. Robertson

Emile Cluzet

Preston E. Irwin

James Smith

Patrick Connors

William Larsen

William H. Sturch

Byron K. Ellis

Alonzo Lane

Rufus S. Smathers

Edwin F. Everett

James J. Maquire

Joseph F. Stines

Alfred S. Freeman

Wesley A. Miner

Ambrose G. Strassner

Charles F. Fielden

Leonard McFarlin

George J. Wood

John P. Fenton

Robert E. McFarlin

Walter Whited

Wilbur E. Foote

George O'Brien

William Young

William G. Purcell

### DISCHARGED

Sydney Smyth, 1st Sergeant

Frank H. Biliski, Sergeant

Lewis A. McDermott, Sergeant

Barton Bernard, Corporal

Charles Boisot, Corporal

William J. Crampton, Sergeant

Arthur H. Tarver, Quartermaster Sergt.

George B. Wilbur, Sergeant

### DIED

Simeon Downer, Private



*(Heretofore omitted from Roster)*

DISCHARGED

CORPORALS

Deshler, Whiting

Archibald, H. Wm.

PRIVATES

Anderson, Wm. M.  
Boyer, Clarence C.  
Bergemann, Wm.  
Connelly, Wm. F.  
Cumming, George  
Cashman, Lawrence A.  
Derivan, Wm.  
Goodman, Edwin F.  
Gossnell, Robert B.  
Howell, Edward  
Hoffman, Asa B.

Hunt, Rube  
Kuhle, Frank  
King, James H.  
Mann, John  
Mitchell, John F.  
Myrick, Edward  
Myer, Fred  
O'Connor, Michael  
Pressell, Arthur W.  
Rosier, John A.  
Smith, Charles G.

Steinbecher, Chas.  
Schonerstedt, Alfred  
Skillman, John J.  
Smith, Hobart M.  
Small, Wm.  
Young, Wm. E.  
Goldstein, Chas.  
Granger, Leon  
Millea, Thomas  
Stover, Pierce L.

TRANSFERRED

PRIVATES

Neff, Fedder

Swords, James T.

DIED

PRIVATES

Downer, Simeon

DESERTED

PRIVATES

Collier, Walter  
Davis, Charles D.

Hardy, Thomas J.  
Lewis, Benjamin

Winfield, Chas. H.





## IN MEMORIAM

### COLONEL JOHN H. BEACOM, 6th U. S. Infantry

*The Following is from the New York Evening Post  
September 23, 1916*

The active Army this week lost two well known officers in the deaths of Major General Albert L. Mills, Chief of the Bureau of Militia Affairs and Colonel John H. Beacom, Sixth Infantry. General Mills died in Washington on Monday from pneumonia, and Colonel Beacom in Colonia Dublan, Mexico, on Sunday, from heart disease.

Colonel Beacom was stricken while preparing to leave for Calexico, California, to command a brigade of National Guard troops. Colonel Beacom led his regiment to San Antonio, Chihuahua, Mexico, in the earlier part of the campaign after Villa. He was born in Ohio, January 1, 1857, and was appointed to West Point in 1878. On graduating four years later he was assigned as a Second Lieutenant to the Eighteenth Infantry, and in April, 1883, was transferred to the Third Infantry. He was under instruction at the Torpedo School at Willet's Point from November, 1889, until October, 1890.

He was in command of an Indian company of his regiment in the Dakotas and Minnesota from 1891 to 1894, and was then attached to the Headquarters of the Japanese Army until the following April. He was in the campaign in the Shantung Peninsula and was present at the surrender of Wei-Hai-We. In August, 1896, Colonel Beacom went to Egypt to accompany the English expedition into the Sudan but was refused permission by the Sirdar to join. From August, 1897, until June, 1898, he was a technical officer at West Point.

At the beginning of the War with Spain, he was appointed an Assistant Adjutant General of Volunteers, and in August, 1898, was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. He was assigned to the Second Army Corps in June, 1898, was transferred to the Seventh Corps a week later, and on June 21, became Adjutant General of the latter corps. He was Adjutant General of the Department of Santiago in September, 1898. In September, 1899, as Lieutenant-Colonel of that regiment, he organized the Forty-Second Volunteer Infantry at Fort Niagara, and took it to the Philippines. He was Military Attache to the American Embassy in London from October, 1903, to January, 1907, and served as an Inspector General from March, 1912, until he became Colonel of the Fourth Infantry in June, 1913. From August in that year until November, 1915, he was unassigned and then went to the Sixth Infantry. He was an able and zealous officer, always looking for duty of value to his professional knowledge and skill, and his loss is deplorable.

Letter from the Secretary of War to the Hon. Madison W. Beacom, Cleveland, Ohio:

COPY  
WAR DEPARTMENT  
Washington

September 18th, 1916.

My dear Beacom:

A despatch today from Funston announced the death of your brother and no doubt you will have been appraised of it long before this personal note reaches you. I could not forget, however, that I met your brother a number of years ago and have seen him two or three times, so that I have a sense of personal acquaintance with him which of course brought you to my mind and made me want to write you this note of sympathy and also inclose, as I do herewith, a copy of the despatch from General Funston announcing the event and showing the high regard in which he was held by his associates on the border.

Cordially yours,

NEWTON D. BAKER,  
(Secretary of War)

Hon. Madison W. Beacom,  
Williamson Building,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

COPY

WESTERN UNION

Special

Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

Sept. 18, 1916

Adjutant General,  
Washington.

Number twenty eight eighty eight. Following received from General Pershing "Reference death Colonel Beacom am informed he had blood pressure for some time, but has apparently been in the best of health during entire time in Mexico. In compliance with orders he was en route to Calexico, California. Arrived here from El Valle horseback riding from San Joaquin yesterday, distance thirty seven miles. Only indications of illness was faintness two hours previous to death which came very suddenly. In my opinion Colonel Beacom was one of the ablest officers in our army. His services with this expedition have been of the highest order and second to none. His loss is keenly felt by myself and entire command. Funeral services were held here this afternoon prior departure for Columbus. Should arrive there tomorrow morning. Wishes of nearest relative as to disposition of remains not yet ascertained."

FUNSTON.

OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN OF THE  
42ND REGIMENT OF INFANTRY, U. S. V., IN 1899 - 1900 - 1901

WHO SERVED IN THE REGULAR ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES  
WITH HIGHEST RANK ATTAINED

James E. Abbott, 2nd Lieutenant.....	Lieutenant-Colonel
John H. Beacom, Lieutenant-Colonel.....	Colonel
William C. Brown, Major.....	Major-General
Hartman L. Butler, Corporal.....	Colonel
Alfred W. Bjornstad, Captain.....	Brigadier-General
Edward C. Carey, Major.....	Colonel
George D. Catlin, Captain.....	Colonel
Edgar Combs, Private.....	Captain
John W. Green, 1st Sergeant (Chief of Staff, Phil. Div., 1917).....	Colonel
Henry Henderson, Corporal (Master Sergeant, U. S. A.; Captain, N. A.).....	Captain
Fred J. Herman, Captain.....	Colonel
Franklin P. Jackson, 2nd Lieutenant.....	Lieutenant-Colonel
Walter H. Johnson, 1st Lieutenant.....	Colonel
Morris M. Keck, 2nd Lieutenant.....	Colonel
Wm. P. Kitts, 2nd Lieutenant.....	1st Lieutenant
Francis H. Lomax, 1st Lieutenant.....	Colonel
Jos. R. McAndrews, 1st Lieutenant.....	Colonel
Walter D. McCaw, Major, Surgeon.....	Brigadier-General
Henry F. McFeely, Captain.....	Major
Guy C. McGahen, Corporal (Captain, N. A.; Master Sergeant, U. S. A.).....	Captain
Martin Novak, 2nd Lieutenant.....	Captain
Austin M. Pardee, 2nd Lieutenant.....	Lieutenant-Colonel
Arthur Poillon, 1st Lieutenant.....	Colonel
Philip, Powers, 1st Lieutenant.....	Colonel
John M. Pruyn, 2nd Lieutenant.....	Captain
Robert K. Spiller, 1st Lieutenant.....	Lieutenant-Colonel
Frederick W. Stopford, Captain.....	Colonel
Horace F. Sykes, 2nd Lieutenant.....	Colonel
John B. Taylor, Sergeant.....	Colonel
J. Milton Thompson, Colonel.....	Brigadier-General
Gustave Vortriede, Corporal (Master Sergeant, U. S. A.).....	Major Rtd.
Augustus B. Warfield, 2nd Lieutenant.....	Brigadier-General, Q. M. C.
George H. White, 1st Lieutenant.....	Colonel
R. Howard Williams, 1st Lieutenant.....	Colonel

ENLISTED MEN COMMISSIONED IN OTHER UNITED STATES FORCES,  
WITH HIGHEST RANK

Frank F. Barth, Corp.....Capt., N. A.; Sup. Officer, 61st Inf.; Adj., 61st Inf., World War I	
Ashley Beck, Private.....	Captain, N. A., World War I
Frank A. Loomis, Corporal.....	Colonel, U. S. R., World War I
Guy McGahen, Corporal.....	Captain Nat'l Guard, Indiana, 1919
N. W. Muller, 1st Sgt. Maj., N. A., World War I; Lt.-Col., N. G., N. Y., World War I	
Robert M. Vail, Quartermaster Sergeant.....	Major-General, Natl. Guard, Penna.
Willie W. Weld, 1st Sergeant.....	Captain, N. A., World War I

ENLISTED MEN COMMISSIONED IN 42ND INFANTRY ONLY

Frank T. Allbright, Regimental Sergeant-Major.....	As 2nd Lieutenant
Carl Thomas, 1st Sergeant.....	As 2nd Lieutenant
Walter W. Hamner, Regimental Sergeant-Major.....	As 2nd Lieutenant
Charles C. Scudmore, Battalion Sergeant-Major.....	As 2nd Lieutenant

OFFICERS OF THE 42ND INFANTRY  
UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS

WHO HAVE DIED SINCE THE ORGANIZATION OF THE REGIMENT  
WITH HIGHEST RANK ATTAINED

James E. Abbott .....	Lieutenant-Colonel
Frank T. Allbright .....	2nd Lieutenant
John H. Beacom .....	Colonel
Chas. T. Beale .....	1st Lieutenant
Wm. D. Bell .....	Captain, M.D.
Alfred W. Bjornstad .....	Brigadier-General
William C. Brown .....	Major-General
Chas. S. Burns .....	Captain
Robt. A. Caldwell .....	Captain
Thomas Carl .....	2nd Lieutenant
Jos. V. Cunningham .....	Captain
Edward DuBois .....	Captain
Edward F. Hackett .....	1st Lieutenant
Walker W. Hamner .....	2nd Lieutenant
Robert B. Hargis .....	1st Lieutenant
James E. Hill .....	Captain
Bruce N. Judd .....	2nd Lieutenant
Frank Keck .....	Captain
Wm. P. Kitts .....	1st Lieutenant
Joseph H. Little .....	1st Lieutenant
Francis H. Lomax .....	Colonel
Jos. R. McAndrews .....	Colonel
Walter D. McCaw .....	Brigadier-General, M.C.
Harry C. McCool .....	1st Lieutenant
Wm. R. Molinard .....	1st Lieutenant
Martin Novak .....	Captain
John R. Prime .....	Major
John M. Pruyn .....	Captain
Theodore C. Reiser .....	1st Lieutenant
Peter T. Riley .....	Captain
Chas. H. Roessing .....	1st Lieutenant
Chas. C. Scudmore .....	2nd Lieutenant
J. Milton Thompson .....	Brigadier-General
Louis P. Weber .....	1st Lieutenant
Horace Webster .....	1st Lieutenant
Geo. H. White .....	Colonel

## CHAPTER 21.

*The 42nd Infantry U. S. V. Association. Re-unions. The Memorial at Fort Niagara. The Ladies' Color Guard. The Round-up at Fort Niagara.*

A few veterans of the Regiment met casually in Columbus, Ohio, in the afternoon of August 22, 1937, and talked about the desirability of banding together in some manner, to revive and keep alive the memories of the Regiment's service and the renewal of the friendships formed in the Days of the Empire, in the Philippines in 1899-1900-1901. On that evening they met Colonel Worthington Kautzman, once Captain of Company G, in the lobby of the Neil House, who was enthusiastic concerning such an organization, and promptly offered the use of his office for a meeting on the following day.

The following record of that meeting tells the story of organization:

### RECORD OF ORGANIZATION MEETING OF THE FORTY-SECOND REGIMENT INFANTRY U. S. V. ASSOCIATION

---

The following comrades, survivors of the Forty-second Infantry, U. S. V., met in the office of Colonel Worthington Kautzman, 811-44 East Broad Street, Columbus, Ohio, on the afternoon of August 23, 1937, for the purpose of organizing a regimental Association:

Company B—Harry M. Book, 248 Summit Ave., Bowling Green, Ohio.

Company E—Omar Bowen, P. O. Box 295, Kokomo, Indiana.

Company K—S. T. Breitmeyer, 1501 South Milwaukee St., Jackson, Michigan.

Company A—Walter A. Brown, 2331 Hatchway Ave., Compton, Los Angeles County, California.

Company H—Frank E. Dunning, 1142 Albert Ave., Rockford, Illinois.

Company K—Henry E. Fick, 227 King St., Dunkirk, New York.



Company F—E. E. Harmon, Route 2, Paducah, Kentucky.

Company G—Worthington, Kautzman, 7502 Beacon St., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Company B—Matthew Raines, Leon, West Virginia.

Company G—James Roberts, R.F.D. 4, Washington, Pennsylvania.

Company C—Russell Younger, 70 Atlantic St., Winthrop, Massachusetts.

The meeting was called to order at 3 o'clock and after a few remarks by Comrade Kautzman who explained the purpose for which it was called, the body proceeded to elect temporary officers to preside until regular officers could be elected.

On motion of Comrade Younger, Comrade Worthington Kautzman was elected Temporary Chairman.

On motion of Comrade Bowen, Comrade Russell Younger was elected Temporary Secretary.

Both comrades accepted the office for which they were chosen. Comrade Kautzman then called the meeting to order and proceeded with the business in hand.

On motion of Comrade Frank E. Dunning, Comrade Worthington Kautzman was elected President by unanimous vote for the ensuing year.

On motion of Comrade Bowen, Comrade Russell Younger was elected Secretary for the ensuing year. An amendment to this motion was made by Comrade Kautzman, that Comrade Younger also serve as Treasurer. The amendment was passed and Comrade Younger was also elected to that office.

At this time it was decided that the annual election of officers should take place on the third Monday in August.

On motion of Comrade Russell Younger, Comrade Omar Bowen was chosen by unanimous vote to be Historian.

On motion of Comrade Younger, a By-laws Committee was appointed to consist of three members—Comrades Dunning, Harmon and Younger were appointed by the President.

On motion of Comrade Bowen, it was voted that the dues be fixed at one dollar per year.

At this time Comrade Dunning suggested that several Vice-presidents be scattered around.

On motion of Comrade Brown, it was voted that a Vice-president

be appointed for each State and that the Secretary be vested with authority to appoint them.

Respectfully submitted,

RUSSELL YOUNGER, Secretary

RECORD OF SECOND MEETING to complete organization of the Forty-second Regiment Infantry Association, which was held at 811-14 East Broad St., Columbus, Ohio, on the evening of August 23, 1937.

The meeting was called to order at 7:30 P. M. by President Kautzman. The following comrades were present:

Company L—Eberhard Popp, Meadville, Pennsylvania.

Company K—Percy V. Ryhal, 456 Moore Ave., Newcastle, Pennsylvania.

Company H—Frank E. Dunning, 114 Albert Ave., Rockford, Illinois.

Company G—Worthington Kautzman, 5702 Beacon St., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Company C—Russell Younger, 70 Atlantic St., Winthrop, Massachusetts.

Company L—Charles C. Ervin, Route 1, Box 253, Fontana, California.

Company L—John G. Luck, 208 South Waterloo, Jackson, Michigan.

Company C—Thomas Cartwright, 3315 Gallitan St., Marion, Ohio.

Company D—W. W. Wood, Elwood City, Pennsylvania.

Company I—Thomas B. Hinton, Route 2, Box 178, Kent, Ohio.

Company L—Thomas B. Walsh, Route 2, Box 178, Kent, Ohio.

Company I—Burton R. White, Larwill, Indiana.

Company G—William H. Doran, 392 Essex St., Salem, Massachusetts.

Company A—Walter A. Brown, 2331 Hatchway Ave., Compton, Los Angeles County, California.

On motion of Comrade White, it was voted that the annual reunions of the Association be held at the time and place of the Annual Convention of the United Spanish War Veterans, except in the event such convention be held in a city contiguous to Fort Niagara when the reunion will be held at the Fort.

On motion of Comrade Walter Brown, it was voted that the By-laws Committee should act as Executive Committee, also.

There being no further business to come before the body, the remainder of the session was given over to the relating of experiences and anecdotes of their service in the Philippines.

Respectfully submitted,

RUSSELL YOUNGER, Secretary.

A week or so later the Secretary announced that Vice-presidents had been appointed for the following States:

- California—Comrade Harry J. Rubley, Company A, Rockport, California.
- Florida—Comrade Trull C. Gunter, Company E, General Delivery, St. Cloud, Florida.
- Illinois—Comrade Frank E. Dunning, Company H, 114 Albert Ave., Rockford, Illinois.
- Indiana—Comrade Omar Bowen, Company E, P. O. Box 295, Kokomo, Indiana.
- Maryland—Comrade E. R. Anthony, Company L, 1114 North Luzerne St., Baltimore, Maryland.
- Massachusetts—Comrade William H. Doran, Company G, 392 Essex St., Salem, Massachusetts.
- Michigan—Comrade Louis Ruedisueli, Company G, 2417 First Natl. Bank Bldg., Detroit, Michigan; or Comrade George Luiges, Company K, 201 West Peterson St., Flint, Michigan.
- New Jersey—Comrade Clarence Redfield, Company L, 34 W St., Woodbury, New Jersey.
- New York—Comrade Fred Rose, Company G, Penn Yan, New York.
- Ohio—Comrade Bert Wyner, Company G, Bellefontaine, Ohio.
- West Virginia—Comrade Mathew Raines, Leon, West Virginia.

Vice-presidents for the remaining States were to be appointed as soon as replies from comrades willing to serve in that capacity were received. And how those replies did come in! And how those Vice-presidents did function!! Telegraph messenger boys stood four deep around the Secretary's door, holding sheafs of telegraphic replies. More candidates for Vice-presidents clamored for appointment than the Secretary knew we had survivors of the Regiment! The long distance phones hummed with the requests to be permitted to advertise at their own expense and bring the comrades into the fold! When the clamor was at its height, a great knock sounded on

the Secretary's door and he awoke, took stock of everything and started in to do the whole job himself.

As information of the forming of the Association spread from one survivor to another, its membership grew apace. The sixty-year-plus boys began thinking of comrades of the hot days in the sleepy towns and of bunk fatigue, when not chasing the rebellious natives of Luzon on mountain trail and over the rice paddies; and of this or that cuddly Querida under the bamboo trees!

Annual reunions were thought of and planned for and the ever-widening efforts to locate and contact the old boys, like the waves in the pond after a stone is thrown in, were constantly bearing fruit.

Someone thought of definite objectives to aim for and the first of these took the form of a suitable memorial or monument to stand upon the face of the earth, by which the Regiment would be remembered after the written papers of its existence had mouldered into dust and oblivion in the darkness and obscurity of the War Department's archives.

That idea grew and the Secretary, Comrade Russell Younger, was presently snowed under with letters and catalogs concerning designs and costs.

A Memorial Committee was named with Colonel Kautzman as ex-officio chairman. The Committee consisted of Brigadier-General Warfield, Colonels Frederick W. Stopford, Fred J. Herman and Morris M. Keck; Major Nicholas W. Muller, Captain James M. Shallenberger, Sergeant Frank L. Blackman, Hospital Steward George C. Racer, and Privates Omar Bowen and Russell Younger.

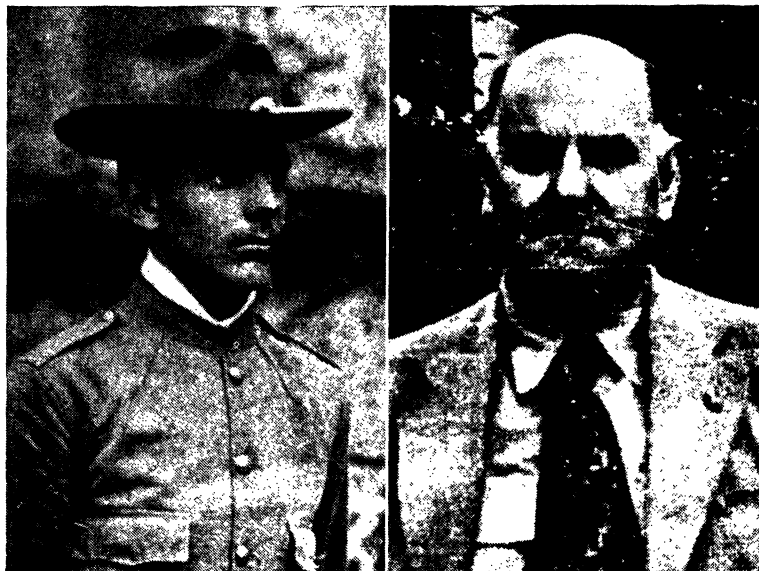
Colonel Herman was designated as Treasurer of the Committee. Time marched relentlessly on and nothing happened but the accumulation of catalogs of monuments.

But the March of the Joiners also went on. By November 15, 1937, there were fifty members. A monthly publication, mimeographed, called the "Bulletin" appeared, and later its present name "The Caraboa" was selected. The Caraboa is a sleepy animal we became acquainted with in the Philippines. This bulletin, however, not like its namesake, is a wide awake little association newspaper, edited and published by a wide awake ex-buck-private, Russell Younger.

Thanks to this loyal and devoted comrade and the efforts and contributions of good copy from the President of the Association, Colonel Kautzman, and a few other contributors of occasional stuff, the monthly paper (and through it the Association itself), has been able to survive until it now serves nearly three hundred survivors of the old regiment.

A. D. 1900

A. D. 1940



RUSSELL YOUNGER

Secretary and Treasurer, 42nd Infantry U. S. V. Association

### Extract From Bulletin No. 1

To our Comrades:

During the National Encampment of the United Spanish War Veterans held at Columbus, Ohio, August 22-26, 1937, some twenty-five members of the Forty-second Infantry met in Room 811, 44 East Broad Street, and formed an Association, to be known as the "Forty-second Regiment Infantry U. S. V. Association."

Comrade Worthington Kautzman was elected President and Comrade Russell Younger, Secretary and Treasurer.

It was also decided that there should be one Vice-president from each of the forty-eight States.

A Constitution and By-laws have been adopted and all Comrades of the Forty-second Infantry are urgently and earnestly solicited to become members, and participate in the social benefits that will come from the intercourse of the old comrades and their families and by renewing the old friendships of that long-ago day when we hiked the rice paddies, jungles and mountain tops of Luzon. Thirty-six years have elapsed since that time—many of our Comrades have crossed the “Great Divide,” but a few years, at most, remain for all of us, before we too, will answer the last roll-call. Let us unite to make our last years the best.

Ben Franklin said: “The next thing most like living one’s life over again seems to be a recollection of that life.”

Yours in comradeship,

WORTHINGTON KAUTZMAN, President.

The Memorial idea had arrived at the point of a location of a Monument and Fort Niagara, New York, where the Regiment was organized, was decided on as the most fitting place for its erection.



COAT-OF-ARMS, 42ND INF. ASSN.

A complete roster of the Regiment at the time of muster-out, prepared under the direction of Brigadier-General A. B. Warfield (Lieutenant Warfield, Company C), taken from the records of the 42nd Inf., U. S. V., in Washington, was provided the Association in September, 1938, which was greatly appreciated by the membership.

On September 15, 1938, the memorial proposition began to take shape when Colonel Herman, with the approval of the members of the

Committee, assumed its chairmanship and announced the beginning of the campaign for funds.

After considering many designs, the one pictured on page 257 was

drawn by Colonel Herman, including the wording on the bronze tablet, and approved by the Committee. Estimates were procured for this memorial from monument concerns from Georgia to Missouri and Vermont and in that triangle prices on the same design and specifications ran from \$3200.00 to the accepted bid of \$540.00 from W. C. Canniff & Sons, Inc., for the granite monument, and \$150.00 for the bronze tablet from the Thos. F. McGann & Sons Co., a total of \$698.00, plus a few dollars for the necessary photo engravings and prints for the campaign literature. All bids were based on the same specifications! But enough money had been contributed to buy, in addition to considerable printed matter and postage, a beautiful stand of colors, National and Regimental, uniform supplies for the Ladies' Color Guard, and the expenses of the ceremony of dedication at Fort Niagara on August 16, 1940.

Only two comrades of the Association will ever realize the amount of correspondence and printed scolding it took to put up that monument—the Chairman of the Memorial Committee and the Secretary of the Association. Only those two comrades will ever understand the difficulties surmounted to finally and at heart-breaking delay, obtain “concert of action” on the part of the membership. Only the most arbitrary and dictatorial action of the Chairman of the Memorial Committee enabled Success to perch upon our banners.

By “shopping around” these two Slaves of the Association learned a lot about the monument business and saved the Association a heap of money. And did they blow in the surplus cash? They sure did, and HOW! And this is what happened:

For two days before August 16, 1940, the comrades and their wives and families began arriving at Niagara Falls, by railroad, bus and motor car. Headquarters had been established in the Cataract House, where so many persons, prominent in the world and in the United States in times past, had once been outstanding guests.

The Secretary came early and served as a reception committee. The comrades came from Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Kentucky, the Virginias, from North Carolina and Florida, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, Texas and Missouri, Colorado, California



MRS. HAZEL MILBOURN  
Captain of the Color Guard—1941

and Oregon, and from Washington, D. C., and Washington State! They came with bells on, resolved to have a good time—and they did!

The Chairman of the Memorial Committee had organized a Color Guard from the roster of our Honorary Members, a ladies' auxiliary, and they came, twenty-five strong—picked for good looks and dispositions, each dressed in white shoes and stockings and white dress, with bright blue oversea caps trimmed in gold, broad blue and gold sashes and the blue and gold badge of the occasion. Each carried a bouquet of roses and a smile that never came off for ten days after they returned to their homes.

The survivors of the Regiment were organized into four Companies—1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th, and here's the roster of that battalion:

### Roster of the Memorial Battalion

August 16, 1940

Fort Niagara, New York

Colonel Worthington Kautzman, Commanding  
Colonel Fred J. Herman, Adjutant and Quartermaster  
Major Nicholas W. Muller, Sergeant-Major  
Homer H. Haydock, Color Bearer  
Chas. Finzell, Color Bearer

#### COLOR GUARD

Mrs. E. E. Harman, Commanding

Mrs. Angerer  
Mrs. Blackman  
Mrs. Crowell  
Mrs. Francher  
Miss Francher  
Mrs. Hickox  
Mrs. Hinkle  
Mrs. Hinton

Mrs. Kruizenger  
Mrs. Luck  
Mrs. McGahan  
Mrs. McLaughlin  
Mrs. Milbourne  
Mrs. Mosure  
Mrs. Osborne  
Mrs. Parker

Mrs. Quackenbush  
Mrs. Richards  
Mrs. Schmid  
Mrs. Warner  
Mrs. White  
Miss L. Whitehead  
Miss C. Whitehead  
Mrs. Zollinger



## FIRST COMPANY

Colonel Frederick W. Stopford, Commanding

Angerer	Cornell	Herzog, Sr.	McNeil
Anthony	Fick	Kirk	Nolan
Beck	Foote	LaChance	O'Connor
Bigham	Hauser	Lee	Peters
Cameron	Chas. F. Hickox	Liptak	Seibert
Conley	Geo. W. Hickox	Lukes	Younger

## SECOND COMPANY

Colonel Morris M. Keck, Commanding

Blackman	Hamilton	Osborne	Ryhall
Breitmeyer	LaFontsee	Pease	Semon
E. T. Brown	Luck	Popp	Streevy
Edgar Combs	Milbourne	Quackenbush	Trotter
Dilling	Moore	Roberts	Ruthenberg
Gangnuss	Mosure	Ruedisueli	Woods

## THIRD COMPANY

Colonel Frank A. Loomis, Commanding

W. A. Brown	Dunning	C. C. Irvine	Walsh
Bromley	Duff	Kelley	Warner
Clark	Frost	Moran	Glover
Collins	Harmon	J. I. Morris	Conley
Cranage	Herold	Nelson	
Denning	Holt	Reed	

## FOURTH COMPANY

Captain Guy McGahan, Commanding

Bishop	McNeil	Rosenbloom	Whitten
E'Entremont	Musselman	Rose	White
Eberle	Pitts	Schmid	Wimer
Frederick	E. Raines	Skillman	Woodcock
Fuell	M. Raines	Simonson	
Hinkle	Richards	Teel	



On the morning of August 16, 1940, the lads and lassies, the former about 64 years young, on an average, the lassies each twenty plus—boarded busses at the Cataract House and were driven to Fort Niagara. The battalion disembarked near where the 42nd Infantry Camp stood in 1899. Here they were met by officers of the 28th Infantry, with Major Walter D. McCord, commanding the Post, and the Band of the 28th Infantry, and after formation marched to the monument that was shrouded in canvas, ready for unveiling, and formed in a hollow square about the Memorial. Here the ceremonies of dedication took place, beginning with a prayer and benediction by the Post Chaplain and ending with speeches by



THE COLOR GUARD—FORT NIAGARA—1940

Color Bearers: Haydock and Finzel

Colonel Kautzman, President of the Association, and Major Walter D. McCord. The presentation of the monument to the United States and its acceptance by the Post Commander followed. The Band played appropriate selections and Miss Lillian Whitehead, who had served loyally to the Secretary as Office Assistant, unveiled the monument at the foot of which June Hickox, eight-year-old daughter of Comrade Chas. F. Hickox, laid a floral wreath in memory of the departed comrades of the old Regiment.

The Battalion then marched back to the place of formation and sang songs and renewed acquaintances and friendships of former days. At noon the Battalion and their ladies and guests to the number of 148, repaired to the barracks of a company of the 28th Infantry, and partook of a splendid soldiers' holiday dinner that was thoroughly

enjoyed by all, and is still used in the Association as the gauge of what a good dinner really is. During the dinner, the 28th Infantry Band gave a fine concert just outside the dining hall. Following the noon dinner, the comrades and ladies inspected the modern and up-to-



THE MEMORIAL MONUMENT—FORT NIAGARA  
Colonel Herman and Lillian Whitehead—August 16, 1940

date kitchens, tiled and electrified, and the neat and orderly dormitories of the soldiers, and realized that it was a far cry from the life of the United States soldier in the Philippines campaign to the clean-living comfort of our soldiers of the year of our Lord, 1940.

From the beginning of the correspondence with the officers of the 28th U. S. Infantry at Fort Niagara, these officers, as well as the enlisted men of the 28th Infantry at the Post did their utmost to assist the 42nd Infantry Association in the erection of the Monument and the ceremonies planned for that occasion. The Association will always have a warm spot in their individual and collective hearts for Colonel Dowell and Major McCord and the other officers and men of the 28th Infantry and its fine Band then on duty at Fort Niagara, and for their friendly and efficient co-operation in this affair. Their courtesy and friendly hospitality will never be forgotten by those of the Regiment fortunate enough to be present on that occasion.

The banquet at the Cataract House in Niagara Falls, that evening, with speeches and songs was the first important assemblage of that kind for the Association and passed into history in a most pleasant manner.

Two days later the Association had its annual reunion in Detroit, Michigan, and Colonel Kautzman was re-elected President, Colonel Stopford, Vice-president; Colonel Herman, Historian; and Private Younger, re-elected as Secretary and Treasurer.

Early in the year 1941, the proposition of assembling in book form an accumulated lot of data concerning the 42nd Infantry, U. S. V., in its Philippine service crystalized in a plan to prepare a History of these incidents and events, and Colonel Fred J. Herman, late Captain and Quartermaster of the Regiment, at the request of numerous members of the Association, agreed to perform this duty, the financial end to be taken care of by the membership. A start was made, some cash sent in, but the project was abandoned because of a lack of interest by the members, and the subscriptions returned.

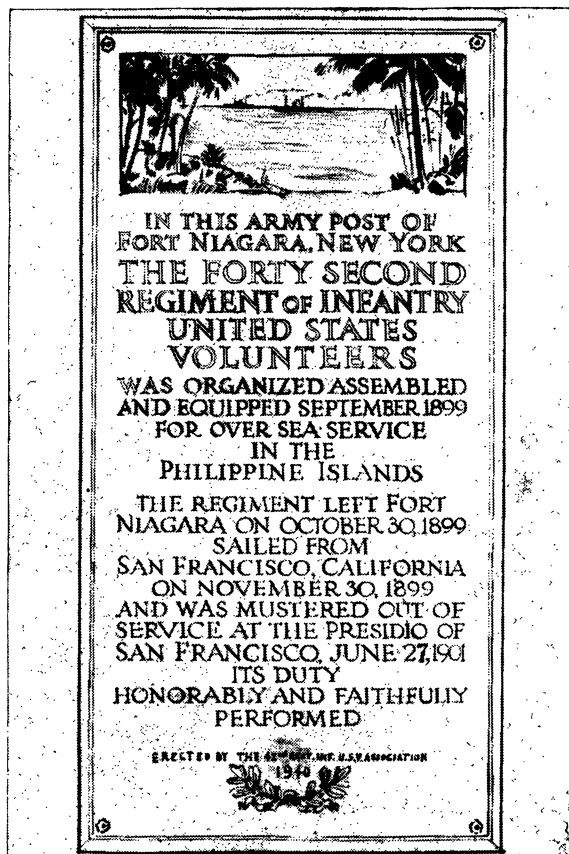
At the reunion of the Association in Omaha, Nebraska, August 22, 1941, the matter of the History again was taken up and several hundreds of dollars subscribed and other assistance promised to Colonel Herman, who again agreed to compile and publish the history. At this reunion, Mrs. Hazel Milbourn was elected President of the Honorary members and Captain of the Color Guard. In the Association all the former officers were re-elected by acclamation.

# COMRADES WHO HAVE PASSED ON SINCE THE ORGANIZATION OF THE ASSOCIATION

To August 1, 1942

## IN MEMORIUM

	Died
Major General William C. Brown .....	May 8, 1939
Brigadier-General Walter D. McCaw, M.C. ....	July 7, 1939
Colonel George H. White .....	May 1, 1938
Lieutenant-Colonel James E. Abbott .....	December 3, 1939
Company A—Joseph Armstrong .....	December 13, 1941
Company A—Lee B. Simpson .....	(Date Unknown)
Company C—Allie Chambers .....	March, 1940
Company C—John P. Murphy .....	May 24, 1939
Company F—Elbert T. Brown .....	November 19, 1940
Company F—Charles Finzel .....	June 14, 1942
Company F—Edward Furlong .....	February 4, 1938
Company F—Adelbert S. Grey .....	November 2, 1939
Company G—Chas. O. Harper .....	November 7, 1940
Company G—Veaze Hawkins .....	April 27, 1939
Company G—Abram L. Miller .....	July 30, 1939
Company G—Allen Streevy .....	(Date Unknown)
Company G—Frank J. Venable .....	May 14, 1938
Company H—George P. Dunning .....	August 29, 1941
Company H—Homer Haydock .....	April 20, 1942
Company K—William H. Broman .....	(Date Unknown)
Company K—Frank Parter .....	(Date Unknown)
Company L—Michael F. Conway .....	March 6, 1939
Company L—Harry C. McFarland .....	March 22, 1939
Company L—Gustav Schmitz .....	(Date Unknown)
Company L—George H. Young .....	November 16, 1940
Company M—Wilbur E. Foote .....	August 25, 1941
Company M—Grant Irvin .....	January 1, 1940



THE BRONZE TABLET ON THE MONUMENT

# MEMORANDA

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# MEMORANDA

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